

TRUE STORY OF A STAND-IN

Silver Screen★

April

10c

Myna Loy



HOW THEY LICK MIKE FRIGHT

DARLING OF DIXIE! . . . "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"



WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

Half angel, half siren,
all woman! The screen's
greatest actress comes
to you in the hit picture
of her career . . . as the
most exciting heroine
who ever lived and
loved in Dixie!

BETTE DAVIS *in*
"Jezebel"
THE GREATEST ROMANCE
OF THE SOUTH

HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter

RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O'NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

Screen Play by Clements Ripley,
Abem Finkel and John Huston

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner

Unhappy Sally! She is good-looking, good company—yet many an evening she spends alone, reading magazines! (Men won't call the girl who has a dull, unattractive smile!)



Only seven—but Janet could tell Aunt Sally how easy it is to have a lovelier smile! (Janet knows more than lots of grown-ups—she's learned in school the value of gum massage.)



Sally's life could be so happy! She'd have plenty of dates, she'd win romance—if she'd learn how irresistible men find a radiant smile! (Sally should try Ipana with massage, for dental science teaches that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

A GAY, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so *appealing*. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their *own good looks!*

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however,

he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

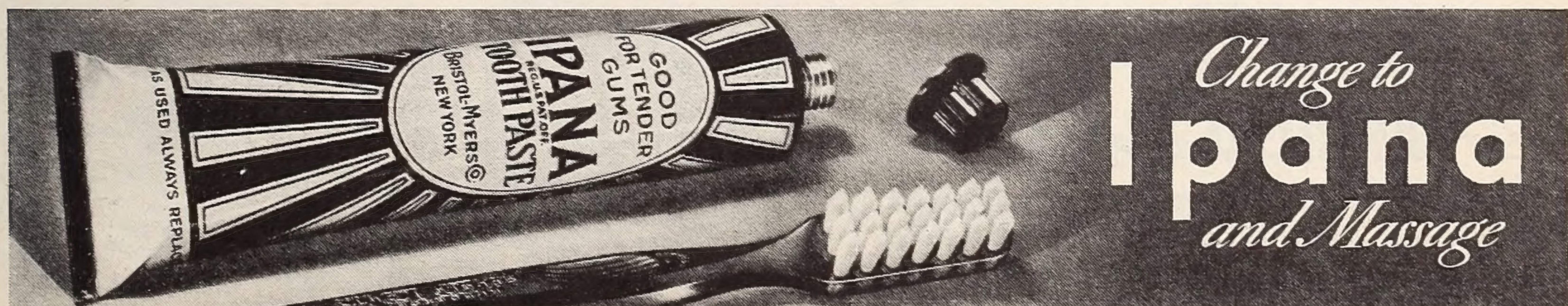
For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases,

gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.



Singing sweethearts together again
for the first time since "Maytime"!



Jeanette **MACDONALD**
NELSON EDDY



*Glory bursts from
the screen in the
greatest musical love
story of our time!*



Laugh with Buddy Ebsen's outdoor romancing to Jeanette's love songs!

Nelson Eddy, handsome singing bandit chief... Funny Leo Carrillo as Mosquito, his pard...



ROMANTIC SONGS BY
Sigmund Romberg
and Gus Kahn
"Shadows on the Moon"
"Wind in the Trees"
"Soldiers of Fortune"
"The West Ain't Wild
Any More"
"Who Are We to Say?"
"Senorita"

The Girl OF THE Golden West

WITH

Ray **BOLGER** *Walter* **PIDGEON**
Leo **CARRILLO** *Buddy* **EBSEN**

Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD • A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production

Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE • An M-G-M Picture

Based on the play by David Belasco



A hot time in the old town. Ray Bolger's uproarious comedy dance...



"I'll draw you for your sweetheart's life", says Sheriff Walter Pidgeon to beautiful Jeanette MacDonald



MAR 10 1938

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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MYRNA LOY BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

What *will* these pitcher peepul think of next! A premiere used to mean red carpets at the Chinese or Carthay Circle, brilliant lights, exciting music, shining limousines, glamour girls in orchids and ermines, Marlene Dietrich swathed in feathers, and an "unusual" rain. But no more, no more. All that is as un-chic now as chin whiskers for a gentleman.

The smart thing for the studio folk to do is to premiere their picture in its local habitat, and you're crazy if you think it isn't fun. I've always wanted to see what the gold mining country looked like, though personally I prefer platinum, so when Warner Brothers (and remind me to say that all their pictures are colossal from now on) invited me to share a private car with a bevy of their players and attend the premiere of "Gold Is Where You Find It" in Weaverville, near the Oregon border, I was that thrilled I danced the Big Apple like a mad young thing.

Weaverville is a tiny gold mining town, on the tip top of a mountain range, sixty miles from the railroad, and as quaint a little town as I ever saw. It is there, or thereabouts, that the episode in California pioneer history described in the picture is supposed to have taken place. When we Hollywoodites (as the natives called us) arrived by bus, after a three hour, hair-raising ride over snow covered mountains the entire population of Weaverville was out to greet us with the Fireman's Band tooting away and big bonfires flaming all over the place. All the Firemen, in their spanking new uniforms, wanted to have their pictures taken with their arms around Olivia de Havilland, and can you blame them? The waitresses from the New York Bar preferred George Brent.

After dinner there was a national broadcast, by remote control, the first in the history of Weaverville, and then came the premiere with not a silver fox in sight. The high spot of the picture was when a local yokel got overly excited during the scuffle between George Brent and Barton MacLane and took a shot right at the screen. After a tussle he was thrown out by the Firemen, just in case he might decide to take a shot at the actors off of the screen. Following the picture the Ladies Aid invited us to a church social where we stuffed on doughnuts and coffee, with Wayne Morris doing away with a dozen or more, much to the Ladies Aid's delight.

By that time the chairs had been removed from the auditorium and a hill billy orchestra had arrived, and Hollywood was in the throes of a rush by the offspring of the forty-niners. Olivia de Havilland, Margaret Lindsay, Beverly Roberts, Jane Bryan, and Mary Maguire went whirling around the room while the Weaverville belles looked on contemptuously and said (guess what?): "What has she got that I haven't got?" For the gala premiere of "Gold Is Where You Find It" the Hollywood girls wore galoshes, suits, fur coats and mittens—thus flaunting the premiere tradition.

Yes, indeed, I'm all for these local habitat premieres and right now I'm concentrating on going to the premiere of "Robin Hood"—or is that going a mite too far?

WIVES TELL HUSBANDS —



Now millions know it's a better laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

It's getting around . . . flashing from family to family . . . from wife to husband . . . from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is *better than ever!* Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it *even better* than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even *more* effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

All druggists now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Try it!

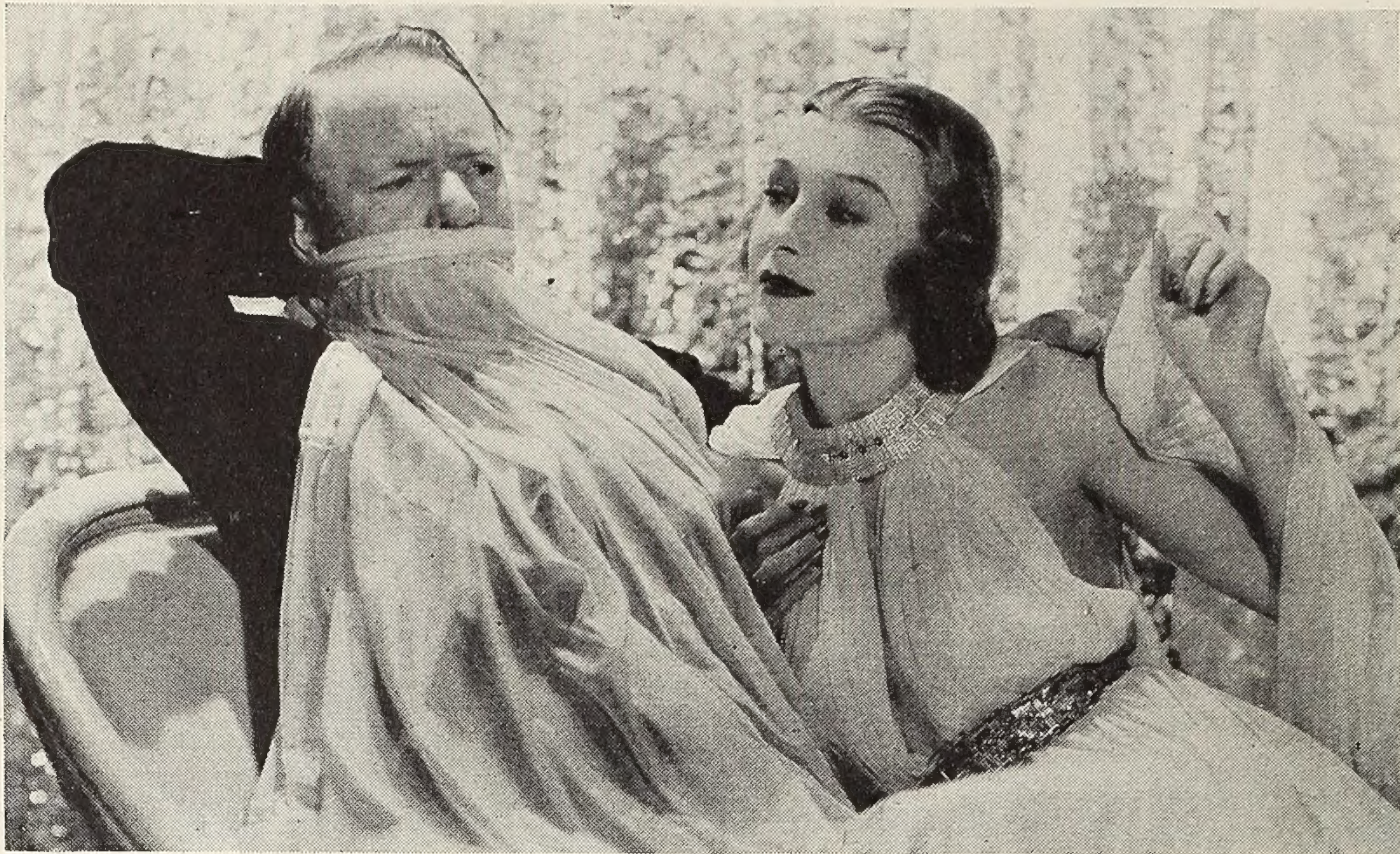


Indispensable for Evening Wear

Now is the time for romance! Dances—parties—dates! You simply must keep your skin alluringly lovely all evening. Use as a powder base or complete make-up. Suitable for face, back, neck, and arms. Will not rub off or streak. Stays on for hours. Shades: peach, rachel, brunette, suntan. 50¢ at all leading drug and department stores. Trial size at all 10¢ counters, or mail coupon.

MINER'S, 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Shade _____

Tips On Pictures



W. C. Fields seems to be playing peek-a-boo with Shirley Ross in this scene from "The Big Broadcast Of 1938."

BIG BROADCAST OF '38—Excellent. A stimulating and tastefully produced musical revue the surprise highlight of which is the magnificent singing of an aria from *Die Walkyrie* by Kirsten Flagstad. The plot, the comedy, the swing songs and music are extremely smart and the cast is tops. (W. C. Fields, Dorothy Lamour, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross.)

BUCCANEER, THE—Fine. Thrilling entertainment of the adventurous type. Fashioned by C. B. DeMille in his usual lavish manner, it tells the story of Lafitte, the most famous and romantic pirate of all time, and his experiences in and about New Orleans during the War of 1812. (Fred March, Margot Graham, Franciska Gaal, Ian Keith.)

DIVORCE OF LADY X—Excellent. A drawingroom comedy done in ultra-smart style. Meaning that it is not only deftly produced, but has a plot that is subtly brought to a smashing climax. It was filmed in England, in Technicolor, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier and Binnie Barnes (you know them all) in the cast.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Fine. California of 1857 provides the background for this vigorous conflict between the gold miners (who hail from all over the Union) and the farmers and original settlers of this state. Geo. Brent, as an Eastern engineer, and Olivia de Havilland, as the daughter of Farmer Claude Rains, furnish the romance. Done in Technicolor, and superbly acted, the production leaves little to be desired in an epic of those vitally important days.

HAPPY LANDING—Fine. Again Sonja Henie comes through with flying colors. How that girl can skate! It's poetry in motion. As a Norwegian skater she falls in love with a no-account American band leader, Cesar Romero, and follows him home only to meet with keen disillusion. But Don Ameche's arms are waiting to enfold her, so there's no reason to go tragic, especially since everything is handled with a maximum of gayety.

INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT—Good. Shanghai during the first Japanese air raid is the sinister background for this colorful tale about a group of casual sophisticates who get mixed up in various intriguing situations. (Dolores del Rio, Geo. Sanders, June Lang, John Carradine.)

INVISIBLE MENACE—Fair. As the second half of a double bill program this mystery-meller should be quite acceptable. If you get it all alone, you'll want your money back. Boris Karloff (who really is a fine, sensitive actor) deserves a better break. His part in this is played sans grotesquerie, so there'll be no nightmares for the kids, and very few macabre thrills for the grownups.

KID COMES BACK, THE—Fair. Wayne Morris plays the lead in this prizefight yarn which, unfortunately, doesn't begin to compare with his superb *Kid Galahad*. Competent performances are turned in by June Travis, Barton MacLane and Dickie Jones, but all we can say for it is that it's thin entertainment of the unpretentious sort.

MAYERLING—Excellent. You can catch this French picture at one of the art theatres in your city, and don't pass it up because the dialogue is in French. There are English subtitles which make the action very clear. Mayerling is the hunting lodge in which those unfortunate lovers, Archduke Rudolph of Austria and Marie Vetsera, met their mysterious and unhappy fate back in 1889. Charles Boyer is superb as Rudolph and lovely Danielle Darrieux is subtly convincing as Marie.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Good. If you want to be put in a mellow, sentimental mood see this appealing yarn telling the conflict between a gentle belle of Kentucky and a red-blooded actress from the No'th. Hall Johnson's choir renders some Stephen Foster songs in an unforgettable manner, and the cast, headed by Evalyn Venable, Bernadene Hayes and Grant Richards, is excellent.

PENITENTIARY—Fine. An extraordinarily grim but intensely absorbing story woven around a man sent to prison for a murder unintentionally committed. You feel compelled to sympathize with the victims behind the bars and their criminal code, as well as the law-makers who put them there. Not for the squeamish! (Walter Connolly, John Howard, Jean Parker.)

RIVER, THE—Fine. A splendid pictorial history of one of America's mightiest rivers—the Mississippi. Don't expect a plot. But you can expect, and will get an exciting and poetic tale of this majestic river's importance to man, especially in relation to national affairs. Send the whole family to see it!

SCANDAL STREET—Good. With her fiance (Lew Ayres) finishing up an engineering job in Africa, Louise Campbell, the small town librarian, gets her name bandied about by the nasty gossip-mongers and eventually is involved in a murder. Tough sledding, for her, but all comes out right in the end. (Edgar Kennedy-Virginia Weidler.)

SWING YOUR LADY—Amusing. Broad, rollicking farce of the hill billy variety featuring such established fun-makers as Louize Fazenda, Nat Pendleton, Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh, with the usually sour-faced Humphrey Bogart thrown in as a special treat. It's like a good meaty vaudeville show—if you can remember back that far.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—Good. What happens in the space of a year to six chorus girls provides the nucleus of this film. For some it brings tragedy and disappointment, for others romance and a certain amount of contentment. In either event, the action is swift and modern as tomorrow. You'll like it. (Claire Trevor, Michael Whalen, Walter Woolf King.)

WOMEN IN PRISON—So-so. As the title indicates, most of the feminine characters in this underworld plot find themselves in prison at one time or another. However, when the warden's own daughter gets framed, matters come to a show-down. (Mayo Methot, Wyn Cahoon, Scott Colton.)

"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau,
But Gary's in the Doghouse now...
YOU BET..."

Claudette

THE DOG-HOUSE

AMERICA'S LEADING
LOVE TEAM IN THE
COMEDY HIT OF 1938!

Adolph Zukor presents

CLAUDETTE COLBERT · GARY COOPER
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · DAVID NIVEN · ELIZABETH PATTERSON · HERMAN BING

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · A Paramount Picture

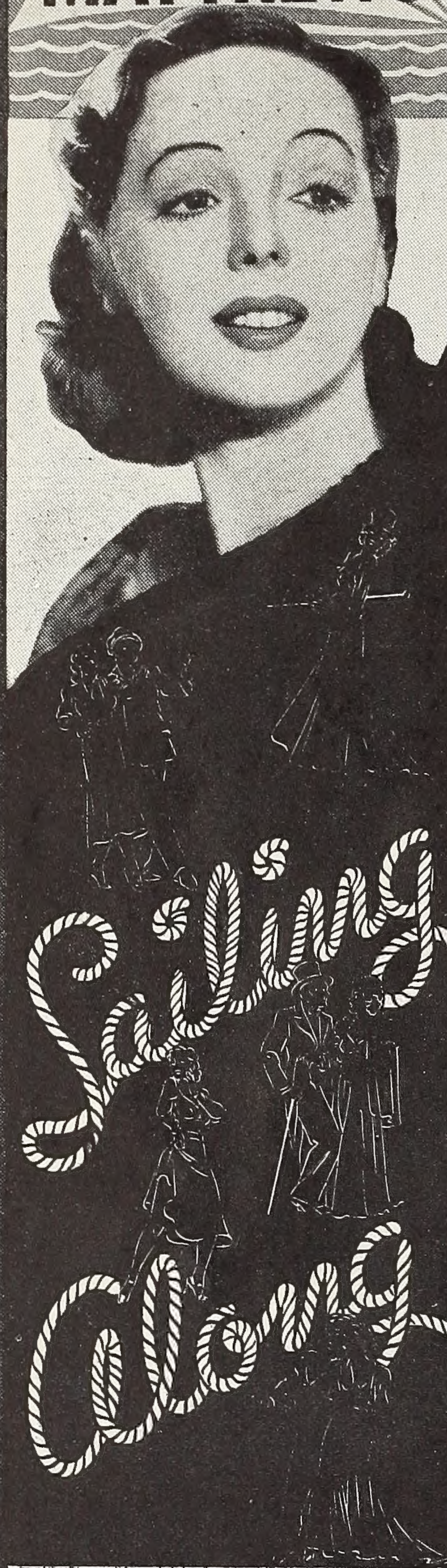
Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir · English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews

Produced and Directed by **ERNST LUBITSCH**

**FULL
SAIL
AHEAD!**

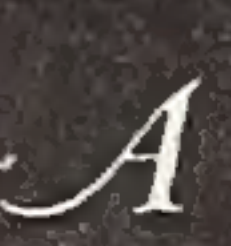
Here comes
the Eye-filling,
Hi-de-hi-thrilling

Jessie
MATTHEWS



with
ROLAND YOUNG
JACK WHITING
BARRY MACKAY

Directed by SONNIE HALE • Music & Lyrics by
ARTHUR JOHNSTON and MAURICE SIGLER

A  Production



PICTURES ON THE FIRE

Reginald Denny,
Loretta Young and
David Niven in
"Four Men and a
Prayer."

Surveying The Studios
With
S. R. Mook

TIME—marches on! I'll say—and how! Here I look forward all year to a few weeks vacation (who said the whole year was a vacation for me?) and now the vacation has been and gone. All I have to show for it is a flock of bills but it was worth it. And here I am back at work with renewed vim, vigor and vitality actually looking forward to seeing what is going on around the lots. The most active is Warner Bros., so let's start there.

At Warner's

There are a flock of pictures shooting here—"Torchy Blane in Panama" with Lola Lane and Paul Kelly; "Crime School" with Humphrey Bogart, Gale Page (a newcomer from radio) and the six hoodlums from "Dead End;" "White Banners" with Jackie Cooper, "Gold-diggers in Paris" starring Rudy Vallee; and "The Cowboy from Brooklyn" starring Dick Powell and Priscilla Lane.

Well, suppose you met *Torchy Blane* first and suppose Torchy is now being played by Lola Lane and suppose you'd been rooting for Lola for more years than she'll admit and than I like to remember. And let me tell you before we start that Lola is finally playing the type parts I've always told her she should play and that she is at last coming into her own. Are yuh with me?

Of course, the plot is a little sketchy but wot t'ell Bill, wot t'ell? There are laughs and you who have followed the up-and-down career of Lola will agree that she has never looked lovelier (pardon ME, Miss Parsons, I didn't mean to infringe), than she does as she appears at a meeting of the "Loyal Leopards" (something like a Shriners' convention—on a smaller scale,

of course). Lt. McBride is seated at a table (the Lt. is Paul Kelly now) with his friend, Larry Williams. Larry glances up and finds Lola standing in the doorway in a pale pink chiffon with a black velvet evening cape over it.

Larry spots her first. "Miss America of the Fourth Estate," he breathes. "Looking at her now I could almost forget she's a reporter."

"Hey," Paul growls, "that's my girl you're talking about."

By that time Lola has seen them and heads for their table with her nose *this* high in the air, pretending she doesn't see them. But Larry stops her.

"Hi-yuh, Torchy," he begins eagerly. "Sit down and join us. I was just telling *Steve* (Paul Kelly) nobody'd dream you were a newshound in that get-up."

"Thank you, Mr. Canby," says Lola with exaggerated gratitude, "I could say the same for you—in any get-up." She turns to Paul. "The reverse is true of you, Mr. McBride. You positively reek of flat-foot since you've been away from my refining feminine influence!" She turns away.

"Hey!" Paul yells subtly, "aren't you going to sit down?"

"No, thanks, Mr. McBride," Lola squelches him. "If I sit with you I might as well wear a badge. I'm working alone." She turns to Tom Kennedy who is sitting with Paul and Larry: "Come, Royal Tomcat Gahagan, let us mingle with the lodge brothers!"

Tom rises with alacrity and a few Scotch



WHEN FEET GET WET OR COLD body resistance is frequently weakened; germs already in the throat may multiply faster than natural processes can cope with them, and set up an irritation.



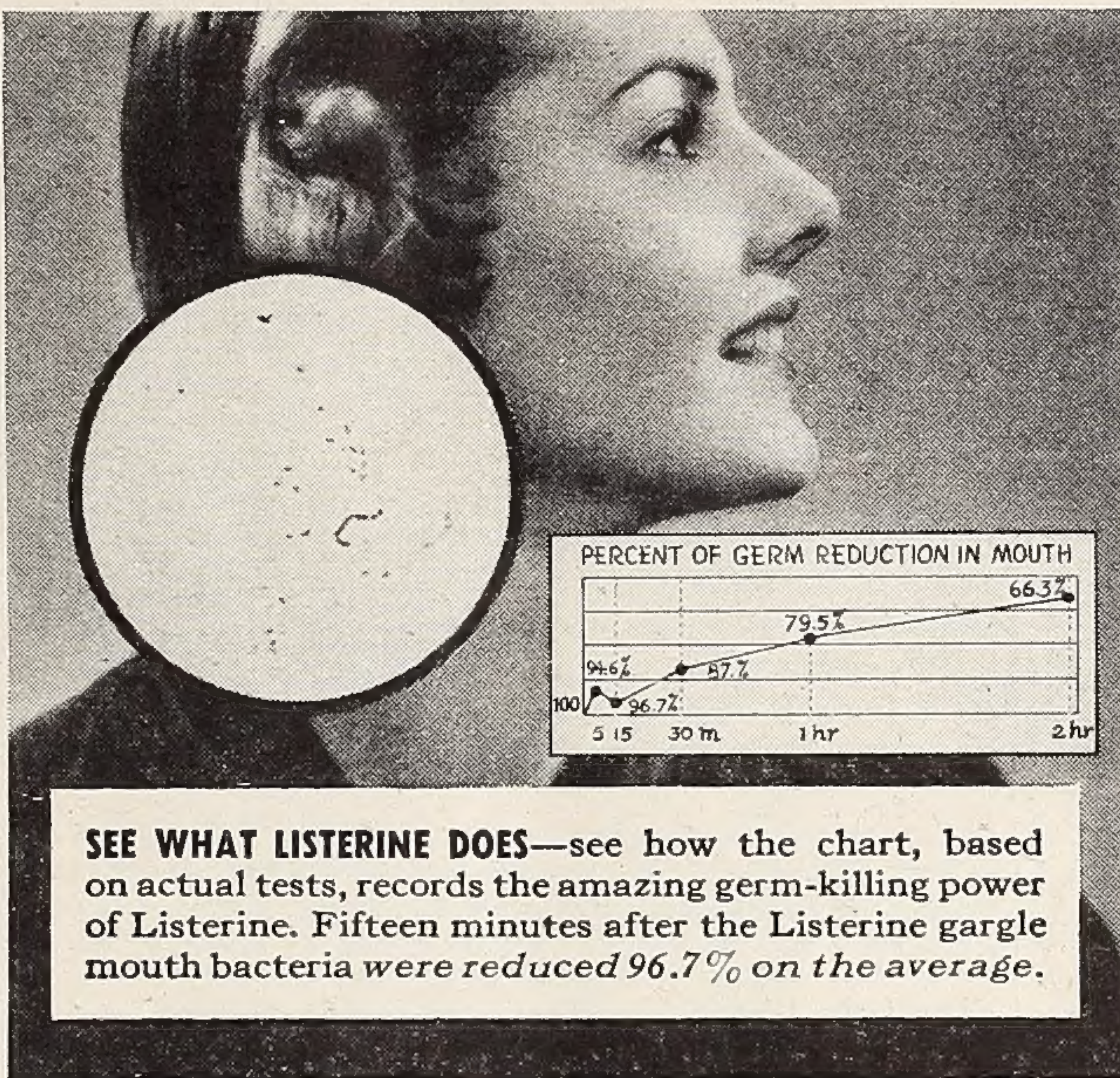
THERE'S WARNING—your first warning that a cold may be starting is a sneeze, the "sniffles" or a feeling of tightness in the throat.



GERMS ARE AT WORK—they attack the mucous membrane producing the symptoms mentioned. It is wise to fight these germs with a safe antiseptic before they get the upper hand.



GARGLE LISTERINE AT ONCE—Listerine Antiseptic reaches deep down into the throat and kills such germs in large numbers. Used promptly and frequently, it has often aborted a cold and sore throat—checked them before they became serious.



SEE WHAT LISTERINE DOES—see how the chart, based on actual tests, records the amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle mouth bacteria were reduced 96.7% on the average.



"NIPPED MY COLD IN THE BUD"—is what hundreds of Listerine users say. This personal experience corroborates clinical research.

LISTERINE treatment shows amazing success **AGAINST COLDS AND SORE THROAT!**

Seven Years of Research Reveals that Listerine users have fewer and milder colds. Millions choose it over Harsh Internal Remedies



I'VE USED LISTERINE FOR YEARS AND HAVE BEEN GETTING PROMPT RELIEF FROM COLDS AND SORE THROAT
 SAYS H. H. MARRELL OF NORTHFIELD, VERMONT.



I'M SIMPLY AMAZED AT THE WAY LISTERINE CHECKS COLDS AND SORE THROAT
 SAYS THELMA M. GOULD OF AUBURN, MAINE.

Millions now treat colds for what they really are: acute local infections, rather than deep-seated disorders. They treat them with Listerine Antiseptic which, in tests, has shown a reduction of dangerous mouth bacteria for a period of several hours.

This method, as clinical evidence shows you, is amazingly effective in preventing colds—and in checking them, once they have started. Already it supplants harsh internal remedies that may weaken the system, upset the stomach and tax the heart.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed that those who gargled Listerine twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users of Listerine.

This is a matter of record.

No other method and no other remedy that we know of can show clinical results as clear-cut as those achieved by Listerine.

The secret of this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills not only millions of mouth-bred "secondary invaders" which complicate a cold, but also reaches the invisible virus that many authorities say is its cause. Listerine acts quickly, and without injury to the very delicate membrane. Even one hour after the Listerine gargle, tests showed germs reduced nearly 80% on the average.

Do not think for a moment that Listerine will always prevent or check cold and sore throat. It will not. We do say, however, that the best clinical evidence indicates that if you gargle with Listerine, your chances of avoiding serious colds are excellent.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

EXTRA! EXTRA! A NEW COUGH DROP!



REST IN HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIOS



BETTY GRABLE
featured in the Paramount picture
"COLLEGE SWING"

MEANS REST FOR EYES, TOO!

Keep your eyes clear and serene, on windy or sunny days, the way Hollywood stars do! Wherever you go—to the tennis matches, golf links or polo fields, on streets or busy movie lots—you'll see dark lens sun goggles worn to rest and protect the eyes. Take a beauty tip from these glamorous stars... rest and protect your eyes from harsh sunlight or wind with SOLAREX dark lens goggles. SOLAREX lenses are darker, yet do not distort natural colors; scientifically treated to keep out harmful infra-red rays. They end squinting and eye-strain due to harsh light; keep out the dirt. They're flattering, too, with any costume. And when you buy—insist on SOLAREX, the country's beauty goggles!

SOLAREX dark lens sun goggles are sold by better drug stores everywhere. Look for the Good Housekeeping Guaranty—YOUR pledge of satisfaction. Prices range from 50c to \$2.50. Frames available in many styles and colors. Most styles include a case and polishing cloth FREE. Made by Bachmann Bros., Inc., Philadelphia—Est. 1833.



SOLAREX

DARK LENS GOGGLES



KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 30D, Providence, R. I.

SKIN RASH RELIEVED...ITCHING STOPPED

For quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes, pimples, athlete's foot, and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Greaseless, stainless, dries fast. Stops the most intense itching in a hurry. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

and sodas under his belt as well, and walks off with her.

"Your girl, eh?" Larry chuckles. "Mister McBride!"

Well, I stand and chin with Lola for a few minutes but they're taking the scene over and over and over and there's no chance for connected conversation—even if I was capable of it. So I proceed to—

"Crime School." Only one of the six hoodlums is working today but that's Leo Gorcey and he is the best of the bunch.

He doesn't have to work in this scene so he's riding a bicycle around the set. Once I catch sight of him, straddling the bike with both feet on the floor trying to burn a rope. I guess smoke got in his eyes because he drops the rope and yanks out his handkerchief. As he pulls it out his shirt cuff slips back and I notice he's also wearing a wrist watch. Wait'll the boys back on Delancey Street hear that you're not only wearing a wrist watch, Mr. Gorcey, but a clean handkerchief as well. Gorcey stock will hit a new low.

This particular scene is between Charles Trowbridge and Bogart, where Bogart is pleading for a chance for these boys.

"Now, Mark, don't tell me you can reform that bunch of hoodlums," Trowbridge begins.

"Oh, I admit they're pretty tough," Bogart agrees, and I should think he would agree. "But one of those kids was willing to take a rap to save his pals," he continues. "I can see some good stuff in them."

"Maybe you have X-ray eyes," Trowbridge comments skeptically. "It's more than I could see. And when you begin your investigations as new deputy commissioner of operations you'll find them only a sample of the inmates of any reform school in the state. I'm afraid there's very little you can do for them."

"Society has to live with them, doesn't it?" Humph counters. "Somebody has to assume the responsibility. You said something about X-ray eyes. If you want to help those boys that's exactly what you've got to have. Some way I look through them and find out what makes them tick. Don't forget I was brought up in the same kind of neighborhood and I know what they're up against. That's why my idea of handling them is just a little different."

"But you have never had any experience with reform schools," Charlie protests. "It isn't the same as settlement work. I think you have got (won't I EVER be able to goad Warner Brothers' writers into using decent English?) some fine ideas but if you fail even in one case your enemies will be waiting to stick a knife into you. If you make good, it means a new deal in juvenile reform."

Of course, New Deal Bogart doesn't fail—not even in one case. And how Mr. Gorcey comes through!

Did I tell you this is a re-make of one of James Cagney's old pictures called "The Mayor of Hell?" Madge Evans was the refining influence in that picture—but that was before she turned her back on pictures and took up radio.

The next picture is called "White Banners" and guess whom it stars? Jackie Cooper! When I go on the set and see Jackie, whom I used to take horseback riding (Holy Smoke! Have I really reached the age where I tell male adolescents I used to take them horseback riding and female adolescents I used to dandle them on my knee?) in long pants, playing an adult part—well!

This picture is adapted from one of the finest novels I have ever read and if it doesn't twist your heart-strings into knots it's only because you haven't any. The only fly in the ointment as far as I'm concerned is that Claude Rains plays the lead. People who work with Mr. Rains swear by him but I know him only as an actor—an actor who doesn't know the meaning of the word "repression." However—

Claude is a college professor whose meager salary is squandered principally on his inventions, none of which ever quite jell. Kay Johnson (now, there's an actress!) is his wife—a semi-invalid—and Bonita Granville is his daughter.

Jackie is the son of the town banker but he isn't all he might be. One day during a snow storm Fay Bainter drifts in, selling patent paring knives (I have one, Fay!). She and Kay take an instant liking to each other and first thing you know Fay is the house-keeper for this family. She interests herself in Claude's inventions and suggests that instead of frittering his time away on useless things he get to work on something



Rudy Vallee and chorus recording "I Want To Go Back to Bali" in "The Gold Diggers In Paris."



DAVID COPPERFIELD



NOTHING SACRED



A TALE OF TWO CITIES



VIVA VILLA



A STAR IS BORN



DANCING LADY



DINNER AT EIGHT



THE PRISONER OF ZENDA



LITTLE LORD FAUNTILERROY

The Best Of
David O. Selznick's
10 Best Pictures



Selznick International presents

MARK TWAIN'S BELOVED CLASSIC

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TOM SAWYER


IN TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUROG




RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

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WITH ALL THEIR LITTLE ACES AND PAINS "MORNING AFTER" WOES, WHO'D WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT A MAN? I WOULDN'T, - GOODNESS KNOWS!



MINE OVERSTUFFS AND THEN COMPLAINS, HIS STOMACH'S "ON A TEAR," BUT A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER SETTLES THINGS RIGHT THEN AND THERE



WHEN COLDS OR HEADACHES GET MY MAN SAY! HE'S NO "ANGEL CHILD." I GIVE HIM ALKA-SELTZER BEFORE HE DRIVES ME WILD



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Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce in "Wooden Wedding," with menacing Warren William exerting his evil influence.

practical—like, say, an iceless icebox. She also induces him to get Jackie (who is a little on the useless side) to help him at night.

They have ordered a certain part from the Ellis Brothers (played by Ed and Bill Pawlie—brothers in real life, too), the town's best mechanics. When Bill brings the part, Jackie takes it and rushes down into the basement to see if it fits. It doesn't—and Mr. Pawlie saunters down to see what's what. It doesn't take him long to guess what Rains is working on and Jackie is frantic for fear he and his brothers will steal the invention—which is exactly what they do.

For an emotional scene on Jackie's part and an unconcerned villainous one on Bill's, this would be hard to beat. When it is finished the technicians on the picture burst into applause—and that, my friends, is something.

I saunter over to say "hello" to Jackie's mother. "Gosh, how that kid is growing!" I ejaculate. "He's as tall as I am—and a blamed sight better looking."

"I know," she nods wistfully. "Before this, whenever we've been out on personal appearance tours there were always boys Jackie's own age waiting outside the stage door. But this last time there were only girls."

"What're you kicking about?" I grin. "You've never been a mother," Mabel informs me mournfully.

I can't argue that with her so I leave and move on to the next set which is "The Cowboy from Brooklyn." This one is tailored to fit Dick Powell, Priscilla Lane (it's barely possible you've heard her mentioned in connection with Wayne Galahad Morris,) and Pat O'Brien—with Emma (sweet stuff) Dunn, Dick Foran and Granville Bates lending able support.

Dick and his pals are musicians from Brooklyn who get thrown off the train in Wyoming while enroute to California. They secure jobs as cowboy entertainers on the Hardy Dude Ranch, owned by Bates, Dunn, and their daughter (Priscilla), who, naturally—for picture purposes—is the brains of the family (Foran is the star cowboy—but a very bad crooner). Dick is scared to death of all farm animals, including those mentioned in crossword puzzles. A New York theatrical agent (Pat) takes him back to the metropolis, puts him on the radio (life is so simple in the movies), he becomes a big hit and everything is going along

(interpolate song number here—"It's Gonna Be Smoo-ooth Sailin'") when the Hardys arrive with Foran for the Madison Square Garden Rodeo.

The fly in the ointment in this picture is that Dick has been billed as *Wyoming Steve Gibson—the Crooning Cowboy*. Foran resents it and tries to expose him. Dick has so far managed to get out of riding bucking bronchos, bull-dogging steers and all that sort of thing but things begin to look bad because Foran has put a bug in the ears of all the reporters.

Priscilla finds Dick cowering in a corn crib. "Whatcha doin' here, Kelly?" she asks. "You shorely ain't afeard of Professor Landis (James Stevenson)."

"It ain't Prof. Landis, I'm scared of," Dick admits. "It's the things he does."

"But everybody knows Prof. Landis and his tricks are a fake," Pat remonstrates.

"He hypnotized me last night," Dick objects.

Everything is finally solved by getting Professor Landis to hypnotize Dick again—hypnotize him out of his fear so that he rides in the rodeo and establishes a world's record for bull-dogging a steer.

The story is wild, implausible, improbable and all that—BUT—it ought to be grand fun and, after all, that's what we go to the movies for, isn't it?

The last picture on this lot is "The Gold Diggers in Paris" starring Rudy Vallee (why, Mr. Vallee! I never DREAMED!), Rosemary Lane and a host of others.

I watch them record one of the numbers so the story doesn't matter. It's called "I Want To Go Back To Bali" and it's a tuneful little earful. The chorus of Balinese is quite an eyeful, Mr. Vallee looks very handsome in his naval uniform and the number is catchy, so whaddaya want for your money? And besides all this there is Freddie Fisher and his Schnickelfritz orchestra. Until you've heard them you ain't heard nothing and unless I miss my guess they're going to be the country's next orchestral rave.

That winds us up at Warners. Let's see what's doing at—

Universal

Only one picture going here—"Goodbye Broadway"—starring Alice Brady and Charles Winninger.

Alice and Chuck (pardon my familiarity, Mr. Winninger, but I used to know you WHEN—when you were married to Blanche

Ring) are old-time vaudevillians who have been saving for years to buy a chicken ranch. (I thought vaudevillians always wanted a duck farm on Long Island but Alice and Chuck, apparently, are different). Their show is stranded in a small town and while Alice is changing into her street clothes, Winninger gallantly goes off to engage a room at the hotel. He is insulted by the night clerk and, in a rage, takes their savings and buys the hotel so he can fire the night clerk (Frank Jenks—and *there's a comic*). Jed Prouty, the town skinflint, has been after the hotel, believing the State will soon buy it for an historical museum. To get even with Chuck for buying it out from under his nose, Jed inserts an ad in *Variety* stating Alice and Winninger will entertain old-time friends free of charge. A horde of broken-down vaudevillians promptly descend on them.

Winninger is back of the desk and Alice is standing on the stairs talking to him when the holocaust falls. Alice is totally unconcerned. As they troop upstairs she waves her hand airily and says, "The best suites are on the left."

"That's what I like—sweets," one of them rejoins.

At the tail end of the procession is a half-pint bicyclist. "Is the coffee shop open?" he demands.

"Sure," Alice rejoins amiably.

"I think I'll have a bite to eat first, before I go up to my room," he informs her.

"Help yourself," Alice urges him. "Just sign the check."

She turns back to Winninger as Bicycle Joe heads for the dining room.

"You know, Molly," Chuck opines, "I'm beginning to think this hotel business is not up our alley."

"Be an optimist, darling," she encourages him expansively.

"A what?" Winninger asks, giving her a double take.

"An optimist," Alice smiles complacently and turns away.

"Jughead," Chuck admonishes the bellhop who has been standing nearby with his mouth open, "be an optimist and take Mr. Riggs' bags upstairs."

Mr. Riggs, let me inform you, is none other than Tommy Riggs of the radio—he who created that pestiferous little *Betty Lou*. Mr. Riggs, himself, is quite a personable gent—somewhere in his twenties—with an insatiable appetite. When I came on the set he was eating an icecream sandwich. Now he is munching on an apple and it looks to me as though he had a bag of nuts stuffed in his pocket.

But the kick of this picture is the half-pint bicyclist. I couldn't find out his name but he has never been on the stage nor in a picture before. That one line—"I think I'll have a bite to eat first, before I go up to my room" is all he has to say during



In "Goodbye Broadway," Alice Brady and Charles Winninger discuss their hopes.

Everything was Lovely...

UNTIL HE STRUCK A MATCH!

Life's Little Close-ups; Can Your Complexion Stand Them? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder . . . It's Light-Proof! . . . This is the Greatest Make-up Improvement in Years

● Every change of light is a challenge to a woman's complexion. Does *your* make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery!

Luxor face powder is light-proof. It modifies light rays instead of reflecting them.

With a finishing touch of this powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine* when you use this kind of powder.

Seeing is believing: Make this test

Look at the photographs reproduced here. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder. A test before your own mirror will be even more convincing. Then put it to the real test of all kinds of light, day and night.

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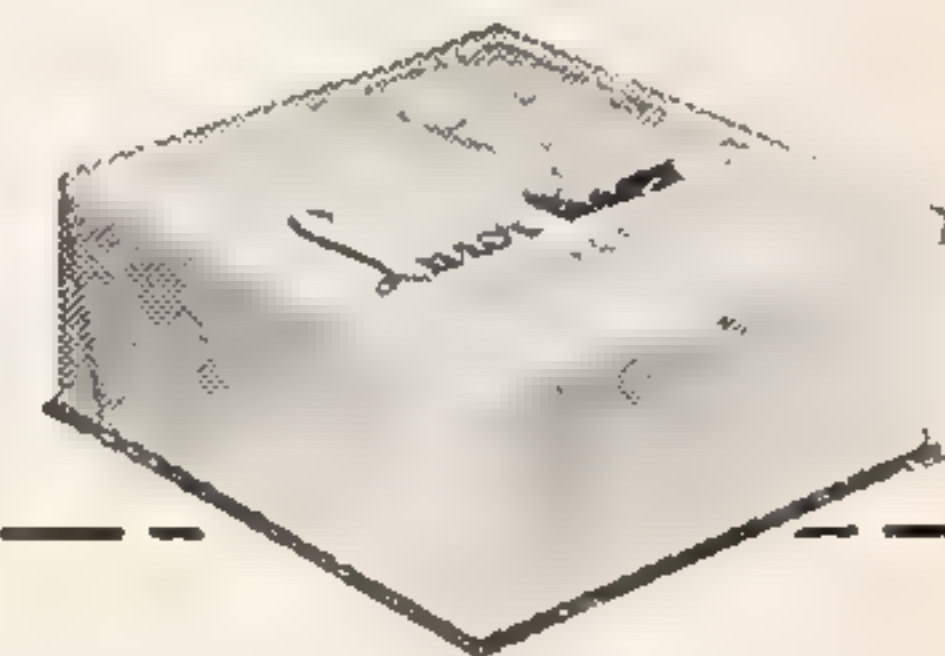
We especially invite all women who think they have a "shiny skin" to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

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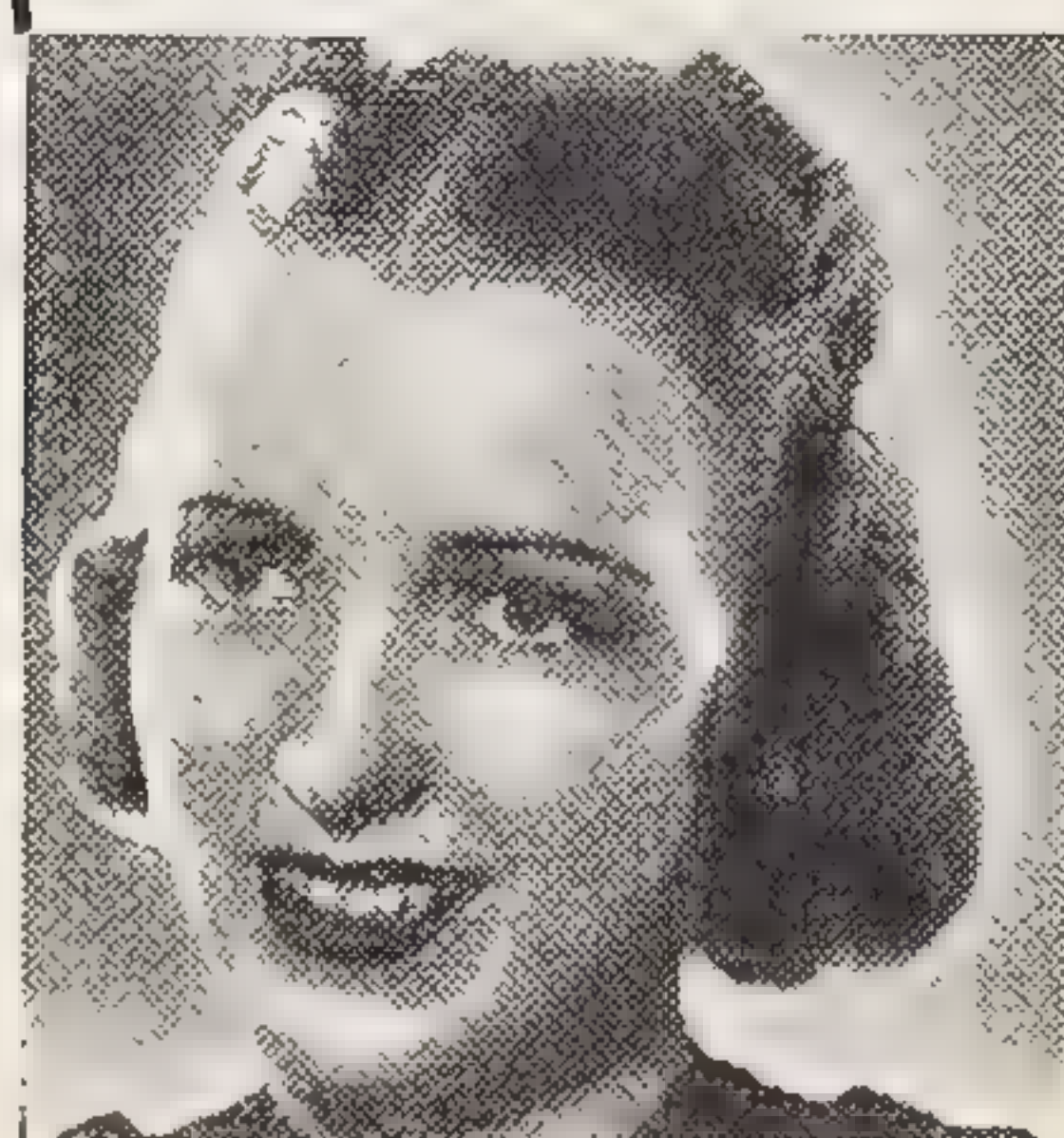
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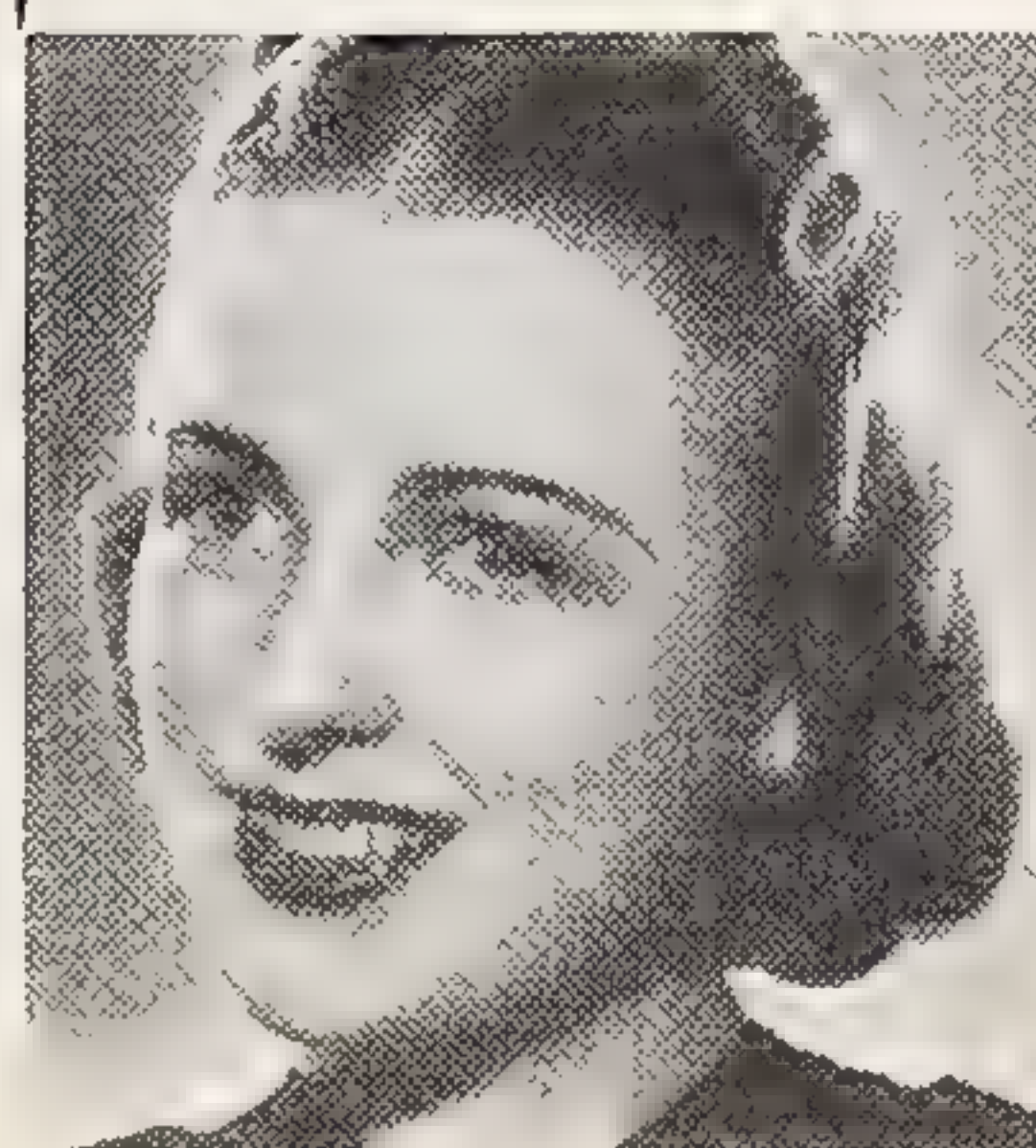
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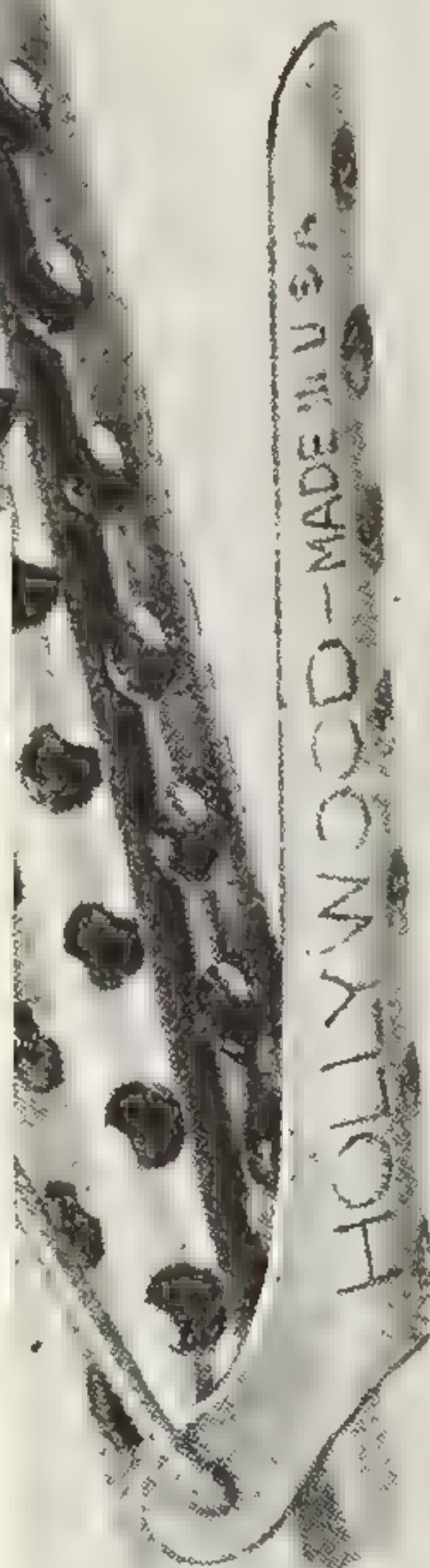
For large, soft, natural looking curls



JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures

NEW!

We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, pictured here in actual size. Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.



ACTUAL SIZE
3 inches by 1/2 inch
U. S. PATENTS
2,000,893 2,000,894

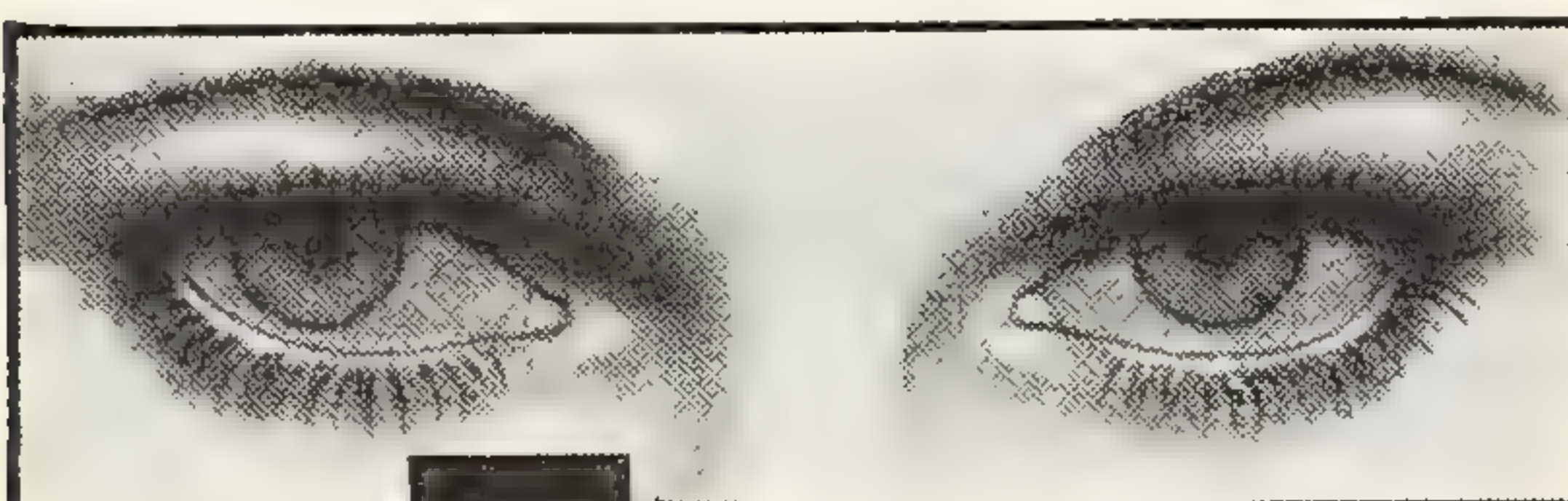
Giant
HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry **CURLERS**

AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES & NOTION COUNTERS

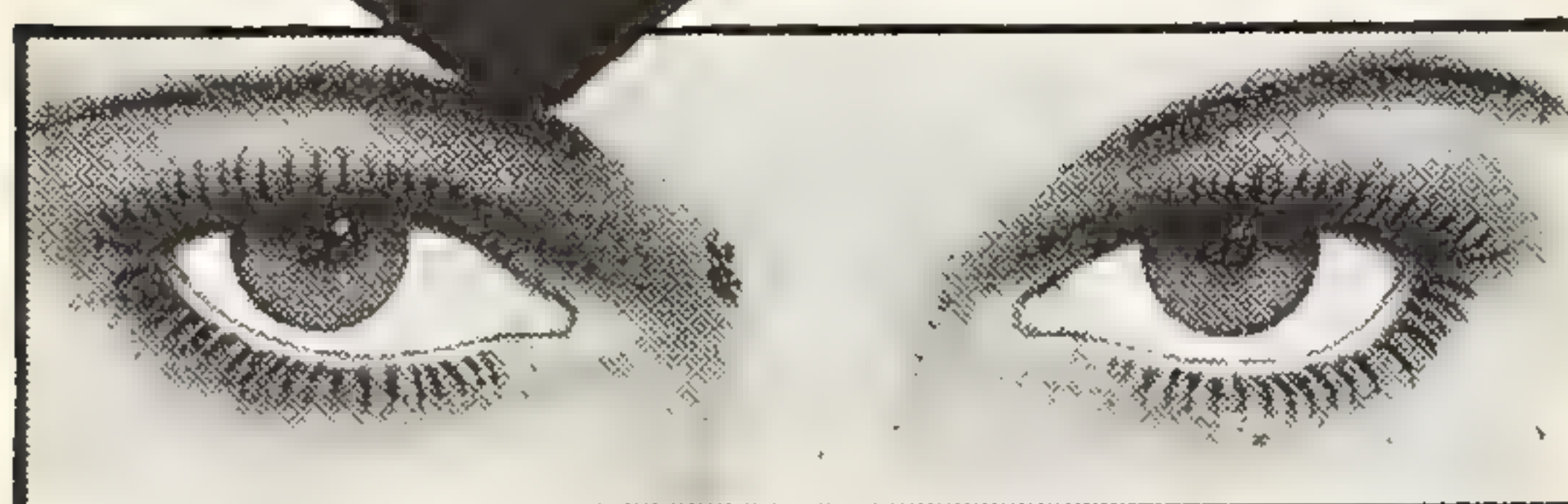
WRITE A SONG

on any subject and send poem to us at once for exceptional offer.

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WHAT A DIFFERENCE



IN EYE MAKE-UP WHEN NEW LOTION CLEARS EYES

TIRED, dull eyes... veined and red... ruin eye make-up. Now, a great new advance in eye lotions clears up dull, veined look due to fatigue, exposure, etc. In seconds eyes look thrillingly brighter, whiter, and therefore larger! Use Eye-Gene before eye make-up... for sparkling new eye beauty! Two drops soothe and refresh tired, irritated eyes wonderfully! No other eye lotion like Eye-Gene! Purse size at any 5 and 10c store. Economy size at all drug stores.

EYE-GENE



the whole picture but he is so nervous he keeps mulling it and take after take is made. Finally, in desperation, he turns to Ray McCarey, the director, and says, "Mr. McCarey, I think maybe I'd better stick to my cycling and you'd better give my *part* (the italics are mine) to somebody else!"

After about the twelfth take, Alice says, "I am slightly but surely getting very, very sick of this scene" and who can blame her?

Being a peace-loving soul (as I have often told you) I leave before the fireworks start and proceed to—

Paramount

Three pictures going here but one of them, "You and Me," starring George Raft and Sylvia Sydney, is closed to visitors. I learn that this is Miss Sidney's doings. I can't understand what's got into that girl. She used to be one of the friendliest people in Hollywood. I can remember when she first came out here how she and Phillips Holmes used to rough-house all over the joint—wrestling, boxing and—well, you know. But, no more. And I know this closed set is her doings because there never was a friendlier soul than George, nor one more gracious to visitors.

The other two pictures are "Cocoanut Grove" starring Fred MacMurray and Harriet Hilliard, and "Tropic Holiday" starring Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour.

There's not much doing on either of these sets. The latter is the opening scene of the picture. It is a cantina in Mexico (I presume) and Tito Guizar (a bull-fighter in the picture—a singer in real life) has just returned after an afternoon in the bull-ring. You'd think from the greetings he had been away for a year, at least. His father greets him, embraces him and then he turns quickly to his sister, Elvira Rios (a little Spanish girl who can't spik a word of Angleesh) and Dorothy. Dorothy isn't wearing a *sarong* in this picture but she still has long hair. So I respectfully refer you, Dorothy, to a letter from a fan which starts off: "BEWARE, Dorothy Lamour, your long hair will prove your undoing!" But, never mind, Dottie, you can't please everyone and you're quite, quite opulent

as you are. You know—dusky beauty and all that sort of thing.

"Cocoanut Grove"—well, the scene here is where MacMurray, a broken down orchestra leader, is putting his adopted son (Billy Lee) to sleep while Harriet Hilliard (who is housekeeper and Billy's governess—and all on nothing a week) looks on. It's a nice little scene but not vitally important.

What is important is that Harriet is back in pictures. And what a friendly girl she is. There's one who will never go Hollywood.

Around the corner at—

R-K-O

there are three pictures shooting but I've already told you about "Vivacious Lady" and "The Joy of Living" so that leaves only "This Marriage Business" starring Victor Moore and featuring Alan Lane and Vicki Lester.

Mr. Moore is the gent who plays the part of a marriage license clerk whose proud boast is that in twenty years of issuing licenses, none of the couples to whom he has issued have ever been divorced. A likely story, Mr. R-K-O!

Alan is a New York reporter following an eloping society heiress and her intended to this Gretna Green. But when he tracks them down he runs into the story of Victor—which is much more "human interest." Vicki, of course, is Victor's dotter and as soon as Alan sees her he begins singing, "I took one look at you—that's all I had to do—and then my heart stood still."

But Vicki will have none of him. She won't marry until her father is mayor and not just a lowly license clerk. So Alan (with his high-powered newspaper ways) sets about getting Mr. Moore elected mayor, but the opposition frames Vic and the next thing we know we find him in jail. Vicki and Alan are just arriving at the hoose-gow.

"Father!" Vick screeches, rushing in and throwing her arms around Vick. "What happened?" You well may ask, Miss Lester. *Murder* has reared its ugly head and your pa is "It."

"There's been a killing, Nancy," Vic ad-



In "Cocoanut Grove," Harriet Hilliard plays the wife of Fred MacMurray, an orchestra leader. As a role for Mrs. Ozzie Nelson, there's a flight of fancy for you.



Dick Powell and Priscilla Lane in
"The Cowboy From Brooklyn."

mits in a worried tone, "and they think I did it."

"That's ridiculous!" Vicki comments angrily and turns on Cecil Kellaway, the Chief of Police. "You know he wouldn't hurt a fly."

"He was found in a room at Selby's (Richard Lane's)—with a dead man—and his fingerprints are on the gun," Kellaway answers pointedly.

As Vicki stares at Kellaway in horror, Lane interposes smoothly, "Don't worry, honey, I'm sure I can—"

"You!" Vicki whirls on him, her eyes blazing (so the script says but I only see the light that lies in woman's eyes). "I told you not to get him mixed up with those people! But, no! You know all the answers! You were going to keep him out of trouble! You were going to make him Mayor! I hope you're satisfied, now that you've built him into a Roman Holiday for your yellow paper!"

It seems to me, Mister Lane, you have a lot to answer for. But what tickles me most is that for his part on the screen Mr. Lane is playing the leader of a reform party. Actually, while I am on the set one of his stooges comes up and hands him some bookie's receipts for bets Mr. Lane has placed on the second race at Santa Anita!

Marveling over the incongruities and hiatuses between real life and reel life characters, I trek on down the street to—

[Continued on page 75]

NEW TITLES FOR THE LATEST PICTURES

"Dude Rancher" (Dick Powell)
has been changed to . . .
"The Cowboy From Brooklyn"

"This Woman Is Dangerous" (Kay
Francis) has been changed to . .
"Women Are Like That"

"Everybody Was Very Nice" (Wayne
Morris) has been changed to . .
"Love, Honor and Behave"

"Gypsy" (Jane Withers)
has been changed to . . .
"Little Gypsy"

"It Couldn't Happen Here" (Victor
Moore) has been changed to . .
"The Marriage Business"

"FERRETS OF FRESHNESS" . . . Paramount's talent scouts, Boris Kaplan and Edward Blatt .



They spend Fortunes
to find
FRESH FACES

O.G. spends Fortunes to give you
FRESH CIGARETTES

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. When a star goes stale, his light goes out!

But when a cigarette goes stale, it should never be lit at all! For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cello-

phane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it . . . but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will . . . in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made . . . and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!



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Opens from the Bottom
Sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens
at the Top
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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

*He's so perfectly proper . . . !
She's so properly furious . . . !*

YOU'LL BE SO DELIGHTED . . . THEY'RE
PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TOGETHER!

What do you think happens? . . .
when a butler with un-butler-like
ambitions serves a lady who thinks
he isn't entitled to . . . ambitions!



Bill at his debonair best . . .
and the girl whose breath-
taking beauty and dramatic
fire you merely glimpsed in
"Wings of the Morning" . . .
now, in her first American-
made picture, the most glam-
orously exciting personality
ever to grace the screen!

WILLIAM
POWELL
and
ANNABELLA
in
*"The BARONESS
and the BUTLER"*

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
HELEN WESTLEY • HENRY STEPHENSON
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • NIGEL BRUCE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • LYNN BARI

Directed by Walter Lang
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play
by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Kathryn Scola
Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production.

The year's gayest and brightest romantic-comedy sensation!

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossips

THEY do say that the only reason Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power haven't married before this is that the studio says "No, No" to Tyrone, who is their most popular leading man. There is a movie legend that marriage is practically death at the box-office to a romantic young male. But Tyrone is making no secret of his great love for Janet, and claims that he has never been in love like this before. It's a safe bet that before the spring floods set in Janet and Ty will see a minister, with or without the studio blessing.

MANTILLAS will be back in the evening mode for the coming summer, according to Travis Banton, leading Hollywood fashion expert. In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" Claudette Colbert looks perfectly beautiful in an alluring white lace mantilla with a seductive evening dress of white chiffon, and when the gals get a load of that there will be a mad bolt for mantillas.

AND speaking of veils, Norma Shearer married Robert Morely, in a scene for "Marie Antoinette" the other day, in the most fabulous wedding gown ever designed for the screen. For it Adrian whipped together twenty yards of white satin, fifteen yards of embroidered satin for a cape and train, forty yards of net, six dozen bunches of flowers and one hundred and twenty gross of beads. Just a simple little something.

ANNABELLA, a French importation, had the Twentieth Century-Fox lot quite upset the other day when she demanded a "feet spoon." Finally, it was discovered that all Annabella wanted was a shoe horn.

SAID Mark Twain once: "People should pay for a good laugh the same as for a good painting. Each is a phase of art." And so, good people, you shouldn't mutter in your beards when a girl in a gilded cage asks you to pay two bits for a ticket to see "The Joy of Living" (it used to be "The Joy of Loving" but the Hays Office decided that "Loving" was offside).

There is a scene in it, taken at the Culver City Rollerdrome, which is quite

the funniest thing you're ever seen on the screen. It seems that Irene Dunne, a beautiful and alluring actress, has been so busy with her career and her amazing family (Alice Brady's the Mamma and Guy Kibbee's the Papa) that she has never had any time for fun. Until, one day, she meets Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who says that he can prove to her that she can have a much better time on a two dollar evening than she has ever had on a two thousand dollar evening.

So he takes her to a beer "jernt" and then to the Rollerdrome. Irene, unused to all this, goes on a beer jag, and while the world is floating merrily about her Doug Jr. puts her on roller skates. You can well imagine what happens to Miss Dunne's poise and dignity and her equilibrium.

"I haven't been on roller skates since I was ten years old," said Irene dubiously at the Rollerdrome, when the director handed her a pair of ball bearings. "Maybe I've forgotten how to skate." "Oh, that's all right," said Director Tay Garnett, "you're not supposed to be good." Irene wasn't. She landed on the floor right away. And everytime they picked her up her feet flew up in the air again. She took it all without a murmur—but, later, she took her dinner standing up. Anything for a laugh.



Annabella

JOAN CRAWFORD has been busy rehanging the pictures in her library in order to make room for a place of honor for one of her most treasured possessions—a lifelike mask of Greta Garbo. Joan is doubly pleased to own this work of art because it was sculptured by her close friend Richard Cromwell, and because it is considered a fine likeness of her favorite actress.

EVER since Lew Ayres put in a personal appearance at several parties that Ginger Rogers gave, during the Christmas holidays, the rumors have been flying thick and fast that Ginger and Lew are about to be reconciled and take up their married life where they left off. Neither of them has ever made the slightest effort to



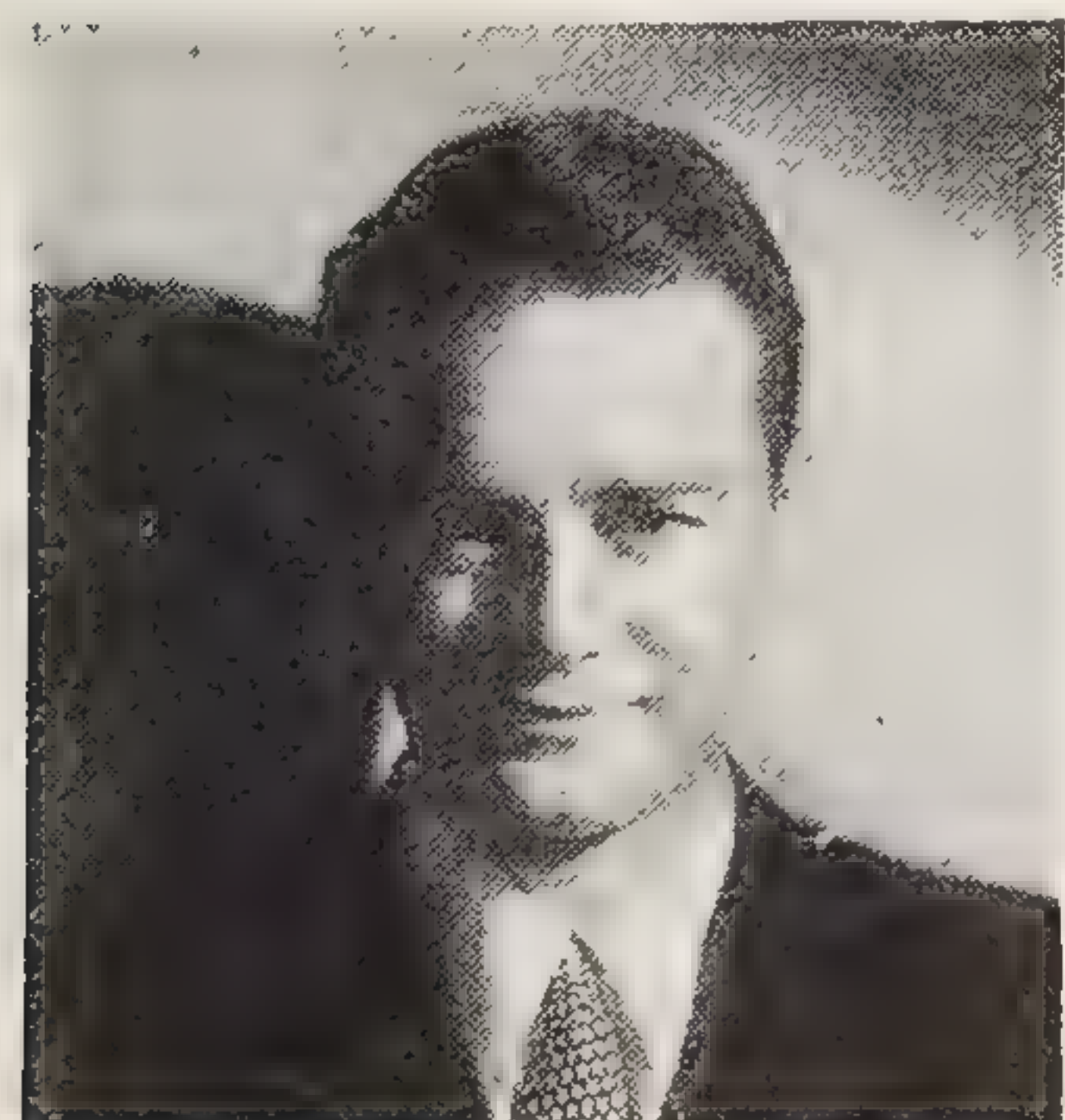
Gladys Swarthout

get a divorce. And whereas Ginger was quite the party girl for the first year after their separation the night clubs of Hollywood now see her less and less. Recently she has been discovered dining quietly with Lew in small unpretentious restaurants, and talking very seriously.

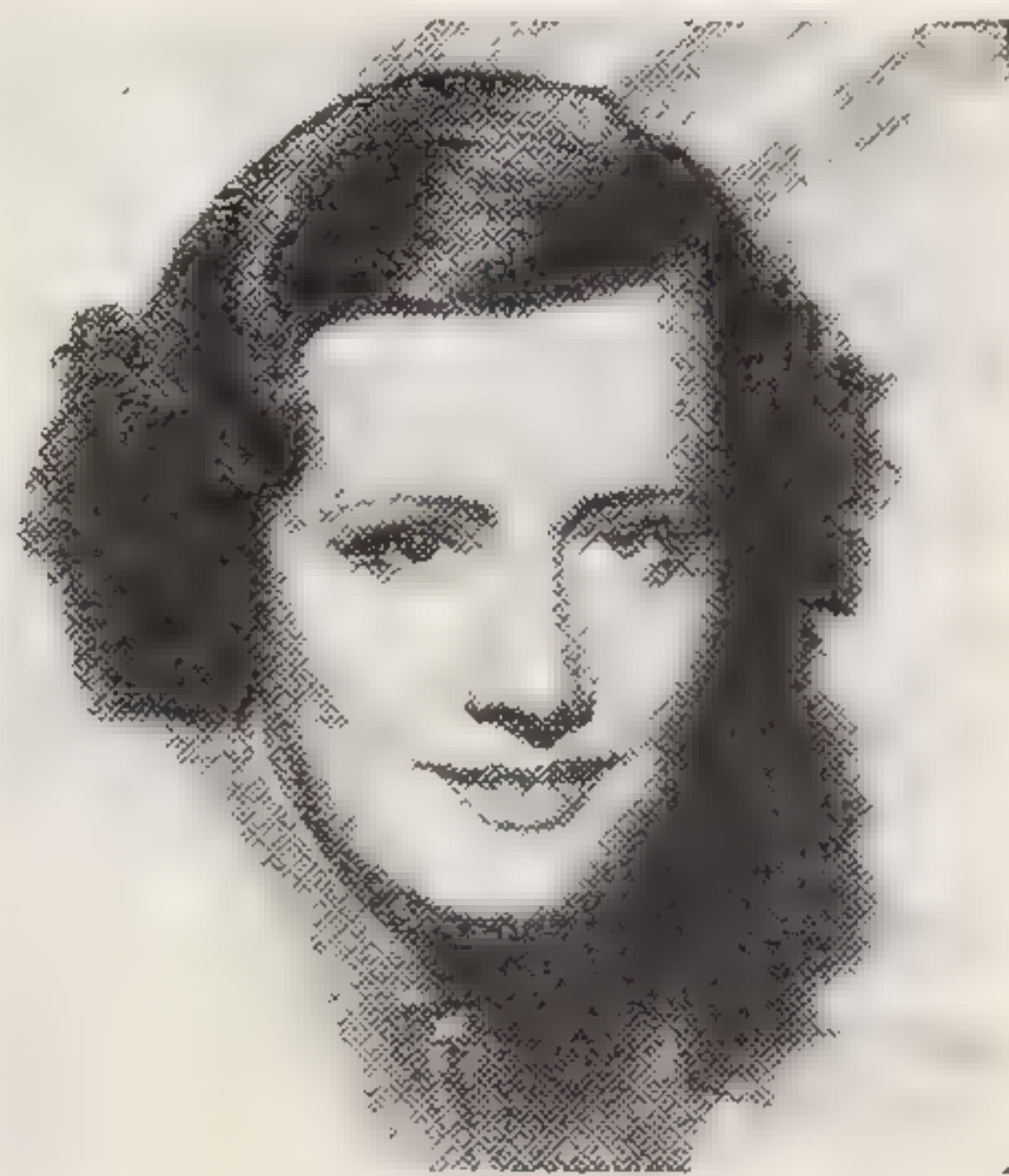
MARTHA RAYE is in the midst of a self-conducted glamour campaign. She wants to wrap herself in miles of floating chiffon and look pensive. She has informed Paramount that she will show less of her mouth and more of her legs in her next picture. Martha is making a big mistake. Comediennes last much longer than glamour girls.

THE smart luncheon clientele of the Vendome was quite startled the other noon when big, gruff Wally Beery appeared wearing a blue knitted beret, and looking rather sheepish about the whole thing. But Mr. Beery wasn't changing his type. It seems that little Carol Ann Beery, his adopted daughter, had made the beret for him and insisted upon his wearing it to luncheon, and as little Carol Ann was lunching with him there wasn't much he could do about it.

THERE is a rumor about that Gladys Swarthout will buy Pickfair when she returns to Hollywood from her present concert tour. And there is a rumor, also, that if her last picture is as bad as its predecessors there won't be much point in Miss Swarthout returning to the picture colony. If anyone has gotten a bad break in pictures it is Gladys Swarthout—and the more's the pity because no one cooperates better with the press and the fan writers than she does. So keep your fingers crossed for Gladys. She needs your good wishes.



Lew Ayres



Irene Dunne



Claudette Colbert



Wallace Beery

A Startling
And Unvar-
nished Recital
Of The Experi-
ences Of A Girl
Who Wanted
To Be In Pictures.

TRUE STORY OF A STAND-IN

By Ann Robinson

As Told To

Edward Churchill

AT TWENTY-FOUR I find myself believing that all jobs in motion pictures are entirely a matter of luck. After a struggle to find work, near-starvation, rebuffs and one great and amazing break, I find myself, after five years in Hollywood, a stand-in. My present principal is Olivia de Havilland.

How did I get my job? What do I think of it? What do I think of my work and those who work around me? Am I envious?

I'll come to all that. First of all, I must explain what a stand-in is. I am not a double who does adventurous things which my principal cannot do. My job is to stand beneath the lights while the technicians on the set adjust those lights, the cameras and microphone to cover all of the action which will take place in the forthcoming scene. Sometimes I stand still with other stand-ins. Again, I move about as my principal will later. During this period my principal is resting, is rehearsing with the director, is studying lines, or is applying make-up.

As you can see from my picture, I do not in any way resemble Miss de Havilland, save that I am of about the same height and build. I have stood in for many players, including Ann Dvorak, the late Helen Lowell, character actress, Margaret Lindsay and Kay Francis. I know brunette stand-ins who wear blonde wigs when working for blonde principals. I call myself a carbon copy because it is significant that I wear duplicates of the garments worn by my principal. There is resemblance in cut and color, but not in quality. When stand-ins first became general people who actually looked like stars were chosen to stand in, but this has been found to be a lot of needless trouble.

You may have guessed that I am a small town girl drawn to motion pictures because of the glamour and color and life abounding in Hollywood. In this you are correct. I was born in Martin, Tennessee, the youngest of three children. My father is an educator, mathematician and astronomer. The family moved with him to Marshall, Texas, where he was president of Marshall College. At one time he was state superintendent of schools in Tennessee. My sister, Hera, the oldest, is an ex-concert pianist, now married. My brother, with whom I live in a very small but attractive North Hollywood apartment, is a contractor. His name is Kepler Robinson. During my early days we lived not only at Marshall but at Bolivar, Tennessee, and you can call this my home, as my family live there.

My education includes Bolivar High School and Tennessee College for Women, at Murfreesboro, where I spent a year. I left there because my father could no longer afford to send me to such an institution. The motive behind the job which I hold at present was born in high school, when I played the lead in plays, such as "Nan of the Lighthouse." At college I didn't even make the dramatic club.

But the desire to act was born while I was in high school. After I left college Bolivar got into my hair. This makes me just exactly like a million small town girls. My father and mother were very religious, very fair, kind and considerate—but I felt they were strict. I wrote to my brother, asked him if I could come to California, and he sent me fifty dollars to join him in Los Angeles.

I came out by bus. The fare was thirty-two dollars. I spent a dollar for food. I arrived with seventeen dollars after four days of riding that I thought would never end. I ate so little and did

Ann was stand-in for
Olivia de Havilland,
Margaret Lindsay and
Ann Dvorak.



not sleep at all on the trip because I was so excited about motion pictures and Hollywood. I arrived early in the morning, but I made my brother drive me out Wilshire Boulevard so I could just feel happy.

"You will get a room by yourself," my brother told me. "You will choose your own friends. I will give you enough for your rent and spending money for two months and then you must go to work."

I met George Fisher, a radio announcer, by calling him up and asking him to play "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" on a request program because I knew my brother meant what he said, and I was very, very lonesome all by myself in the rented room. One of the boys at the station called for me, and I told him to go by my brother's place. I told him to do this so that my brother could look him over and decide if he was the right kind of boy for me to go out with. This was the beginning of my job of making friends.

Only a few days later I tried to register at Central Casting Bureau, but I was told that the lists were closed. I went to the studio gates and there were a lot of men loafing around them, and





I just stood and looked at them. They awed me. I was afraid to go any farther. I did this again and again, but didn't have nerve enough to ask questions. I was sure I'd be taken for a movie-struck girl, which I was.

After a while I got pretty discouraged, because it seemed to me that not only were there a lot of people working in the studios but a lot more people than that standing around outside waiting for work. I did the next best thing when my shoes began to wear down at the heels—I got another kind of job. It was in an insurance office. This was not very satisfactory, because I was getting only five dollars a week. Then you have to consider the state of mind of a girl who wants to act, and who has won a baby beauty contest in Martin, Tennessee, and a high school beauty contest, and is full of glamorous dreams.

I learned to run a switchboard and got ten dollars. But the insurance company folded up, and I was out of a job. I found out about the minimum wage laws in California, and it was good that I did, for I got forty dollars, which kept me alive. I met a girl, Aileen ———, while I was working at the insurance company, and we roomed together.

This girl gives you a typical example of what luck does for you out here. She was a telephone operator, and she met an important studio executive who married her.



Ann as she is today. She says: "I am a carbon copy."



Note the difference in the dresses provided for Ann and Olivia when they were making "Gold Is Where You find It." Ann gets calico—Olivia the finest procurable.

They were divorced. She worked as an extra for a while, couldn't get enough money to keep alive, and went back to running a switchboard in a studio. Now she is running a switchboard in a department store, and is mighty glad she is out of pictures. She just didn't get the breaks, because she is a charming girl.

When Aileen and I roomed together, she was laid off and so was I. This is how we lived:

When a man called up to ask Aileen for a date, she would say, quite frankly:

"I'll go out with you if you'll take Ann and me to dinner."

If a friend of mine called I'd be just as honest with him. In those days of early 1933, a lot of formalities went by the boards. And we were just plain hungry. It was very funny. We met the boy next door, who had a studio job when he worked, because when we opened our ice-box and took out a tray of ice cubes and he did the same we could look at each other. In this way we got to talking and often he would get a day's work and we'd have a good meal.

"What do you do?" I asked him, excited to know he worked in pictures.

"I'm a stand-in," he told me. And I questioned him and found out all about his work. He introduced me to a publicity man. Again, I say that any job you get in pictures is luck. This publicity man became interested in me, took me out to Max Arnow, casting director at Warner Brothers' studio, in Burbank. Mr. Arnow measured me with experienced eyes.

"You're just the girl I want," he said. "You'll stand in for Ann Dvorak."

If it hadn't been just that day and just that hour he [Continued on page 79]

IT'S all very well for people to go about being frivolous in normal times—but with the present norm consisting of midnight air raids and ships being blown to hell, with the stock market filibustering and the Senate selling short, this is the time for men to come to the aid of their party—and do you know a good one for tonight?

Hollywood, the land of glee and home of the rave, is solely dependent, I have discovered, upon two things. Just *two things!* And hold your hats boys, here they are:

A STAR IS ONLY AS GOOD AS HER LEGS
—both of 'em!

A pair of legs—tall, short or medium—well proportioned and full of curves in the right places (and preferably mates), are the only things which prevent that rich and lucrative territory known generally as the Gold Coast from turning right back into the home grounds of the Gobi Desert. Honest.

If you'll step into my laboratory I'd like to point, with obvious bad manners and a certain amount of unpardonable pride, to what may be called the gol-darndest, gorgeous Dietrich gams.

Dietrich came out of the nowhere into the here that is Hollywood some years ago, all wrapped up in a roll of celluloid called "The Blue Angel." It now looks as though she'll curl up and go right back where she came from at the end of a little piece recently released which, because Time Marches On, they called merely "Angel." It simplifies matters in some way.

In the course of our research we find that, in the torrid twenties, great strides were made toward Chauvinism (which is perfectly true but has nothing to do with this story), and at the bathing resorts, some faltering steps in the direction of refined nudity. It only remained for the Sennett beauties to toss off their woolies, a petticoat or two and a "bra" to give the general idea that they were bound for the beach and not, as even a baby Cyclops might have guessed, joining an Arctic expedition.

Make no mistake about it, "Legs" Dietrich brought us to the civilized viewpoint that what had been whispered about at the turn of the century as "the extremities" were not, in that year of our Lord 1930, to be the *last* extremities! Not by a Ziegfeld chorus! Legs were, at long last, to be recognized as both lovely and artistic, without need for excuse or explanation—and the occasion served to rationalize the popular attitude toward the garment appropriately designed as a "short," and should circumstances demand—the short short.

We were in a bad way of becoming almost human!

Then suddenly and for no apparent good reason Dietrich went in for those dressy things, nights with armor as we say in the corset department two aisles to the right, and plunk!—her box-office standing fell back to the last whalebone!

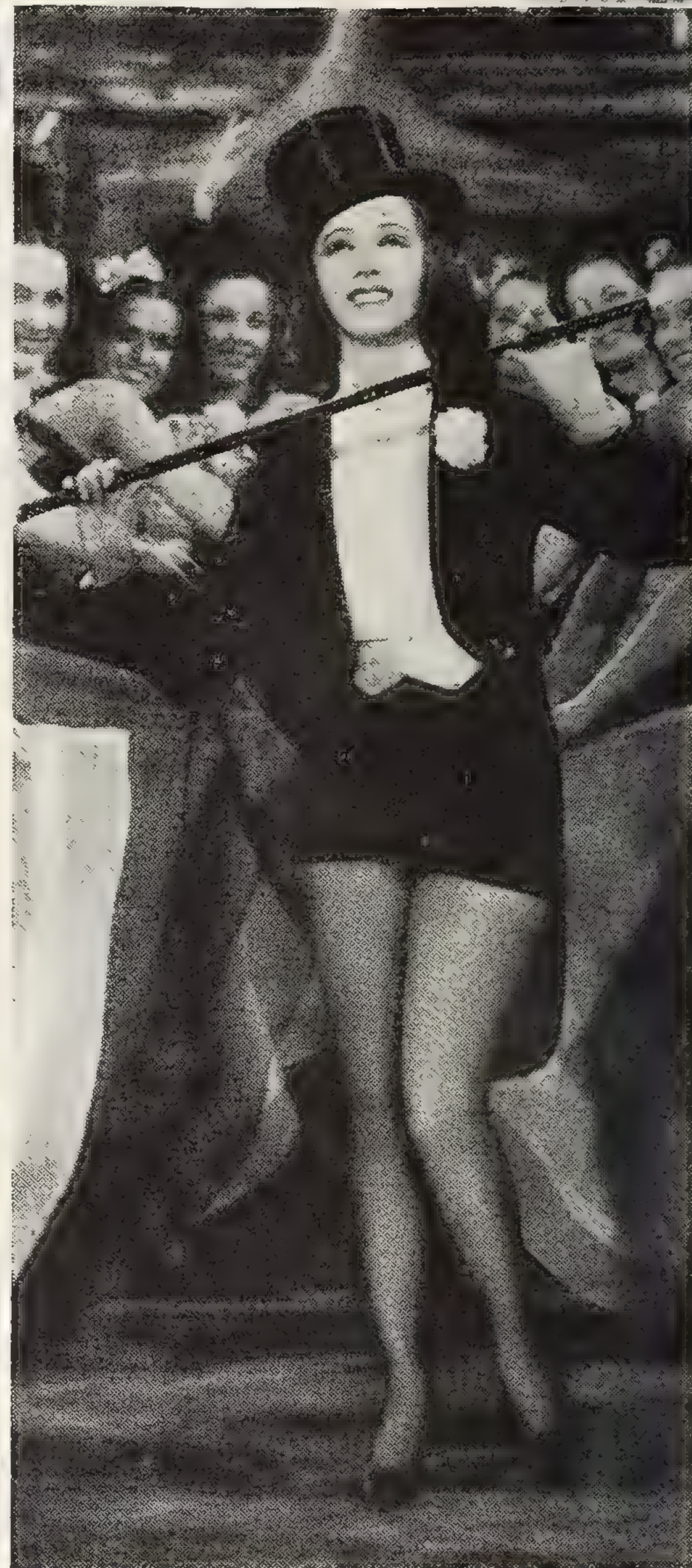
The decline of Dietrich may sadden you in some sort or wistful way, much as "Snow White" saddens me—yet it was all to some avail, for today we have advanced so far that we can even bear to see our heroines snapped by the candid camera—au naturelle in a manner of speaking. Even the fact that lovely Ginger Rogers



Most Girls Who
Achieve Success
In Pictures Have
Two Good Reasons.

By
Helen Harrison

Ginger Rogers and
the dancing equip-
ment that won for
her a Charleston
contest and
launched her on the
way to glory.



(Above, left) Sonja Henie and the famous legs that made her champion of the ice. (Above) The Metropolitan Opera Diva, Lily Pons. Her beautiful legs carry on her vivacious screen personality. (Left) Dorothy Lamour. Just a talented girl whose figure has brought her many outstanding native roles.



(Below, left) Louise (Gypsy Rose Lee) Hovick revealed again. (Left) The screen career of Joan Crawford has been greatly assisted by her symmetrical legs.

LEGS

HELPED!

doesn't *always* look as ravishing as when a battalion of hairdressers, make-up artists and a whole camera crew hover about her for a "take" is, at times, rather comforting. And then, even the candidest candid camera can't take us down from a pretty peg—doubled!

It's simply that we resent taboos. A taboo to the average American is a national anathema. We've been brought up on "Oh Say Can You See?" and we consider it a personal privilege. "You mustn't do this" and "You hadn't order do that" is terribly, terribly aggravating. If we choose to lie around the beaches and get horribly sunburned we don't want anyone to spoil our fun! And we like to see pictures of our good-looking celluloid cuties scorching to a frazzle, too. Liberty, equality, sorority! And of course if they have good-looking pins (no, not fraternity pins), it's no great disappointment to the roto editors. Yet we don't believe that our aesthetic appetite is suffering from gastronomic deterioration (to put in a few good words for myself!)

Although a screen test must not, by edict, consist of "leg art," I don't imagine it has done Joan Blondell, Dorothy Lamour

or Martha Raye any serious harm to have this, that and those instead of a raw shin-bone. . . . Oh man!

And do you suppose that Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee) would ever have reached her present dramatic heights and become an honest-to-goodness okay performer if she hadn't fanned for the Yanks or chased a bubble around? Claudette Colbert has always been one up on both producers and public because of her reputation for having *the* most beautiful limbs in captivity.

Twice decorated by the King of Norway for her skating, Sonja Henie had previously received two very pleasing decorations straight from Ma Nature herself. And so if Sonja's chin is somewhat pointed and her face a wee bit too round there is surely no fault to be found with the trim ankles and legs that give "The Dying Swan," her most famous skating routine, such a lively interest for the spectator sportsman!

I doubt if Carole Lombard, who graduated from Sennett comedies and whose limbs caused the attention which brought about her early success, would ever have rated her present lofty perch if, instead of curving into slender, lissom lines they had resembled inverted milk bottles! Can you imagine the star of such picture sensations as "Nothing Sacred" and "True Confession" having to stop, and "pull down her dresses" in the midst of

a romp? What a giggle! What a crazy imagination!

Ginger Rogers, who actually danced herself to fame, did it on a pair of very easy to take twinkle-toes, and whatever her dramatic destiny, theoretically and actually, she has a pretty pair of legs to fall back on—so what can she lose?

It was only a few years ago that Lily Pons created quite a stir at the staid Metropolitan Opera House with her trills and vocal cavorting. Here was an artiste, young, attractive and with an amazing talent. Audiences rose en masse and cheered—politely, discreetly and, I might even say . . . but that gives you a general idea. Then ol' man Hollywood got leetle Leely. And what did *he* do but put her before a camera and, as she burst into song (always keep out of voice range of a bursting song), he unveiled as pretty a pair of legs as one is apt to stumble over in the Royal Academy. Today not thousands, but millions are cheering lustily at the box-office and paying tribute, not only to an exquisite voice, but, in coin of the realm, to legs with curves, glamour and allure. Vive la France!

Which brings us to a realization that [Continued on page 69]

Flashshots

By JEROME ZERBE



(Above) Sam Goldwyn, Mrs. Jascha Heifitz (Florence Vidor) and Mrs. Goldwyn. (Right) ZaSu Pitts arrives in a cab, but no flutter.



(Top) Frank Shields, movie acting tennis star, dancing with Mrs. John Jacob Astor. (Above) Eleanor Powell, visiting a night club, answers the call of the dance music. Jack White and his troupe welcome her.



The humorist, critic and screen celebrity, Bob Benchley, orders several gloom despatches.



WE ARE used to photos made at the glamour spots of the world, but I thought it might be fun to find famous faces in obscure places.

Across the street from the Biltmore theatre in New York where "All That Glitters" is running its trivial way, is an unheralded little pub called the Pompeii Bar and Grill and to that, during a six minutes intermission of the play, I went one frosty evening.

Sports loving socialite, Harold Talbott, came in for a quick one with Constance Bennett and her escort. Miss Bennett, blonde and ermine coated, looks just like the pictures of the portraits that she claims don't look like her. I was fascinated to see

her, for to me she has always been a legendary figure, from the stories of her escapades at Yale Proms some fifteen years ago to her various husbands and her great friendship with Gilbert Roland. Hers is not the elusive glamour of a Dietrich, but the golden, knowing quality which typified the girls of the F. Scott Fitzgerald era.

Down the bar, Bob Benchley was ordering four drinks when I caught him. Bob has a rare quality. He is as amusing and witty in private life as he is in his writings and in those hilarious shorts he makes.

People were already going back to the theatre when I saw Terence Philip, a socialite friend of mine, and, more as a gag, I took his picture, for I have so many of him with the beautiful women of New York. As we were leaving Lucius Beebe, the columnist, who was with me, said he hoped I'd gotten a good photo of James Cagney and I shamefacedly had to admit

Camera Hunting Where The Big
Names Of Pictures Meet The Big
Shots Of Manhattan.



(Top) Back stage at "The Three Waltzes," Mary Garden is coy with Michael Bartlett. (Above) Socialite Harold Talbott, Connie Bennett and a friend at the Pompeii Grill. (Above, right) Phil Regan "in conference" with Arthur Brown. (Right) Cesar Romero, with Ethel Merman, candidly caught before he had time to put on his personality.

(Top) Virginia Field, Dave Hutcherson and Auriel Lee, who is Miss Field's aunt. (Above) James Cagney, in center, visits a bar between the acts. (Below) June Lang and A. C. Blumenthal.

I'd not seen him. Beebe insisted he'd seen me take a picture of him and I was as sure I hadn't. I looked at the bar for him, but he'd already left. Yet, sure enough, when my films were developed there he was standing right next to Terence Philip and I'd not even seen him!

The next afternoon I went back stage at "The Three Waltzes" to shoot my old friend, Michael Bartlett. He was in a happy mood, having received a note from Mary Garden saying she was coming back to see him. I set my camera up and waited. The one-time great opera star came in, her eyes only on Michael, and immediately started to discuss details and bits from the play. Before she had even seen me I took this photo, and later made some posed ones, but it is the informal one that I like best.

Another night I stood just inside the

door at El Morocco and decided to see what I could get without warning people. Cesar Romero and Ethel Merman were startled and insisted on other poses. I suppose neither of them will be speaking to me again, but here is the first bewildered shot.

I don't think the Samuel Goldwyns and Mrs. Jascha Heifitz (Florence Vidor) even knew they were being taken, while Phil Regan, the singing cop, who is now appearing at the Versailles night club in New York, jumped a mile. He was talking to Arthur Brown, the singer who arranges special theatrical Sunday evenings at Morocco. It is he who got Jack White of the "Club 18" and his troupe to perform one evening, and Eleanor Powell, who was in the audience, got up and tap danced in accompaniment [Continued on page 69]



Methods The Stars Use To Overcome Their Nervousness. You Either Go Over Or You Go Up In Smoke. Who Wouldn't Be Nervous?

A VOICE goes into a little black box, the sound goes round and round through miles of space, you turn the knob on your radio set—and it comes out in your home. Yet this harmless little black box, that has brought so much fame and good fortune to the lucky owners of these voices, has an unusual effect upon them. You'd never suspect, just from listening, the odd things Grace Moore, Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Al Jolson, Martha Raye, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Phil Baker and Tyrone Power find absolutely necessary to do or wear for fear that otherwise their voices will not come out of the mike just right.

You listeners-in can't see any of this and their microphone mannerisms have practically no effect upon what they sing or say. But they simply can't do without them. From the way they act you'd never suspect there could possibly be so many different ways of standing up to a mike and giving all to its waiting ear. No matter whether he is going to croon a melting love tune or discuss the vegetable diet of cannibals, every newcomer to broadcastland is warned not to cough, clear his throat or stamp

his feet. Beyond that, they are strictly on their own and they may take any stance they please in order to be comfortable.

And they do. But accessories mean so much to them—take cigars for instance.

Jack Benny is a smoker-during-broadcasts. Insists it is necessary in order to put across his highly informal manner, and the studio has relaxed its no-smoking rule for him. He even gives cigars to men in the studio audi-



Frances Langford, who has her own mysterious broadcasting routine. (Left) The most amusing of air teams—Burns and Allen.



HOW TO LICK



Grace Moore in action. (Left) Edward G. Robinson at the spot where ten million people are focusing their attention.

ence who laugh long and loud at his jokes. But they have to smoke them outside. When he says his lines he holds the stogie in his hand; firmly believes that if he ever dropped it he'd be tongue-tied.

"Either in my hand or in my mouth," he says, "it puts me at my ease. I'm used to holding something besides the bag, all the time. I took to the cigar when I gave up my violin in vaudeville. Why even in my pictures a cigar is part of my wardrobe. Why

should radio be an exception to what the well-dressed comedian wears?"

Ben Bernie, on the other hand, is a cigar-chewer. Not within the sight or memory of the oldest inhabitant of Broadway or Hollywood has anyone ever seen the faintest wisp of smoke curl up from the end of his cigars. He just eats them away. He uses up about

twenty a day, five alone being accounted for during his half hour on the air. His

secretary keeps a watchful eye on him and when she notices that a cheroot is practically worn down to a pulp, she hands the old Maestro a fresh one from the supply she carries with her.

Clark Gable's trusty friend, when he faces the mike, is his pipe which he keeps unlighted but clenched tightly between his teeth. He appears bored, but actually he's as nervous as one of Major Bowes' worst amateurs. He once confided to Carole Lombard that he bit down hard on the pipe to keep his teeth from chattering.

James Stewart plays around with a cigarette during his air time. He will take one from its case, tap it on his forefinger, look at it, then sigh as he solemnly places it back again in its case. A few minutes later he does the same thing all over again.

You wouldn't think clothes could play such an important part in a radio broadcast. But they do.

Although she wears high heels almost always at other times, Alice Faye simply cannot deliver the lowdown blue notes of her torchy ballads unless she wears low heels at the mike. Why? Don't ask me. I'm just telling you.

On the other hand, three of the screen's glamour girls have a phobia against wearing shoes at all. Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert and Claire Trevor are called the "shoeless Bernhards" because they insist upon going radio-dramatic in stocking feet.

Cecil B. DeMille is every bit the direc-

tor, whether his chore is on the movie lot or the radio studio. He dresses the part, too. Probably wouldn't be recognized if he didn't wear the clothes that have become his directorial trade mark: riding breeches, boots, sports jacket and soft shirt.

Handkerchiefs seem to be a necessary prop to keep the lady song birds on an even keel. Lily Pons holds one tightly in her right hand as she follows the beat with her left. Gladys Swarthout always carries an oversize one which she rolls up in a ball and throws from one hand to the other as she sings. So does Harriet Hilliard, who also turns her back to the studio audience to watch the orchestra led by hubby Ozzie Nelson.

Hats, on the other hand, fascinate both male and female etherites. Bing Crosby positively refuses to sing unless he is wearing a hat. It may be a cap,

quietly by herself.

Schools of instruction in radio technique could make a fortune by solving the hand problem. What to do with their hands has always been a big problem with the radio-starring movie favorites and each one solves it according to individual inclination.

Although Al Jolson gives the impression of being perfectly at ease and of having a grand time, he fidgets with his

By
Ruth
Arell

MIKE FRIGHT

derby, fedora or glossy silk topper. That makes no difference so long as it

is a hat. During the periods when someone else is speaking and he is waiting for a cue, he frequently shifts it around on his head for want of something better to do.

During his speaking part, Don Ameche wears a hat. But when he begins to sing, he takes it off. Maybe Mr. Ameche thinks he ought to take his hat off to the music.

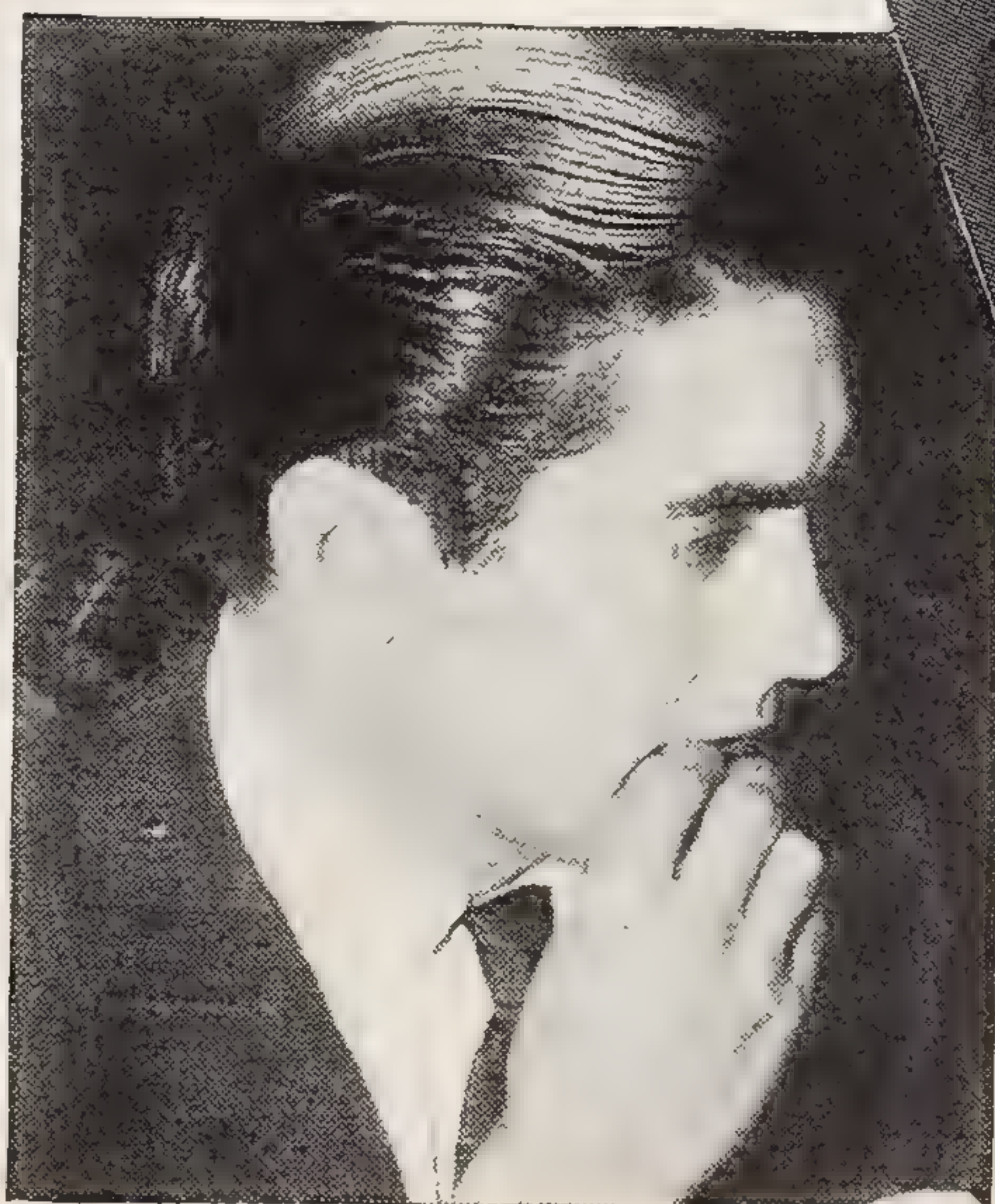
Phil Baker's lady stooge, Lucille Ball, wears her hat so far back on her head, you'd think it was falling off. Places right hand on hip and there it remains no matter if her lines have to be read a la Mae West or like Shirley Temple. Also chews great gobs of gum.

Gracie Allen puts on her hat and takes it off so many times when she is at the mike that George Burns declares, "It makes the rest of us as dizzy as Gracie." And well it might, for she wears a new one at every broadcast and she is rapidly crowding out Betty Furness for the "crazy hat" crown of Hollywood. But as soon as she finishes her lines she stops clowning and sits down

(Top) Frank Morgan casts a spell on the mike. (Right) Eddie Cantor and Deanna Durbin. Eddie is a broadcasting dynamo. (Below) Tommy Riggs and his formula for mike success.



The superstitions of the stage have crept into broadcasting to worry Tyrone Power. (Right, above) Gladys Swarthout carries on with her "nerve control."



digits between numbers. He keeps snapping his fingers constantly. "It's a throwback to my stage and screen days," he explains. When I used to do a musical number, I snapped my fingers in time to the rhythm. If I did that in

front of the mike, it would sound like a thunder clap so I restrain myself until I step away. That's the limit of my self-control."

As soon as Phil Baker steps up to the mike he crosses and uncrosses his fingers. Seems he did that when he entered and won his first amateur contest and so he's kept it up ever since.

Lanny Ross does something similar. He has a gesture, common among athletes, which he picked up during his track days at Yale—he crosses the middle and index fingers of both hands to ward off ill luck just before starting to sing, just as he did before [Continued on page 77]

Cary Grant Took Off From A Pair Of Stilts And Is Gaining Altitude Every Day.

HOTTEST thing on celluloid, at the moment, is Archibald Alexander Leach, and the lady in the rear row who screamed: "He means Cary Grant," hit the nail on the head, or vice versa. For Cary Grant, who was born A. A. Leach, is the biggest male name in Hollywood—bigger than Gable, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy and even Charlie McCarthy. I do not write this to belittle the fame of these others, but only to emphasize how big Cary Grant has become, as the result of three solid scores in "Topper," "The Awful Truth" and "Bringing Up Baby."

Now, you can always tell when a male star has clicked in Hollywood. Every femme star puts in a requisition for his services, and at this writing, the feminine division of this colony is staging a rush for Cary that would make a bargain-counter rush appear tame by contrast. Grant has become the most popular light comedian of pictures, and if any of you in the congregation doubt this, speak now or forever hold your peace.

It was in "Topper," with Connie Bennett, Roland Young and Billie Burke that Grant started to startle the industry. His flair for light comedy so plainly distinguished the picture that Hollywood sat up and took notice. They argued the question back and forth in the Coast salons (not saloons, Mr. Printer). Finally, it was settled to everyone's satisfaction: Hollywood agreed that it was the fanciful picture and the surrounding cast that had made Cary look so good, for they die hard out here.

Then Grant made "The Awful Truth" with Irene Dunne, and the howls of laughter evoked by this Leo McCarey concoction silenced even the hecklers. To still all doubt, he did it again with Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby."

To get at the bottom of the Strange Case of Cary Grant, who became a star overnight, after years of work that was just passable, I called on Director Howard Hawks, who handled him in "Bringing Up Baby," and asked him to explain this sudden skyrocketing to stardom: "I've seen it happen time and again," said Hawks. "A performer goes along for years and is never better than satisfactory. Then, suddenly, he becomes brilliant. It is all a matter of confidence. Cary Grant became a star when he became confident of himself. He's doing things now, little gestures, facial expressions, that he wouldn't

have dared to do when he first came to Hollywood, because then he lacked confidence. Now he's got it. Confidence brings poise and polish and what I call 'style' to a player. Once a performer has it, his reading of lines and his reactions take on sparkle. Cary, right now, is HOT."

With this background of critical acclamation, your correspondent proceeded directly to Grant. We met in the RKO commissary, and I said to him: "Tell me your life story, old boy; your reflections on current events, tell me your aspirations in things dramatic—" He broke in and said: "Ed, you are not drunk by any chance?" Convinced of my sobriety, he told me about himself.

"I'm unique in one respect," he started. "I guess I'm the only professional stilt-walker who ever polevaulted into movies. Sure, I used to work at Coney Island, on stilts, for \$3 a day, as a barker or a shill, with a big sign on my back advising people to go to Steeplechase Park. I got \$3 on weekdays, but after the first Saturday and Sunday, I struck for \$5 a day. Tilyou wouldn't give it to me at first, but I took him out with me and showed him that the weekend crowds were so terrific that I was knocked



Teamed with Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby."

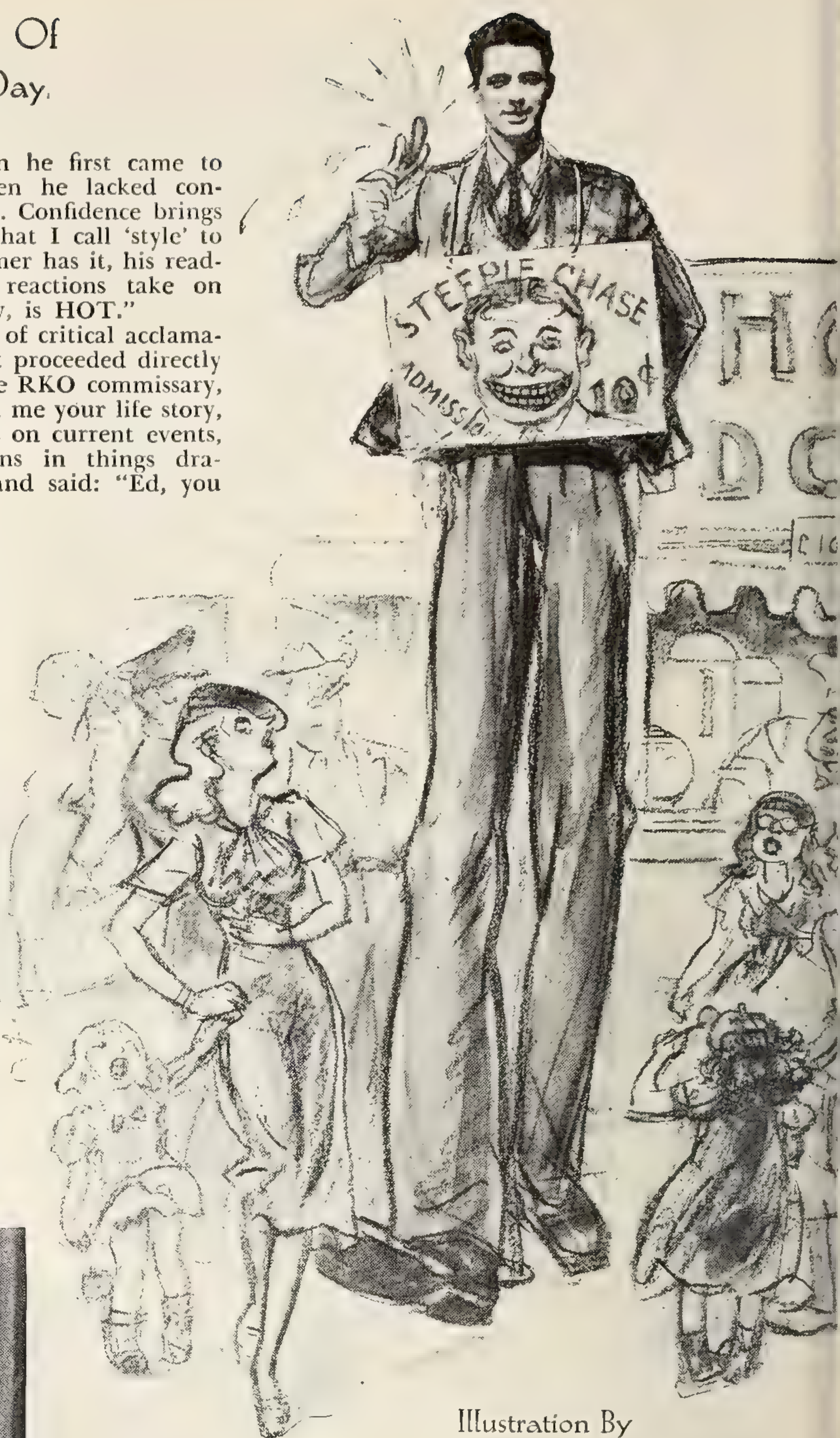


Illustration By Lloyd Wright

down regularly, and that was worth \$5.

"However, I had some rackets on the side that he didn't know about. The hot dog stand proprietor worked out a deal by which I got five hot dogs a day, just for walking by his stand. You see, when I'd stand there and eat a hotdog, it was just as good advertising for his place as though he hired a skywriter. So then I fixed up a couple of deals with a boardwalk restaurant, and an ice cream place, and I got all the food I wanted free. The salary was pure velvet.

"How did I become a stilt-walker? Well, that's easy. I came over from England with Bog Pender's knockabout troupe of pantomime comics. That was one of the famous comedy knockabout turns of Europe, and

ASCENDING!

By Ed Sullivan

we had been engaged for a Fred Stone show at the old Globe Theatre in New York. But when we rehearsed at the Globe, we found that the stage was too small and too shallow for our stilt-walking number, which was the big finale of our turn. Half of our bodies were hidden by the curtains.

"Luckily for us, and for the Globe management, which would have had to pay us off in full, the same corporation operated the famous Hippodrome, so we were taken out of the Stone show and worked at the Hipp. That was a great experience. Naturally every performer in Europe knew of the Hippodrome, and R. H. Burnside, who operated it, was one of the greatest showmen I ever met. I met him out here in Hollywood not long ago, but none of the studios have engaged him. Isn't that a laugh, Ed? He could be of such huge value to any of them.

"Well, we worked at the Hippodrome for a long time, and then the troupe packed up and went back to England. All but me—I wanted to come down off my stilts and become a real actor, you know, read lines. Luckily I didn't get rid of my stilts, because, without them, I would have starved to death on what I earned as an actor. I got a room for \$3.50 a week over near Ninth Avenue, in New York, and I

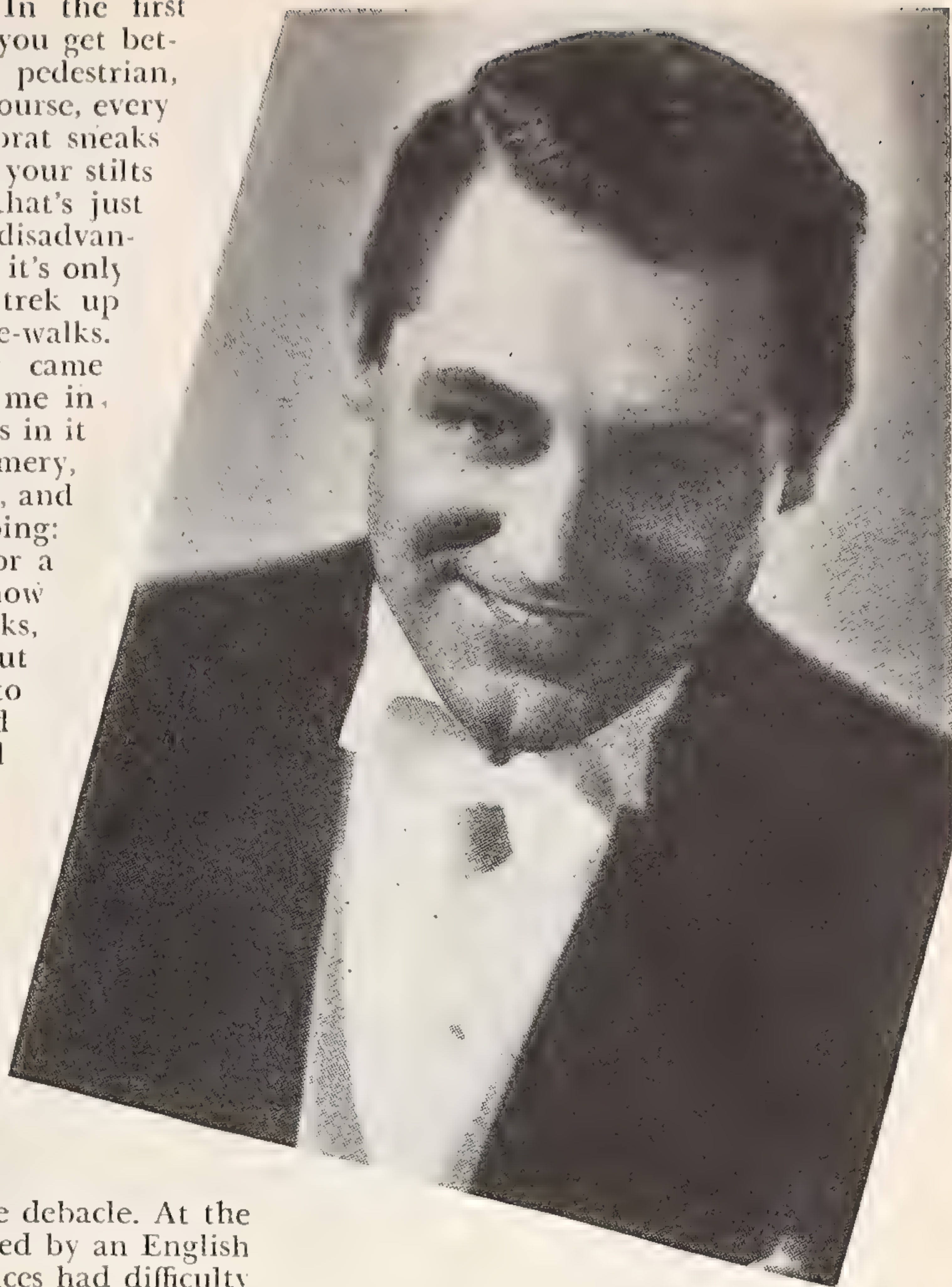
recommend stilt-walking. In the first place, the hours are good, you get better air than the ordinary pedestrian, and you're a celebrity. Of course, every now and then, some little brat sneaks up behind and kicks one of your stilts out from under you, but that's just a rub of the green. The disadvantage of stilt-walking is that it's only a summer job. You can't trek up and down ice-covered side-walks.

"In the interim, along came 'Nikki,' the show you saw me in, on Broadway. Fay Wray was in it and so was Douglass Montgomery, remember? You reviewed it, and I've still got the clipping: 'Archie Leach is a cinch for a movie role.' When the show shut down after seven weeks, it was your clipping that put the idea in my head to go to Hollywood. Phil Charig and I drove to the Coast—and here I am."

It was in "Blonde Venus," with Marlene Dietrich, that Cary got his first good picture role at Paramount, and he played the part of a Salvation Army preacher in Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong." However, Paramount handled him poorly, and his own lack of movie "savvy" added to the debacle. At the time, too, he was handicapped by an English accent so burry that audiences had difficulty in following his speech.

Paramount would give a lot of money to have him under contract now, even for two pictures a year. With his schedule completely filled, Grant now contracts for pictures six months ahead, and every studio here is holding pictures up until he can spare enough time to do them. It's a far cry from the days when he was making deals with the hot dog stand at Coney.

(Left) Cary and Constance Bennett in "Topper," a surprise success. (Below) "The Awful Truth" with Irene Dunne, had marvelous comedy situations.



budgeted my appetite so that I didn't have to spend more than fifty cents a day for food at Ye Eatte Shoppe, on Eighth Avenue. The last time I was in New York, I went there and had a meal, for the sake of auld lang syne. I gave the waitress a fifty cent tip, just to recall how it felt when I had to limit myself to fifty cents for three meals.

"The first show in which I got a fairly good part was a musical, 'Boom-Boom.' Know who was in it? Jeanette MacDonald. I doubt that either one of us ever thought we'd be in moving pictures. I know I didn't. But jobs were few and far between, and so I'd dig out my stilts and get a job advertising restaurants or tailor shops or Chinese cabarets. Say, I've looked into more second-story windows than any man in this country.

"You know, there are several things to

Grant, at this moment, is in need of expert guidance. For this reason: he would like to get away from comedy roles shortly and do things that are a little heavier.

You'd think that actors and actresses out here would learn from the experiences of others who changed their box-office formulae, but they never do. Bob Montgomery deserted sophisticated drawing room comedy, in "Night Must Fall." It was a grand performance but the picture was a box-office flop. The same with Paul Muni, who went comic in "Hi Nellie;" with Gable and Myrna Loy, who went dramatic in "Parnell." The box-office groove is a one-way track and no deviations or detours are advisable.

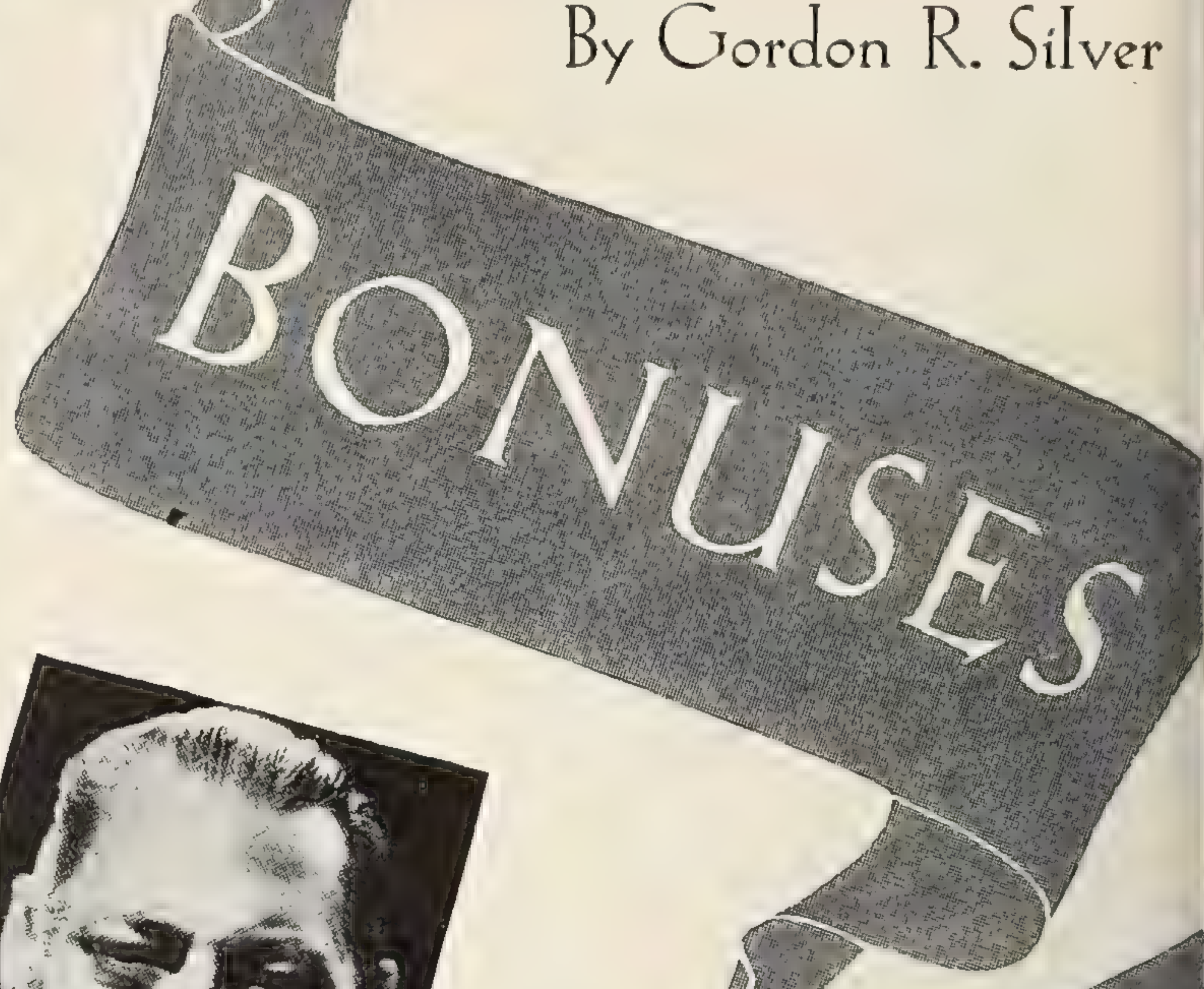
But what, you ask, of Cary Grant as a person? He is a swell guy, thoughtful, very appreciative of the slightest favor, and even better looking off screen than on. Your new screen comedian is a bit of all right.





Gratitude Takes Many Forms But Always Springs From The Full Hearts Of Happy Stars.

By Gordon R. Silver



With a Kay Francis gift goes the thoughtful touches that mean so much. (Right) Mae West loves to share her good luck. (Extreme right) Lionel Barrymore indulges his passion for the artistic.



STARS are a "gift" lot—when they want to be. Usually, most all of them "want to be" right after their current pictures are completed.

It's a quaint Hollywood custom for players to bestow presents of various sizes and shapes upon their associates at the finish of a production, and generally the value of these presents graduates upward from the most lowly members of the picture company to the most exalted.

Of course, in a way, these gifts might be called "tips" or "bonuses." Instead, however, the stars refer to them as "good will" or "thank-you's." It is natural to suppose that nine out of ten pass out gifts because they are sincerely grateful to those who, at much smaller salaries, aid them materially in their film trials and tribulations. Perhaps the "tenth" star gives to avoid future trouble on the set, or just because it's good policy.

Some of these gifts are very valuable indeed, and set their buyers back plenty more shekels than either you or I could dole out. A few stars treat the matter, for the most part, as a gag and give out some of the funniest presents imaginable.

Marlene Dietrich is noted for her generosity following a picture. When she completed her role in "Angel" she bought over two thousand dollars worth of gifts for all members of the cast and crew! Marlene never fails to take extremely good care of the people who wait on her. She gave Dot Pondel, her make-up girl, a check for \$100, then decided she was being too "stingy" and so went out and purchased her a shiny new car to go with the check!

Mae West, likewise, is "tops" in generous feelings and, as is her usual custom, presented members of the cast and crew of her latest film with various and sundry items of jewelry. Director Eddie Sutherland was amazed and delighted with a gorgeous star sapphire ring.

On the other hand, there's Jack Benny who reverses the usual procedure and gives costly items to the lowly and much-less-costly to the high-and-mighty. It all came out when he completed his role in "Artists and Models." Some thirty persons of the laboring unit shared Benny's cash largess estimated at close to \$1000. But all that Director Raoul Walsh unwrapped was a two-cent stamp—a gift from Jack! To Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen, Gail Patrick, Ben Blue, Judy Canova and other principals went checks for \$1.06. "The six cents," explained Benny on enclosed cards, "is to pay the gift or windfall tax. The dollar is absolutely clear!"

Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) gave wrist watches, silver cigarette cases, lapel watches and checks to various folks on the set when she finished her first picture, "This Way, Please." Her hairdresser, Leane Sabina, got a hundred dollar check, Wally Westmore, head make-up man, got a beautiful wrist watch and



(Left) Sophie Tucker and (below) Jane Withers and William Powell. They give—that is one of the nice things about them.



Harry Ray, assistant make-up man, received a check for \$50.

Barbara Stanwyck invariably rewards her friends and "helpers" at the studios with elaborate presents that are made to last for years. After "Stella Dallas" was completed, for instance, she distributed lapel watches to sixty persons!

Miriam Hopkins never fails to give out quarts of the finest champagne obtainable—regardless of whether or not the person drinks!

Unusual gifts aren't so "unusual" at all in the studios. On the finishing day of "100 Men and a Girl" at Universal, Leopold Stokowski presented beaming little Deanna Durbin with a full set of his famous orchestra's recordings.

William Powell bought a stock of corn, amounting to 1500 ears when "Double Wedding" was completed! And everybody on the set received two dozen ears to take home! Not to be outdone by Bill, Myrna Loy purchased 85 pounds of ground round steak and personally made everyone in the picture and crew a nice, juicy hamburger! However, she gave 'em all something else besides.

Because of Director Henry Koster's habit of ending every perfect "take" with the studio phrase, "It's a lily," Alice Brady presented him with a great bouquet of lilies when her latest film ended. And "great" was right—for it took six men to carry the "little bouquet"!

Merchandise orders are the order of the day when Jean Arthur winds up a screen role. They range in value from ten dollars to one hundred and are usually redeemable at Magnin's or Director Mitchel Leisen's smart haberdashery shop.

Joan Crawford read the book, "Lost Horizon" and liked it so well she promptly went forth and purchased fifty copies of it and presented one to nearly everyone on the set she was working on at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer some time ago. Usually, however, she waits until Christmas and then gives out personal gifts, such as knitted sweaters, purses, smoking jackets, blouses, slacks, etc.

Carole Lombard is a great one for giving "gag gifts." Remember the old broken-down Ford she once gave Clark Gable?

On the last day of "Nothing Sacred," Carole and Fredric March gave a set party for director William Wellman. At the end there was a very solemn presentation made by March. He and Carole, carrying a large box, beautifully wrapped, came before the director and Freddie began his speech.

"Is this a gag by any chance?" asked Wellman nervously.

"The idea! Of course not, Bill!" exclaimed Fredric sincerely. "On behalf of Miss Lombard and cast, I take great

Whether her co-workers like to drink or not, Miriam Hopkins knows how to spread the spirit of happiness.



(Top) Frances Dee never waits until the picture ends before she passes out the presents. (Above) It's just a part of the fun for Alice Brady. (Left) Pat O'Brien always remembers the gang.

pleasure in presenting to you this token of our esteem—" and so convincing was he that Wellman was completely fooled and looked very, very touched by the display of affection.

Fumblingly he opened the box—and there, on tissue paper, was a nifty straight-jacket! Before you could say, "Beans and brown bread" Fredric and members of the crew pounced on him and had him securely tied into the jacket. In great glee they watched his struggles for half an hour—and it wasn't until he finally yelled "Uncle" that Carole gave the word to let him out. Wotta gal!

[Continued on page 81]

SANDRA stopped pushing her way through the Hollywood supper crowds, and looked back, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

Darn it! Pudge was still there, parked by the curb, where she'd left him. What was she going to do now?

Really meet the young man she'd spoken to on the phone? Heavens no! Her soft, brown eyes widened with fright.

Then there was only one alternative: Turn round and go home. And let Pudge Lemson see that her story about having to meet somebody under the Elysee sign, was a fake.

Sandra swung round, her small chin up defiantly. Well, she wouldn't! He might have ruined others girls' chances of getting a job in the films, but she wasn't giving him an opportunity to ruin hers!

She'd go ahead and meet this Chuck Bates, whoever he was. Pray that he'd be as nice as his voice. Explain everything to him. How Lemson had been pestering her for a date for months. How that evening he'd come for her at her boarding house. About the ruse she used to shake him—seeing the telephone receiver off the hook and pretending the call was for her. And, because Pudge was watching, how she'd had to go on pretending and let him bring her downtown to keep this date.

She hurried faster, determined to get to the last E of the Elysee sign before she lost her nerve. Her heart sank at sight of a fat man in a checkered over-coat. Then it skipped a beat. The tall one taking out his watch was he! It just had to be. He was tall and dark and broad-shouldered. Nice. Exactly as he'd hoped and prayed he would be.

She stepped up to him hesitantly.

"I beg your pardon, aren't you Mr. Bates?"

The fact that he was scowling made her voice shake the least bit.

"Yes," he answered. "My name's Bates. But please don't

ask me for my autograph. I'm not one of those movie stars."

"Oh but I wasn't going to," she assured him. "You don't know me but I . . . I talked to you on the phone just now and . . . and I wanted to explain. . . ."

His handsome face relaxed. By the garish light of the sign, Sandra could see that it was deeply tanned, with a strong, arrogant mouth, a nose that looked as if it might have been broken and set straighter than Nature intended, and heavy, quizzical brows. No wonder people mistook him for a movie star.

"Why didn't you say you were Mme. Tira?" he laughed. "Anything can happen in this crazy place. But . . ." Here he paused and his eyes swept Sandra in a gaze so admiring that she blushed.

"Why, you're so lovely," he finished bluntly. "And so dressed up. Not at all the way I expected the Princess' nurse to look. But, now that you're here, let's get going." He took her arm and started guiding her through the crowd.

Mme. Tira! The Princess! Nurse! Sandra's head whirled. He hadn't called Mrs. Doherty's to make a date with a girl at all. But to hire a nurse for some Princess!

But I'm not Mme. Tira, Sandra wanted to tell him. Then she

BLIND

Together They
Found They Could
Conquer The
World Of Their
Dreams.

By
Betty
Adams



She flung herself forward just before the panther leaped.

bit back the words. Pudge was still there. Waiting to see if she really had a date.

Well, Mr. Lemson, she thought, take a good look. I'll make my confession, but not till I get rid of you.

The young man held the car door for her and she climbed in. What a car. The engine started with a deafening roar. How in the world am I going to make myself heard above this? Sandra wondered.

At the first stoplight, she looked back. No Pudge. Now she'd explain everything.

But Chuck was too busy jiggling things to listen. "Can't hear a word you say," he shouted. "Wait till we get home."

This was awful. He must listen! In her anxiety to get away from Pudge, she hadn't realized. The Princess might be very ill. She might die. If he thought Sandra a nurse, it would be her fault.

"Listen," she tugged at his arm. "You must listen. I'm not really a nurse."

"Don't be so literal," he yelled back. "I know you're not. All the cat needs is someone who knows how to look after sick animals."

Animals! There could be no mistake. He had said animals. And cat. The Princess wasn't a human being but a sick cat!

Relief flooded Sandra to the tips of her toes. She'd always doctored the family's cats. Why not go see this one and do what she could for her? Then, if she were seriously ill, Sandra could confess and Chuck could send for the real Mme. Tira.

She stole a look at his straight profile above the quivering wheel. Then she relaxed against the worn seat, her pulses pounding crazily. What a fool she was to feel so happy. About what?

"The Princess was kind of nervous when I left her," he confided as he helped her from the car in front of a modest, frame house. She's in the living room. Hope she hasn't clawed up the rug. I'm just renting the place and those big paws sure can wreck things."

"Don't I know!" Sandra smiled. "We have a cat who sharpens its claws on the davenport before every meal."

"Glad you feel the same way I do about letting them run," he went on, opening the front door. People who don't understand 'em get nervous. When they get big, or course, you have to keep 'em in a cage. But, with babies like the Princess, it's like shutting up a pet cat—a real one I mean."

"A real one?" Her voice was puzzled. "Isn't the Princess real?" He laughed. "Just a second and I'll let her answer that question."

DATE WITH LOVE

Sandra hated the way Pudge watched her coming downstairs....

Illustrated by Lloyd Wright

Without knowing why she did so, Sandra moved closer to the tall, tweed-clad figure. She felt a vague fear that something was wrong. Nothing about Chuck. He was the right kind—her woman's instinct told her that. But she had a presentiment that something unexpected and disturbing was about to happen.

Chuck crossed the dark hall and opened a door. Sandra followed, her heart pounding.

"Princess!" he called softly. "Where are you? I've brought someone to fix you up."

From a shadowy corner came a sound unmistakable to anyone who knew cats—the rhythmic, sleepy cadence of a purr. It was her jumpy nerves, Sandra told herself, that made it sound louder than any purr she'd ever heard in her life.

Then the light switched on and her heart stopped beating. Lying full-length on the davenport, with its huge paws folded under it and its slanted green eyes blinking like drowsy coals, was a magnificent black panther!

After the first shock of terror, Sandra's impulse was to run. But she couldn't. Huge as she was, the Princess was still a baby. And she had the charm that belongs to all very young things. After a long stare at her visitor, she started playing with her tail and, in doing so, rolled clumsily off the couch.

"Come on down and get acquainted," Chuck was sitting on the floor, the cub on his lap. Fascinated, Sandra obeyed.

"Mme. Tira: Princess. Princess: Mme. Tira," he introduced them. Taking up the great black-velvet pad with its furled talons, he put it into Sandra's soft palm.

"She looks better," he said, stroking the satiny head affectionately. "Her nose is cold now and she's calmed down. I'd like you to have a look at her though. Here, I'll hold her mouth open."

"Oh!" Sandra said helplessly. "Oh dear!"

"Say, I'm sorry," he said. "It's close in here. Let me open a window."

"It isn't that," Sandra said weakly. "I've something to tell you—a confession."

Confession? His quizzical brows shot together. What could that slender child who came to tend a panther in a chiffon dress have to confess?

"Yes," she hurried on. "It's all a terrible mixup. I'm not Mme. whatever-you-call-her. I know about pet cats but I don't know a thing about wild animals. I did it because I just had to get away from Pudge."

"You wouldn't by any chance mean Pudge Lemson, that lame-brained assistant at Partheon?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes," Sandra gasped. "You know him? He's been pestering me for a date for months. I always managed to put him off, but tonight he came right upstairs with the landlady. The only way I could ditch him was to pick up the receiver and pretend I was meeting you."

"Good grief!" His brown eyes smiled. "Lucky I happened to be there." Then, seriously; "Listen, Honey, promise me you'll never have a date with that human worm. That mealy-mouthed Romeo with sweet little You! I couldn't stand it."





Sandra's eyes widened. "Oh, no, I won't! And you're not angry at what I did—pretending I knew about animals?"

"I think," he said, looking into her eyes very steadily, "that you might cut me into small pieces and my temper would remain virtually intact. That's what comes of waiting a whole lifetime for a girl with a ridiculous nose and eyes that don't match and a mouth . . . gosh, you're lovely," he finished. "What's your name?"

"Sandra. Sandra Clayton."

Then, though she should never have let him do it, he kissed her. His mouth was hard and firm and the vitality of him winged through her blood like fire. She found herself clinging to him, whispering tender little words against his warm, sunburned neck. Because he wanted to hold her closer, he pushed her gently away.

"And you . . . who are you?" she asked him—as if it mattered who he was.

"I train animals," he told her, "that is, I did until I sold them all to pay the debts Dad left when he died. The Princess is all I have left." He roughed her coat affectionately. "Got her under contract to Partheon for a short. We start filming in a day or so, so you can understand my jitters when she got sick. If the Princess doesn't act, I don't eat. I'd heard about Mme. Tira and her knack with animals. That's how I happened to look her up."

"But oughtn't you to find her?" Sandra asked anxiously. "Now, I mean. The Princess means so much to you."

"Just seeing you, cured her," he smiled. "You know, Sandra," he went on, "you're the first person in years who's cared whether anything meant a lot to me or not; the first girl in years I've kissed. Will you be my friend, mine and the Princess?"

His friend! Manlike, she gave him her hand. He grasped it firmly for an instant, then lifted it to his lips.

That night, after he brought her home, she found the maid bubbling with excitement. Someone had skipped without paying, an animal trainer named Mme. Tira. One of the roomers discovered it earlier in the evening, when he called her to the phone.

Poor Mme. Tira, Sandra thought sleepily as she climbed into bed. I hope they don't catch you.

Over the phone, the next morning, Chuck's resonant voice cried. "Come on over to the studio, we're making tests at ten."

Soon Sandra was on the lot, she, who'd never had her nose inside a studio, sitting right next to Markinson, the director. Chuck, in a white sweatshirt and mussed grey slacks was trying to make the Princess leap out of a clump of bushes, instead of roll out like the large, placid kitten she was.

"Did you get a look at Markinson's gun?" he laughed, coming over while they were re-arranging the set. "He keeps it in case the Princess should imagine she's really wild. I'm taking you to lunch and dinner," he went on, "and, I know it's too soon to tell

Though she should never have let him do it, he kissed her. . . . She found herself clinging to him, whispering tender little words. . . .

you, but, if I don't, I'll start shouting it on the street. I love you, Sandra. When this picture's made and I'm in the money again, will you marry me?"

"Yes," she told him, because she knew that, if she'd known him ten years instead of only hours, the answer would have been the same.

They came back from lunch to find a curiously restless and savage Princess pacing her cage. Chuck talked to her and managed to quiet her down but Markinson decided they wouldn't start shooting until the following morning.

"It's been fun," Sandra said as they followed the men with the Princess' cage out to the car. "And what a relief not to have seen Pudge. Some kind fate must have sent him out on location."

Chucks' eyes narrowed. Then he grinned. "He went out," he chuckled, "and plenty far, but not on location. I had to sock him."

"Chuck, you didn't!" there was an uneasy, nameless panic in her eyes. "He's awful, he'd do anything."

"Forget it," he said shortly. "He made a crack about my meeting you on the corner and I shoved it back in his fat throat. Don't let's bring it up again."

Sandra bit her lip. You didn't argue with men like Chuck, especially when you were in love with them.

That evening he called her not to wait dinner for him. He'd have to work and would pick her up later. "They've decided to change the set again," he told her. His words were casual enough, but there was a worried note in his voice that scared her.

"Chuck, it isn't the Princess?" she asked anxiously. "You aren't having trouble with her?"

"No!"

He said it almost defiantly, she thought. "And, by the way," he went on, "you know that whip I put the Princess through her paces with? I didn't give it

to you this morning, did I?"

Sandra remembered the whip. Chuck carried it just for effect, but she recalled his saying that the heavily loaded handle could kill an animal, that it was ill-treatment with such whips that made them savage.

"Oh, it will turn up," he answered, when she said he hadn't given it to her. "See you around ten then, Honey."

She was ready long before that, lovelier than she'd ever looked, the black chiffon a perfect foil for her glowing eyes, the scarlet of her short bolero repeated daringly in the sweet, full bow of her lips. A little before ten the phone rang. It must be Chuck saying he was going to be later than he expected.

She almost said "darling" into the phone. Then she turned white. Instead of Chuck's voice, it was Pudge Lemson's!

His voice had a clipped, business-like tone very different from and wheedling drawl he usually used [Continued on page 70]

ANNOUNCEMENT

"You ought to be in the movies." That remark sounded good to Dixie Davis, but try and do it! She lived at high tension and every day had its dramatic moments, but her movie career turned out quite differently from what she had planned. Her true story, as told to Ed Churchill, will fascinate you. See Silver Screen for May.

Many a girl fills her companion with dismay and so he never takes her dancing again. One date and they're done. The orchestra leaders notice many social errors that even the most attractive girls are guilty of. Their shrewd commentaries on this situation are embodied in an illuminating article in our next issue.

Story tellers are handicapped by libel laws and other restrictions when they wish to describe some of the colorful fameseekers. But sizzling fiction stories know no such blue laws and in these love stories, which have become a feature of Silver Screen, you will meet the real Hollywood, authentic in atmosphere and extremely gay as to theme. Read our May fiction story.

Watch for the many other interesting articles, profusely illustrated, in Silver Screen for May, on sale April 13th.

"THE stuffing in the pudding." That's how Walter Connolly, with pardonable professional pride, summed up the contributions of the character actors to the cinematic fare, which has become an indispensable emotional diet for toiling humanity from Kamchatka to Cape Horn.

Now, exactly what is a character actor? In the average boy-meets-girl photodrama you have the hero and heroine, both romantic hot shots, playing themselves. Their box office scores are based on their lustrous personalities, and not their acting ability. But your character actor is required to assume the character of other people, which may be totally different from his own. In this sense, he is the only real actor in the business.

The pretty boys and eye-filling gals are standardized products of Hollywood's film plants, remote from the realities of actual life, glamorized, ballyhooed, unearthly creatures. On the screen, we mean. In private life most of them are swell eggs. But the character actors, thank God, are allowed to remain real human beings, and give the convincing human background to pictures which otherwise would be incredible fairy tales. It is a habit with those skilled performers to steal the pictures that are cut and tailored to fit the personalities of the stars. Unfortunately the average producer,

emotionally immature stars, whose personal antics and romantic vagaries fill the syndicated gossip column of your newspaper.

"I'm absolutely willing to be operated on," he said with a hearty chuckle, as we sat by the fire-place in the living-room. He stirred the fire with a majestic poker, like a true paterfamilias. "My wife bought it in Tuscany," he said. "A good deal of our furniture is from Italy."

"That's a pretty wife you got there," we remarked, noticing Mrs. Connolly's portrait on the mantelpiece.

"You bet. Yes, doggone it, I got a pretty wife!" he asserted with husbandly satisfaction. "She is upstairs dressing, I guess. I told her you would be here at 9:30. But you know how women are."

The maid brought us coffee. After a few inconsequential pleasantries, we plunged into serious business. "The character actor,"

THE SUPPLIES THE BACKGROUND

A Fine Character Actor—Like Walter Connolly, For Example—Can Make An Entire Picture Seem Real.
By Cyril V andour

Walter Connolly and his wife (Nedda Harrington) and daughter in their charming home in Hollywood.



still twenty-five years behind the public, has not awakened to this fact. He still believes in the old formula for raking in the shekels—a pretty boy, a pretty gal, and a villain.

For long we have been waiting for a chance to salute the character actors in Hollywood, who are the backbone of this industry, and we are glad of this opportunity to render them tribute in the person of Walter Connolly, a worthy member of this unsung gang. He has saved many a poor picture, and bettered many a good one. He is thoroughly qualified to speak on behalf of his fellow-players, and what he has to say about their common art is worth listening to.

We went to his home in Beverly Hills accompanied by a photographer, because we wanted you to get also a visual glimpse of his normal, happy home life. This priceless heritage of civilized man is enjoyed by the great majority of the character actors in Hollywood, in contrast to the bizarre circus show staged by the younger and

he said, "has many years of stage experience behind him, and he is an actor for life. He is not an accident, starred today, gone tomorrow. Romantic leads come and go, but the character actor remains. Because what he sells is not youth and beauty, but acting. In other words, he has a definite profession, like a doctor or engineer. He is in the business not for the fame and the money and the good times it promises, but because he can't be happy doing anything else. He would rather act than eat." Mr. Connolly lighted a cigar.

"I sincerely believe actors are born," he continued, "and not made. One generally shows his true talent early in life. My earliest ambition was to be an actor. I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and I'll not hesitate to give you my birth date. It's 1887. I had an uncle who ran a large livery stable, but he always lost money, and turned the stable over to barnstorming troupes when he could make more money that way. I was fascinated by the

theatrical billboards that were pasted on its sides. Every Saturday afternoon, from 9 until I was 14, I went to the theatre. Then, after a few years, I went to St. Xavier College, where I was interested in nothing but dramatics.

"My first job was as third assistant cashier in the First National Bank of Cincinnati. I liked the short hours, because it enabled me to concentrate on amateur theatricals. I wasn't cut out to be a banker, and knew it. I made my professional debut in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1909, in a play called 'Classmates,' and a year later I reached Broadway. Except for summer stock in various cities and a brief sojourn abroad during the war, I have been on Broadway ever since. I still count myself a Broadwayite because my contract with Columbia gives me the privilege of going to New York every other year. I have skipped a year, unfortunately, but I am looking for the right play and hope to go back to Broadway next year. [Continued on page 65]

Although Comedy Roles Are Her Own Forte, Una Merkel Glows With Enthusiasm For Carole Lombard, Who Now Is Public Comedienne No. 1.

By Jerry Asher

IT WAS a nice quiet day, as days go in Hollywood. The sun was shining brightly in spite of it being the first part of the year. The town itself seemed grateful to relax and coast along lazily after the hectic holiday season. At the popular Vendome Cafe, the noon-day crowd was little inclined to wax ecstatic over the tempting delicacies of the food wagon. The exchange of greeting from booth to booth was obviously lacking in spirit. The usual hub-bub of chatter had reduced itself to an apologetic monotone. And then Una Merkel walked in!

Bright and shiny as the proverbial new dollar was our Una. As she sallied forth she fairly beamed with enthusiasm. Her eyes danced and she struggled to hold back a torrent of words that were bound to come bursting forth any moment. Now Una just *loves* luncheon dates. But this special one seemed to be the one she had always been waiting for. Una sat herself down and instantly assumed the attitude of one who knew more state secrets than a diplomat.

"Tell me, Una," I began easily (hoping to relieve the tension), "did you have a nice weekend at Arrowhead?"

"Carole Lombard is *si-i-mply* marvelous," Una reported, with special emphasis on the "simply."

"What about your family? And the dogs? Did *they* have a nice holiday?" This time I spoke more soothingly and tried to disguise the note of annoyance in my voice.

"I just hated to tell Carole goodbye," said Una sadly.

"Maybe you'd rather talk about Carole Lombard," I suggested, in what was *supposed*



STILL A FAN

to be my most obvious sarcastic tone.

"Oh," exclaimed Una, in a manner that would have put Gracie Allen to shame. "You want to know about Carole? Why of course, I'd just *love* to tell you all about her." (That's what I like about Una Merkel, she catches on quickly.)

"I guess I just belong back in Covington, Kentucky," Una continued, without additional urging. "I've never gotten over being a fan. I'm still awed by Hollywood stars. When I was loaned out to play with Carole, I really was scared. So I immediately went into my own special kind of jitters. Then I met her. I guess the thing that immediately won me was the fact that Carole confessed that she gets jitters too. If anyone as

important as Carole still gets excited on the first day of a picture, and can't sleep the night before, I guess there's a chance for me.

"Before I knew Carole Lombard, I had two other great enthusiasms in my life. Lillian Gish was the first. I doubled for her and also played her sister in a silent picture called 'World Shadows.' It was

made in New York and directed by Jerome Storm. They ran into financial difficulty and the picture was never completed."

(And only in Hollywood could a thing like the following happen. In the court room scene of "True Confession" Una Merkel and Jerome Storm met again. Once one of our foremost directors, he is now doing extra work. He and Una had a long conversation and discussed those early Biograph days.)

"Helen Hayes was the second. I was lucky enough to be in her play 'Coquette' and I can't even think of Lillian and Helen without losing my balance. The last time I was in New York I had lunch with the two of them at the same time. I still can't remember whether I ate or not. Helen and Lillian were born on the 10th and 14th of October. After I got to know Carole, I found out she was born on the 6th of the same

[Continued on page 72]



Carole has been borrowed to play opposite Fernand Gravet in the sparkling comedy, "Fool For Scandal."

TO DON AMECHE

He's One Player Who
Has Traveled A Road
Of His Own To
Screen Success.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE



Don married Honore Prendergast, sweetheart of his college days, and the happy couple pose for you on the lawn of their Hollywood home. Yep, there are two little fellows and a new baby inside.

THE young fellows who reach the great lover rôles are good-looking and talented, but it is essential that they be endowed with something more. We call it personality.

The path to prominence for average lads starts with their camera possibilities. But their handsome faces can carry them just so far and then, if they do not develop charm, they are left far behind.

But Don Ameche gave us his personality first! After the radio had revealed his unfailing charm they photographed him and it turned out that he was a good-looking fellow, too.

Nothing can stop him now. Successful theatres are nailing his name prominently on the marquee, there's a hook in every broadcasting studio reserved for his hat and in a corner of the hearts of a few dozen million people there's a name, a voice and a smiling face. . . . O. K. Don—that's you!



(Top to bottom) With Loretta Young in "Love Under Fire." Alice Faye, Don and Tony Martin in "You Can't Have Everything." As Jack O'Leary in "In Old Chicago." A scene from "Happy Landing," with Sonja Henie. Simone Simon and Don in "Josette." (Left) Don as a boy could hold his own with any one, and he still can.

Admirers Believe That The Girls Of Hollywood Would Be Renowned In Every Town And Hamlet, Every County And Continent For Their Beauty Alone Even Though They Never Made A Picture.



SOMETIMES we wonder if the credit for the success of some of the ladies of the lots is due to the cameraman or the director. Now and then, in a weak moment, we believe that the girls themselves have personalities which radiate their magnetic charm. These photographs cannot do justice to the subtleties of their expressions. But, for gallery pictures, they speak very well for the inspired photographers, who, through their years of experience, have presented us with revealing and beautiful portraits, well deserving of our admiration.

VOLUPTUOUS LADIES

(Extreme left) Ilona Massey, talented singer from Budapest. (Left) Martha Raye, the clowning comedienne. She is unique in pictures and generously gifted.



(In corner) Jessie Matthews makes many friends for English productions with her beauty and matchless talent. (Left) Suzanne Ridgway will be blossoming in Paramount pictures.



Mae West, the spirit of the Gay 90's.



OF THE LENSES



Alice Faye improves in every picture — not only her acting but her looks as well. (Above, right) Gloria Stuart. So beautiful! (Right) Gloria Holden looking exquisite in a gown that has a decided Spanish influence.



(Top) Clever photographic effect with strong lighting. Lana Turner has put "voluptuous" back into the vocabulary. (Above) Patricia Ellis is slightly on the svelte side. But this seems to add, and not detract, from her charm.



THE NEW YORK FIRING SQUAD NEVER MISSES

(Top-left) Paul Muni's career began in the legitimate theatre, and he would really like to return. (Next) Robert Montgomery, Ann Harding and Spencer Tracy, are three others who have the same desire.



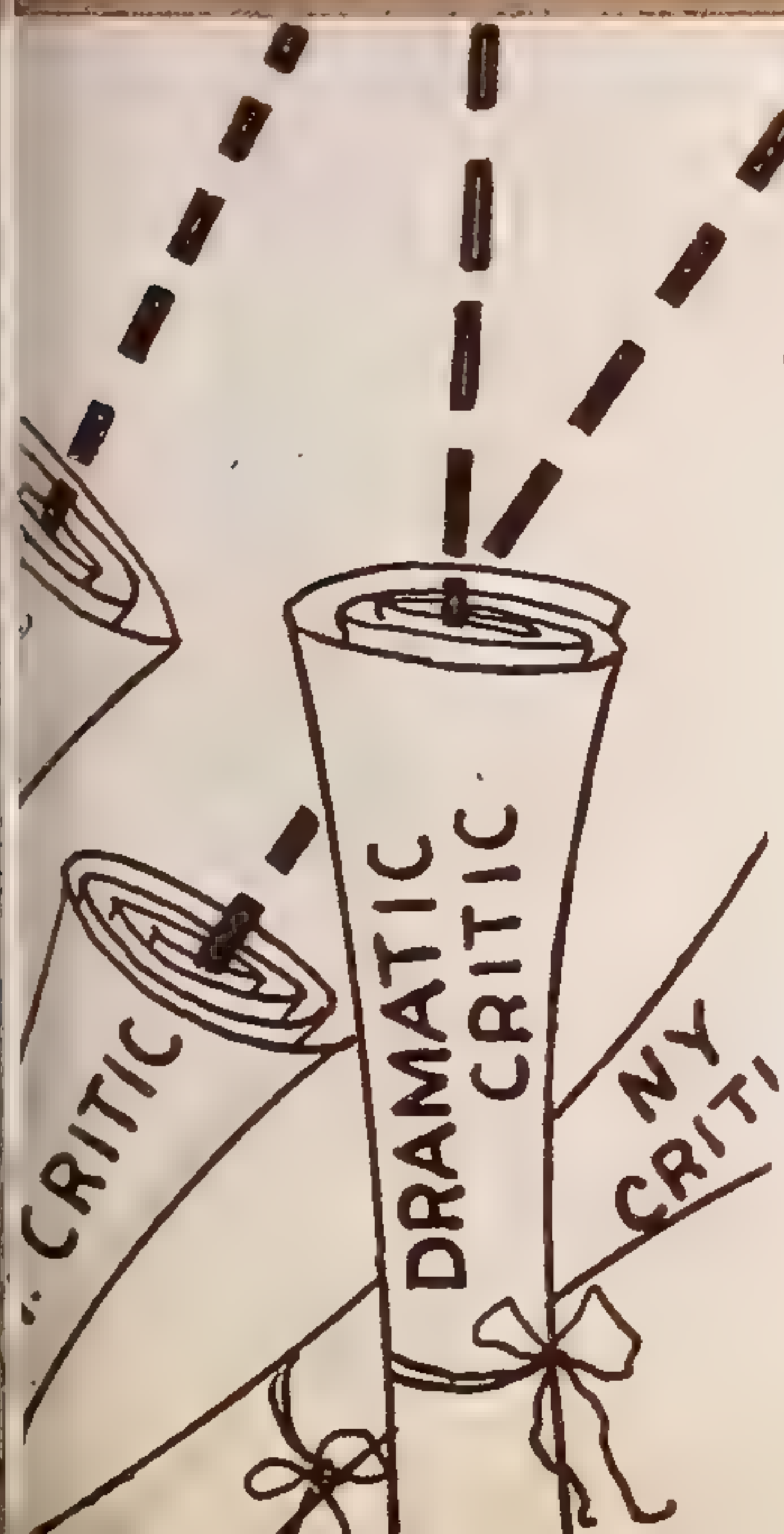
The Drama Critics Can Either Make Or Break A Broadway Play. Their Truly Candid Comments Are Therefore Feared By The Hopeful Screen Stars Who Wish To Duplicate Their Success On The Legitimate Stage.

[Left] Five screen players who tried and were left with their backs to the wall this year are Elissa Landi, Henry Fonda, Doris Nolan, Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney.

THERE are few popular Hollywood players who have not, at one time or another, longed to travel East and exhibit their talents in a New York play. Whether it is that they long, for a change, to act before real audiences, or whether they simply wish to add another spray to their laurel wreath of success, we cannot say for sure. But come they do, one right after another, even though most of them meet with very bad luck indeed. We do not say it is their fault, nor can we attach blame to the critics for condemning them. No doubt, just as it happens so often in Hollywood, the vehicle chosen for them is at fault.

Recently, since Fredric March's all too brief appearance and very poor reception on Broadway, the screen players have been wavering—to come, or not to come, that is now the question in the minds of such box-office successes as Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, etc. Time, alone, will tell what decision they come to.

Katharine Hepburn met her Waterloo a few years ago when she played in "The Lake." That's why she was afraid to return to Broadway in "Jane Eyre" this season, although it was a success on the road.



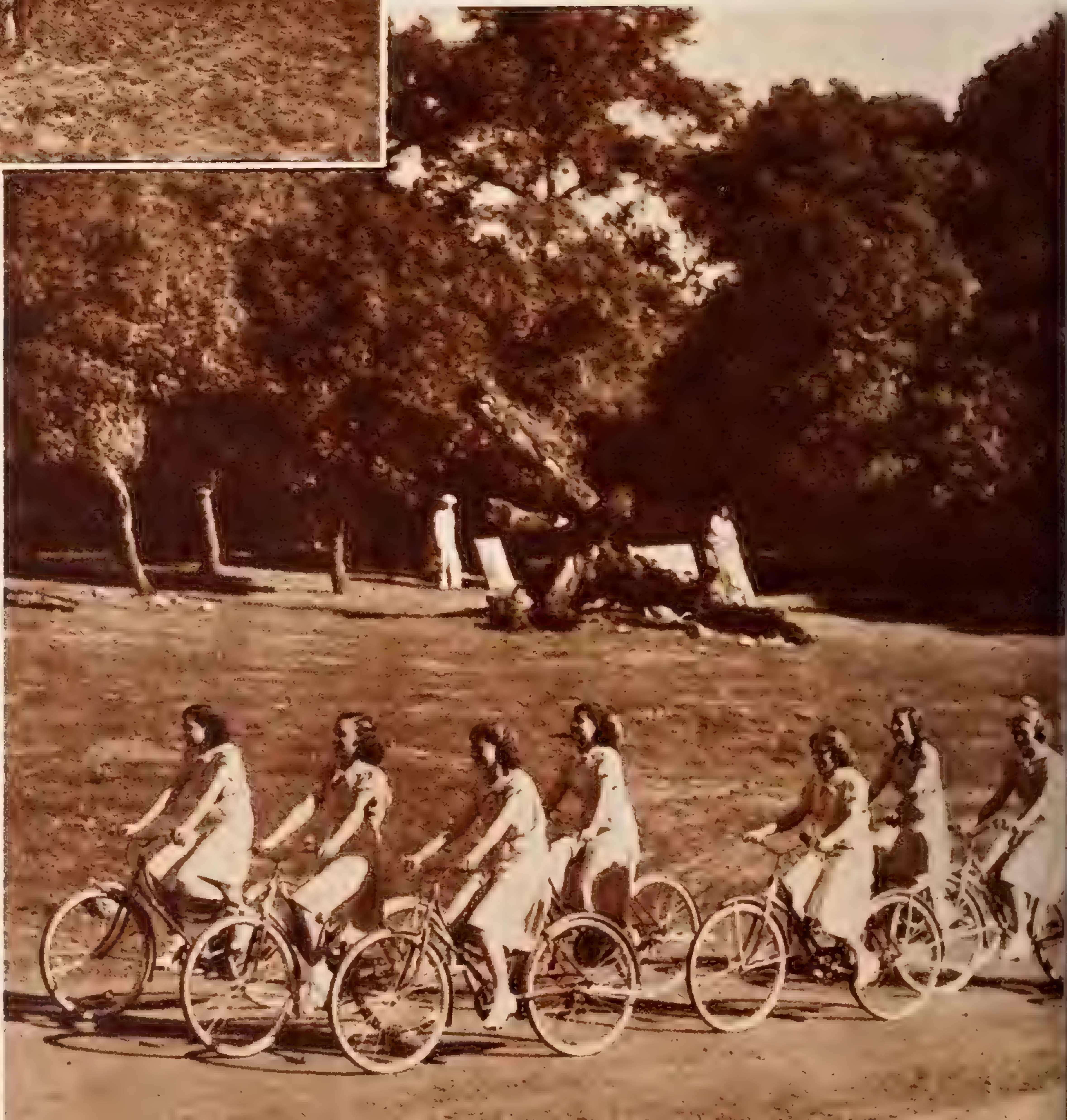


Sound Stages Have Their Triumphs But The
Most Beautiful Pictures Are Made

OUTDOOR

(Top) A scene from the Dorothy Lamour-Ray Milland picture, "Her Jungle Love." The ceaseless rhythm of the restless sea—the war canoes of the headhunters—primitive passions! We are supposed to be in the South Seas and the wide horizon gives greater sweep to our imaginations. Nature helped a lot when she fashioned Catalina Island. (Above) "Border Wolves"—an atmospheric shot. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea." It would probably surprise Thomas Gray. The photographer would not have taken this picture if the cattle had not had white faces. Contrast is the accent in Art.

ONE of the first great American painters was James McNeil Whistler, who is known to everyone through his "Portrait of his Mother." He was a wit and, more than that, he was several generations ahead of his times, for he was one of the first artists to understand the necessity for publicity in the life of a painter. On one occasion, he replied to a compliment that he had caught the very spirit of a landscape in one of his canvasses: "Yes, Nature is looking up." Or was it "Nature is getting my idea." Well, anyway, the truthful photograph of nature is not art. But when the frame-like edges are determined then the picture must have composition. So, in these stills, we do not compliment Nature, although she is doing all right. But we do compliment the artists who arranged these views.





(Above) This shot from Bert Louis Stevenson's epic, "Kidnapped," is in beautiful material but it is made completely inartistic by prominence of the old tree. (Right) Baker in "Outlaws of the Big Bend." Very hard to bend to our hero. No doubt he felt magnificent and he is as imposing as a statue on Main Street, but he raises hell with his personality.



(Left) A clever and artistic take of a difficult subject in "Mad About Music." If the photographer had not taken the shadow side of the trees he would have muffed it. The star, Deanna Durbin, rides second, which is very modest, but look at the pose. It's the consciousness of stardom. After all, why not? Would you have them all alike?



(Top) "Forbidden Valley," filmed at Sonora, Calif., made the most of this background. Frances Robinson adds a touch of beauty, too. (Above) Placer miners wash the mud away and leave the shining sands in "Gold Is Where You Find It." Excellent arrangement, no straight lines in Nature. (Left) The rugged mountainsides offer foothold to the riders. "The Girl of the Golden West" backgrounds defy any stage carpenter.





Over her chartreuse crepe formal gown Jacqueline Wells (far left) dons a bolero of the same shade exquisitely embroidered in purple and a darker shade of green and featuring a vivid tulip motif in purple. The girdle is of purple crepe. (Next) The bodice of her pure white crepe roma gown is shirred in the true Grecian manner, with a corsage of flame and orange colored flowers pinned to the left of the high waistline offering startling relief.



(Extreme left) For country sports Una Merkel wears a comfortable pleated skirt of green and beige plaid topped by a green cashmere sweater. Far back on her blonde curls she wears a brown suede "beanie." (Left) Carole Lombard demonstrates how enchanting the new box-coat suit can be when fashioned of light weight wool in pearl grey. Her accessories and vagabond suede hat are all of a matching grey.



ACCENT on Color is the phrase of the moment. It is no longer considered necessary to match all one's accessories to the tone of one's frock or coat. Although, in some instances, a one-color ensemble can be very *chic* indeed, it is nice to feel at liberty to combine all one's favorite shades into one harmonious whole. Most conservatives shy away from too generous an assortment of colors, but the clever girl who experiments wisely will emerge a veritable symphony of enchantment.

CASTING A NEW WARDROBE

Tailored Clothes Are Refreshingly Casual
This Spring, While Dinner Gowns
Go More And More Romantic.



In "Fools For Scandal" Carole Lombard (Left center) wears a gown of oriental design which is a magnificent foil for her beauty. The material is chiffon weight satin in a muted flesh tone, intricately embroidered in gold thread. The unique bustle is enhanced by a loose panel train. Above, Carole looks equally regal in lustrous black satin, the low-cut bodice being held up by delicate straps of the same material, while two wing-like peplums fit under the arms. Fresh lillies of the valley are worn in place of the usual clips.



Mary Astor's choice for a gay evening is satin dotted crepe in burnished copper tones. The wide, heavily fringed skirt adds a striking new style note. A hip length cape of golden brown shirred velvet completes her costume.



A chic redingote of navy blue twill with dusty pink piping is favored by Ginger Rogers. This is grand for traveling! Her postman's bag and gauntlets are of dusty pink suede. (Left) Azure blue was selected for this bolero street suit worn by Merle Oberon. Black accessories make an appealing contrast. (Next) An all-occasion dress of thin black wool sets off Frances Drake's slim figure. It can be worn with or without the gold embroidered bolero and matching cummerbund. (Next) Betty Furness is ready for lemonade and cakes in this "little girl" frock of crisp hunter's green taffeta with vivid yellow felt hearts dotted all over it.

(Reading left to right)
Elizabeth Patterson, David
Niven, Rosemary Lane,
Tony Martin, Shirley
Temple, Gloria Stuart, Bon-
ita Granville, Carol Landes,
Deanna Durbin.

BUBBLING

(Lower Left) Pat Paterson, Lupe
Maguire, Anna May Wong, Pris-
cilla Lane, Wayne Morris, Jack
Oakie and Fernand Gravet.



WITH LAUGHTER

"==Let Joy Be Unconfined" Is The Motto Of The Screen Players. Lord Byron Had Something There!

THE recent joyous laugh films are successful. Life-like, too, when you come to think about them. "Nothing Sacred," "Awful Truth" and "True Confession" were human and funny. The crowds gathered in the theatres again and the money trickled back to Hollywood. Plans

began to blossom, contracts extended and many a comedy player began to do a little laughing himself. Perhaps Hollywood had grown a trifle ponderous and stiff in the joints, but everything is beginning to loosen up. Go to it, pals. No depression lasts forever.

(Reading left to right) Judy Garland, Philip Reed, Constance Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee, Johnny Davis and Ben Blue.



APRIL

SHOWER



Leah Ray, Claire Trevor and Jayne Regan in "Walking Down Broadway."



Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland in "Her Jungle Love."



Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."



Wyn Cahoon, Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell in "There's Always A Woman."



Irene Dunne, Guy Kibbee and Alice Brady in "The Joy of Living."



Barbara Reed and Josephine Hutcheson in "The Crime of Dr. Hallett."

OF PICTURES

Take Your Choice—
They All Look Good.



James Stewart, Ginger Rogers and James Ellison in "Vivacious Lady."



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Girl of the Golden West."



Maureen O'Sullivan and Wallace Beery in "Madelon."



Robert Wilcox, Jane Withers and Rochelle Hudson in "Gypsy."



Francis Lederer and Frances Drake in "Lone Wolf in Paris."



Carole Lombard, Ralph Bellamy and Fernand Gravet in "Fools For Scandal."

SEQUENCES IN CELLULOID



Ray Bolger stretches his routine for a dance number in "Girl of the Golden West." Are those elastic pants? He's got a straddle like a politician.



Lovely Leaping Ann Miller. She's the spinster of the RKO lot and here's one of her spins. Ann is well provided for. It's a leg-acy.



Lorraine Kruger waiting for a street car.
1. "Oh, there's Jack Oakie. Huh!"
2. "There's Cesar Romero. Hoo-hoo!"
3. "It's Don Ameche. Ain't he grand!"
4. Hi. There's Robert Taylor!!"



Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, the old married couple, would adopt the dull and dignified routine of married life if it were not for College Swing, the dance that has a modern interpretation of poise. The suggestion came from a flea who was somewhat nervous and high-strung.



"GIRLS CAN LEARN from our movie romances", says BOOTS MALLORY, Star of Grand National Pictures—"hands are important. Though the cold tends to roughen a girl's hands, I keep mine smooth and soft for my 'big' scenes."

**SOFT, SMOOTH HANDS
ARE ROMANTIC" ...says
Boots Mallory**
(Grand National Pictures Star)



BOOTS MALLORY with ERIC LINDEN in "Here's Flash Casey"—a Grand National success

Why Lotion that GOES IN soon overcomes Roughness, Redness and Chapping

WIND, COLD AND WATER DRY the beauty-protecting moisture out of your skin. Then your hands easily roughen, look old and red. But you easily replace that lost moisture with Jergens Lotion which effectively goes into the parched skin. It goes in best of all lotions tested.

Two ingredients in Jergens soften and whiten so wonderfully that many doctors use them. Regular use prevents cruel chapping and roughness—keeps your hands smooth, young-looking, and worthy of love. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or \$1.00—at all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.



JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co. 2340 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Spilling The Beans—The Low=
Down On Some High Spots
In Pictures.

NOT only have these candid camera collectors of intimate shots given a new slant to every amateur camera clicker, but the big shot producers have also come to realize that there is something about a glimpse seen from above or below that brings into the picture a real flavor of truth. To make pictures more entertaining they must carry the conviction that "this really happened," and the unusual shots help a very great deal. After all, the cameramen of pictures started it. Can you remember "Variety," the German film that introduced Emil Jannings? That was startlingly real due to its unusual camera angles.



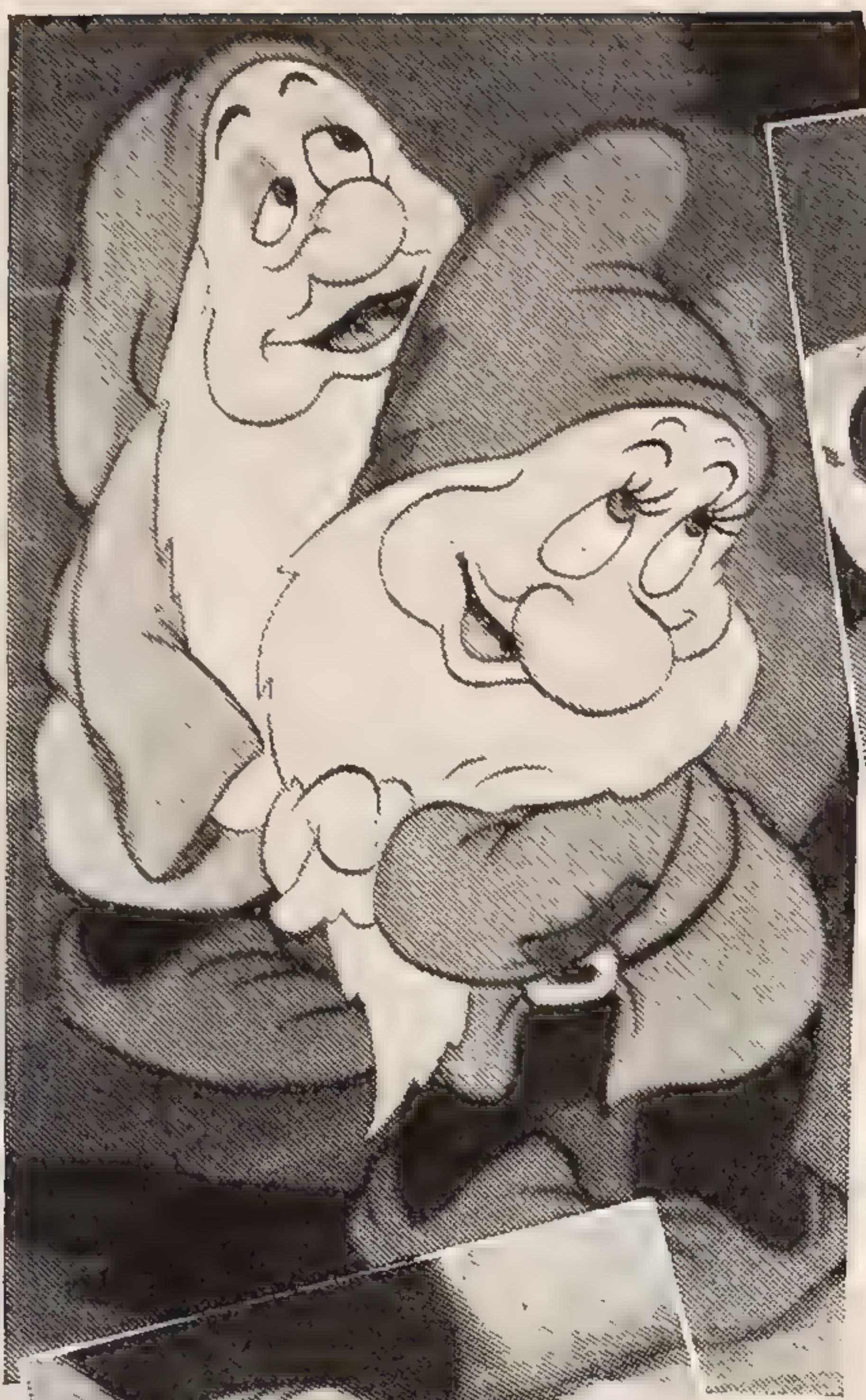
(Above, left) "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," the Lubitsch picture, gives Gary Cooper an opportunity to punish Claudette Colbert. Who wouldn't get spanked for several hundred thousand dollars a year? (Above) The hardboiled hombres who mugg in "The Girl of the Golden West." It all comes about by the he-man rations which a thoughtful producer produces at lunch. See the milk? That's mostly vitamin Z and probably comes from a dairy farm specializing in supplying young mountain lions and catamounts. (Right) Who is the strange gentleman with Jessie Matthews? His manner is familiar—he looks like Nelson Eddy but really he is Jack Whiting. In England they reverse it and say that Nelson Eddy looks like Jack.



(Above) Why is Clark Gable looking so playful? Don't tell me! But Myrna Loy is in his new picture. Uh-h-h! (Right) In "Jezebel," Henry Fonda and Bette Davis dance around the floor and the camera and mike follow them. Really they are all on the "dolly" and are pushed about by the grips. This is done so that their conversation may be evenly recorded by the mike overhead. (Note: Fonda is in his stocking feet to avoid any interfering noise.)



"Merrily We Live" is one of those new Hal Roach comedies and Brian Aherne and Ann Dvorak got twisted in the plot. They must have been kissing at the time.



Walt can afford to smile. He's got the entire world talking about him. And not in whispers, either.

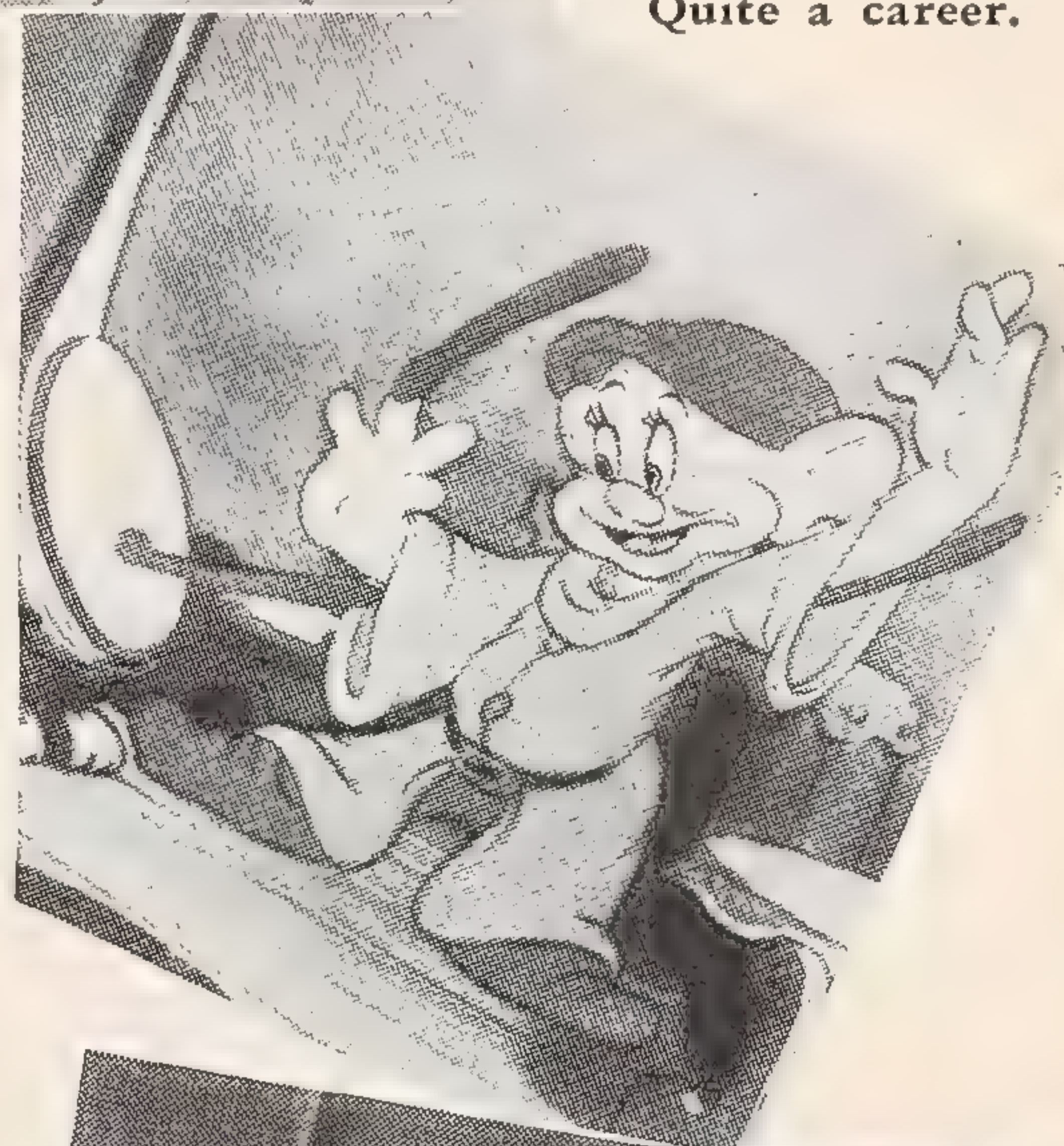
(At bottom) Pluto and Mickey and the incomparable crosspatch, Donald Duck. All three of them have appeared in short cartoons, in newspaper comic strips and on the radio. Quite a career.

Snow White singing to the seven dwarfs, Bashful, Sleepy, Happy, Sneezy, Doc, Dopey and Grumpy.

IF GENIUS, as someone once said, is the infinite capacity for taking pains, then on this count alone Walt Disney should be ranked in that class. For three long years, short to him, no doubt, because of his great absorption in his new effort, Disney and his capable staff of many hundreds of artists, worked on the first feature length cartoon of its kind ever to be shown on the screens of the country. The result, "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs," a brilliant and hauntingly lovely film woven around the famous fairy tale of the Brothers Grimm, has already captivated audiences, old and young alike, all over the country. When you consider that Mr. Disney's characterizations of the engaging dwarfs, of Snow White, the wicked stepmother, the utterly adorable animals in the wood, are achieved by line effect alone, truly, then, this is the miracle film of the age. And, on the second count of art and the magic of exquisite inspiration, again we acclaim Mr. Disney a genius.

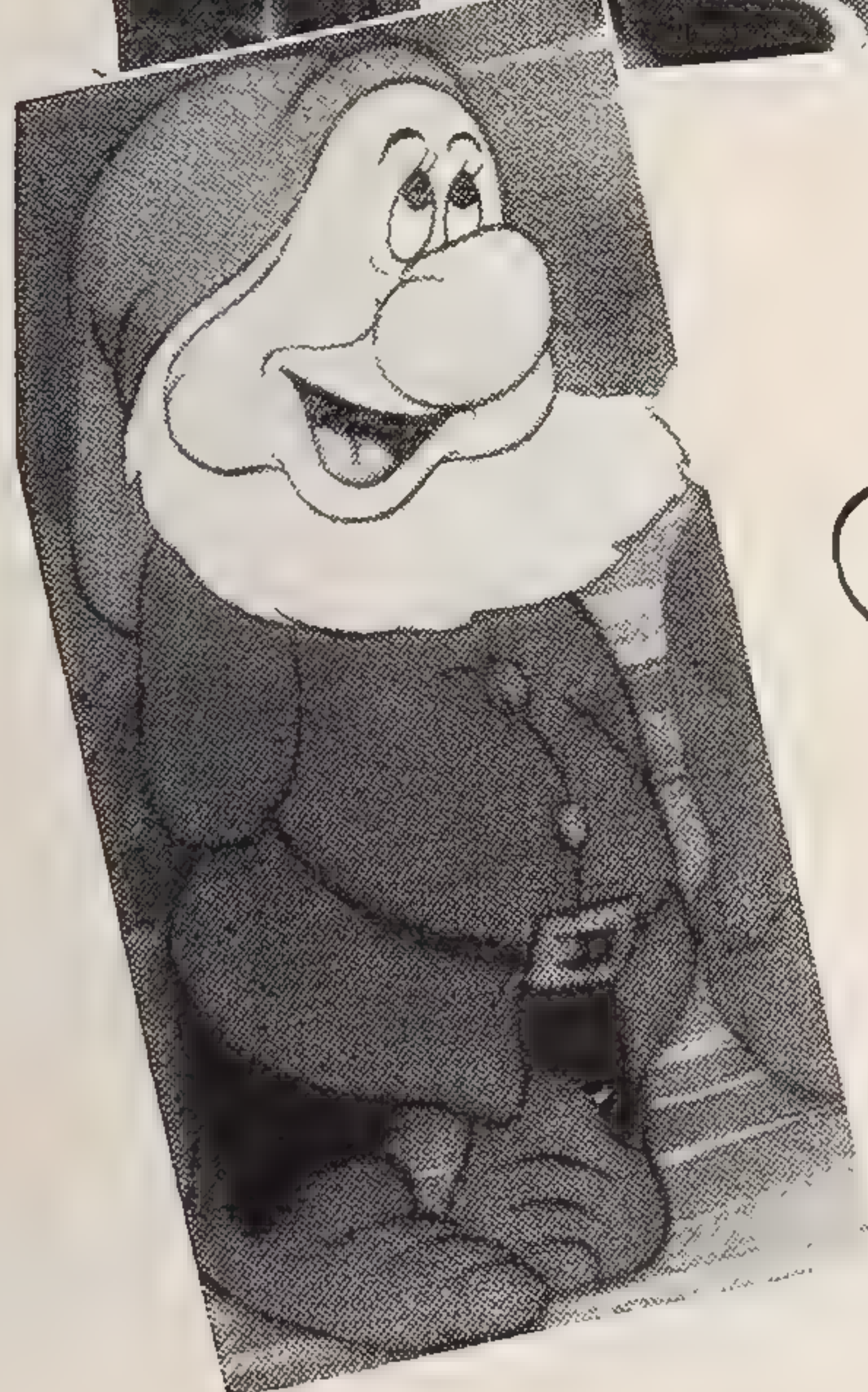
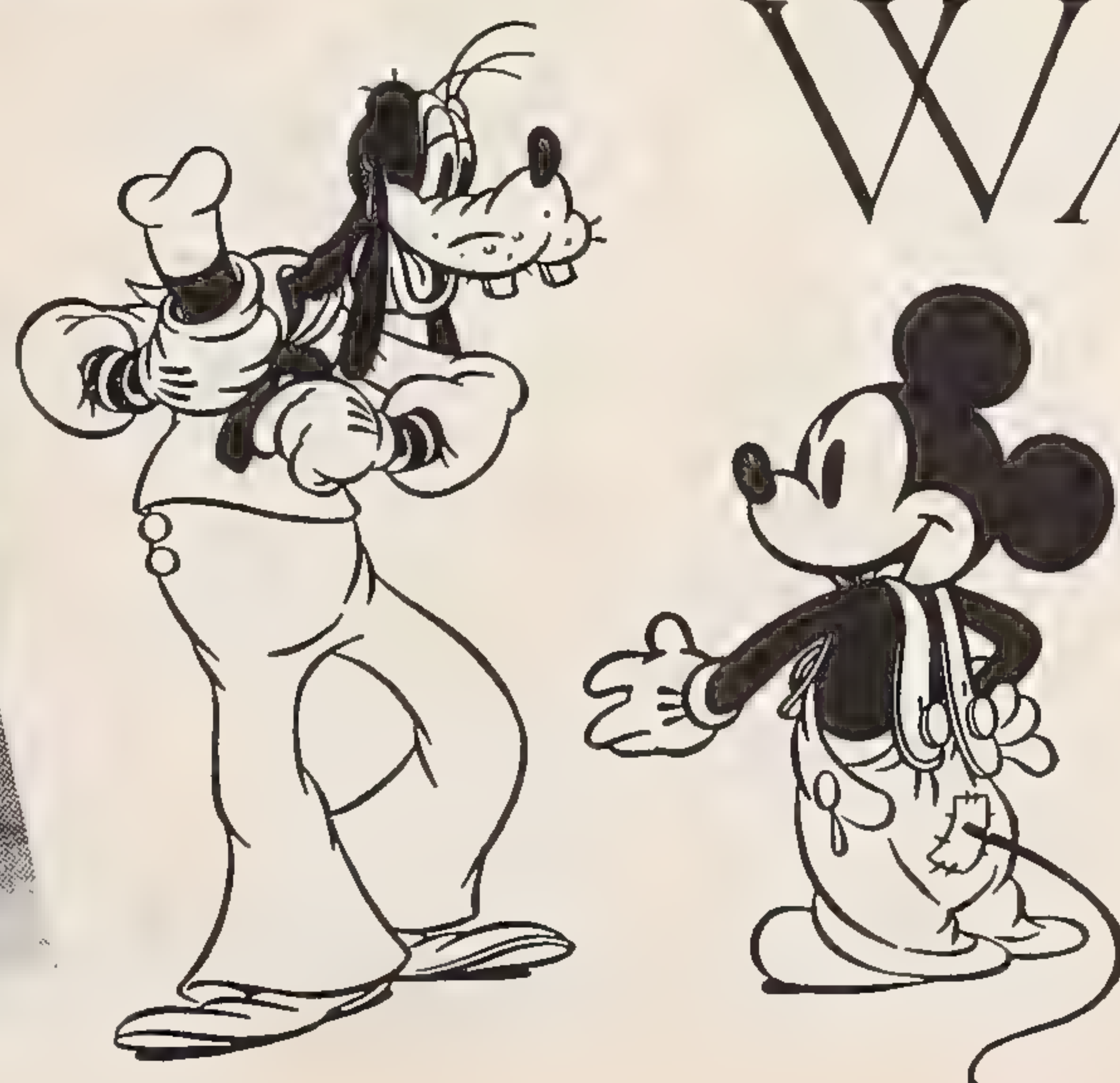
At the present moment, Mr. Disney is contemplating the production of two more feature length cartoon films—"Pinocchio" and "Bambi" but the work on these will be long and arduous, just as with "Snow White," so he, like all true artists, wishes to say little about them right now.

But he doesn't hesitate to talk about his newest Mickey Mouse novelty, a short subject based on the enchanting symphonic suite called "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," the score of which will be directed by no less a celebrity than Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. A far stride, indeed, for humble little Mickey to take all by himself!



WALT DISNEY

Surrounded by Some Of His Marvelous Cartoon Offspring. What a Fond Papa He Must Be!



PART OF THE

IT'S five o'clock in the afternoon at Central Casting, on the third floor of a white brick building at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue.

The entire staff is tense like an army in position undergoing a barrage of gunfire. On the firing line, seated before the switchboard, three attractive operators handle upward to 2,000 calls per hour with the cool precision of veterans. It's a beautiful thing to watch. They drone out familiar names and the words, "Try later," meanwhile switching the black keys of the switchboard back and forth and pulling the plugs out and shooting them back into their jacks—shattering anew a thousand hopes and dreams.

The casting directors sit at long tables, their sharp pencils poised on piles of paper. Through their trained minds flash the motion picture types associated with the names the operators are constantly droning out—names from the four corners of the earth. The memory of the casting directors is prodigious. They know by name every extra in the Bureau's files, and when the operator says "Mary Jones," they know her motion picture type, whether she is dress or character, her age, height, weight, color of hair and eyes.

Now and then—the intervals, alas, are rare—a casting director repeats a name, which means that the lucky one will eat tomorrow. She doesn't get the stock reply, "Try later," and is connected with the director's own telephone to receive her instructions.

Central Casting has an elaborate system of mechanical devices for filling studio orders for extra players. There are card classification machines whereby extras can be selected automatically according to type; teletype machines for direct communication with the studios.

As I watch all this, I cannot help but think of Charlotte. A statuesque red-head who dressed like a movie star, but often lacked carfare. For clothes make the extra girl. Most of her earnings went into her wardrobe. When she went out at night, she was positively ravishing in her dark velvet ensembles and wide-brimmed chapeaux. She had a crown of honey-colored hair, and the pure, intense grace of a flame. Her happy disposition had endeared her to everybody. She craved excitement, trotted from one party to another, and was unusually religious for a girl of her type. She was also interested in political and social problems, and would act as hostess in sundry gatherings.

Recently she appeared in a charity program, impersonating a certain red-haired star of great sophistication. Her picture appeared in local papers. She hoped the publicity would help her get more work at the studios. Casting directors would remember her.

But this publicity apparently was too much for her. The next day she began to act in a very strange manner, and staged a dramatic disappearance. This resulted in more publicity. When she was located, she claimed to be none other than the star she had impersonated. I saw her next in the psychopathic ward of the county hospital, a mental case, strapped to her narrow bed, her hands cuffed. The color was gone from her cheeks, and she looked like a tubercular nun. Her nurse told me she had "blown up" the night before, becoming violent. "She is strong like a horse," she said. I have known Charlotte for a few years, have escorted her to parties. A beau-



(Top) Jack Benny places a crown upon the head of Doris Harman. (Above) Gail Patrick and two members of the Studio Club. (Right) Lynn Bailey, who is the secretary of the home of many an extra girl.

tiful girl with a beautiful character, she had never shown any abnormal traits, and always looked the very picture of physical and mental health.

As I entered her little room in the hospital, she greeted me in her customary cordial manner. If anything, she was more exuberant. My visit was unexpected. During the excitement of the moment she forgot that her wrists were manacled, and made a futile effort to shake hands with me. Her wan cheeks became suffused with a tender blush, and she looked at me with a tragic smile, as she realized she was handcuffed.

"They put these things on me last night," she said, half indignant, half apologetic. "They think I've gone crazy! Crazy, my eye! Why, I've been putting on an act, fooling them! Did you read about my disappearance in the papers? All the reporters were after me, but I wouldn't tell them anything. You are the only writer friend I have. I'll tell you everything, it's the biggest scoop you've had in your life! You'll land me on the front pages from coast to coast. Will Central Casting give me work then! I didn't get a single call for the past three weeks, and I needed the money so badly for my Christmas shopping. Stand a little closer, will you? They are taking my picture all the time, by wire-photo. Stand closer, and you'll be photographed with me."

She saw an interne pass by her room. "Hello, good looking," she called after him. "Come up and see me some time!"

I haven't had the heart to visit her again.

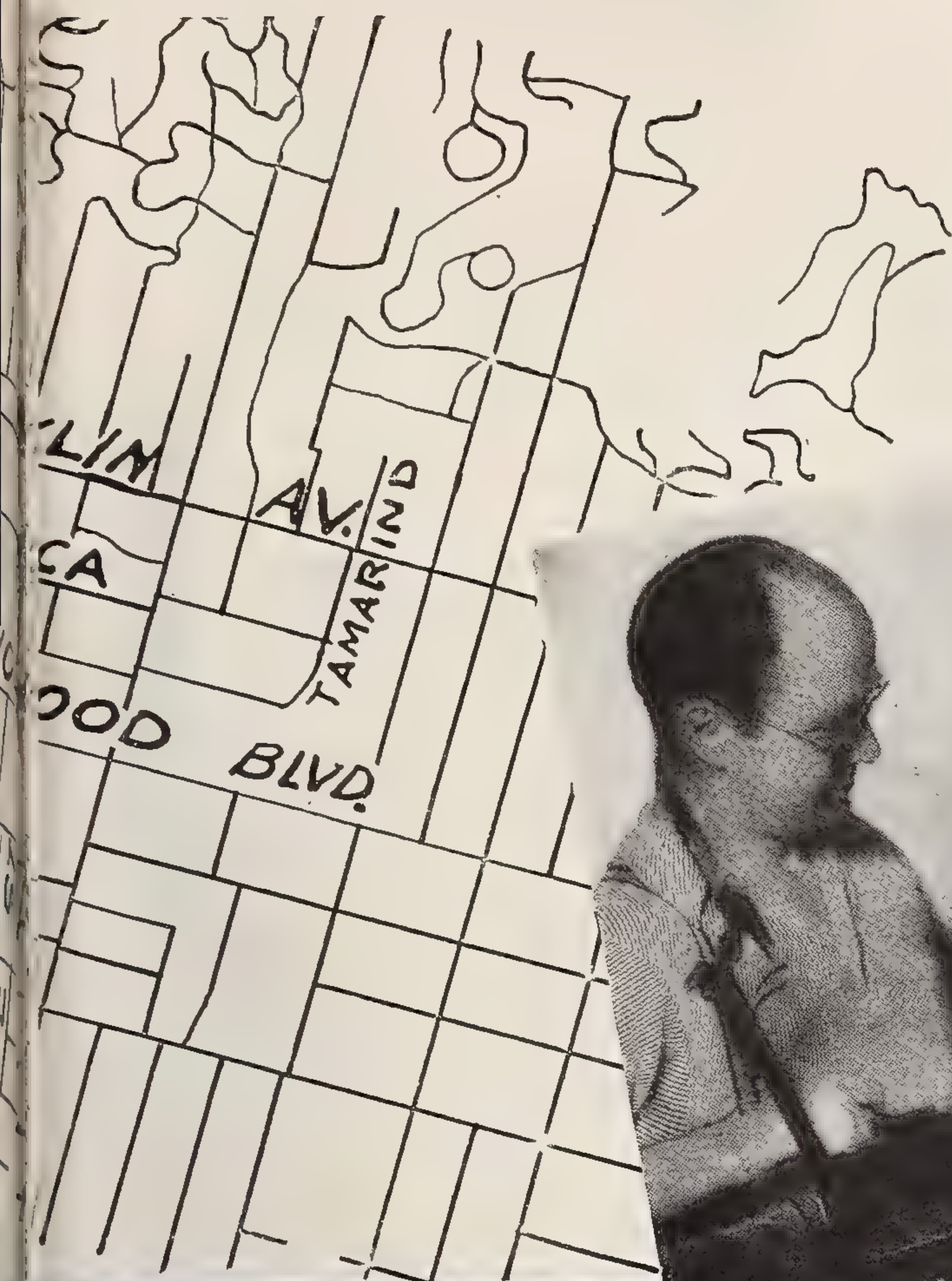
Burt Hampton has done much to im-

HOW

Some Of The Most Interesting People In Pictures Are Seldom Disclosed By The Searchlights Of Publicity.

By
Leon Surmelian

Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street are famous, but other sections of Hollywood are equally deserving of prominence. (Below, left) The casting office sending out the calls for extras. (Below) Earl Bunn, the firearms expert, shows a tiny revolver to Lois Lindsey of Columbia Pictures.



prove the unhappy lot of many extras. In a nerve-wracking business that would make a misanthrope of anybody, he has remained surprisingly human. Many extras will swear by his name. He was born in Van Buren, Arkansas, the town that gave another Hollywood personality, Bob Burns of the famous bazooka, and for twenty years he has been supplying extras to the studios. He has been associated with Central Casting from its very inception, twelve or thirteen years ago. He has organized a softball team composed of beauteous

extra girls, known as Burt Hampton's Movie Girls. They play for charity.

"The trouble with Central Casting," he said, "is that there are too many people and not enough jobs. There are about 15,000 extras registered with us, but on an average only 700 of them can be employed a day. There isn't enough work to take care of the bare subsistence needs of half our people. The situation is further complicated by the fact that sixty percent of the orders we receive are for men, to forty for women. Yet the proportion of our registrants is exactly the reverse. And so, we have hundreds of middle-aged character women of ability and distinguished records who can rarely if ever be given a day's work."

On the other hand there are a few hundred girls with up-to-date wardrobes who are making a good living as extras. The studios demand youth. "No matter how overcrowded it is," Burt assured me, "this business needs new blood all the time. Otherwise it will stagnate. Directors don't like to use the same faces over and over again. In spite of all the discouraging statistics we have broadcast, girls still come to Hollywood from all parts of the country to break into pictures. I see forty or fifty of them every week. If they are attractive and know how to wear clothes and look like ladies, I list them. We don't want tough faces. The standards for extra work are much higher today than they were in the past. Among the men, our demand right now is for the banker type, men between forty and fifty years of age, of distinguished appearance."

Speaking of extras reminds us of the Hollywood Studio Club, a house of dreams, which shelters movie-struck girls in times of storm and stress. It is a handsome \$250,000 building of Mediterranean architecture, on a quiet side street lined with pepper trees (1215 Lodi Place.)

Maureen O'Sullivan, Zazu Pitts, Dorothy Jordan, Virginia Sale (Chick's sister), are some of the girls that once dwelt within its stucco walls. Its board of directors includes Mary Pickford and Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille. Charles Chaplin, Jeanette MacDonald, Paul Muni, Warner Baxter, Marion Davies, Louise Dresser, Mary Bryan and other screen luminaries have contributed to the building fund. The Club began with 10 girls reading Ibsen in a basement room of a library in 1916. It moved to its present commodious quarters in 1926.

Besides extras, stock girls and film dancers, you will find here secretaries to stars, writers and producers, film cutters, script girls, press agents, magazine writers, hairdressers, costume designers, etc. Every state in the Union and many foreign countries are represented.

The Club has 67 bedrooms, a dining room, several lounges (inviting tête-à-têtes), a library (which we think can stand improvement), a patio, where many girls with a penchant for

[Continued on page 66]



One of the dramatic scenes of Hollywood. The line of extras checking in at one of the studios. Which one will reach the heights?

PEOPLE being what they are, Myrna Loy is now Mr. Louis B. Mayer's Number One Girl. You never know about people, sometimes they go mad about a skating girl or a dancing boy, or a prima donna who can look pleasant while reaching for high C, but this year they went completely nuts about Myrna Loy.

First, Myrna won the nation-wide popularity poll sponsored by the Chicago Tribune-New York Daily News Syndicate, which comprises fifty-five newspapers all over the country, and was voted Queen of the Movies by men and women who lay their money on the box-office line.

When asked how she liked being the most popular actress she said, "I like it." Always sparing with words, that's Myrna for you. The day following the award Queen Myrna received something that vaguely resembled a bird cage, but which a note assured her was her crown—the note was signed "William IV," none other than William Powell who had been voted fourth on the popularity list.

Mr. Powell, estranged temporarily from his lovely screen wife, was working on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot and was quite surprised the next day to have appear before him in the middle of a love scene, a page boy done up in the conventional plumes, knee breeches, and silken hose of royalty. After much bowing and kneeling the page presented him with a fine old gilded coffer—a little something left over from "Romeo and Juliet" no doubt—in which gleamed, not rubies, but raspberries. This is what Hollywood calls a "rib."

Second, Myrna landed right smack in the Big Ten this year, the Big Ten being the results of the popularity poll conducted by the exhibitors of America who know quite accurately, via the box-office, "what stars draw the greatest number

Getting to be "Queen" hasn't disturbed Myrna's poise.



of patrons to the theatre." As a result of this poll Myrna is recognized as one of the Biggest Money Making Stars of 1937. Which doesn't mean, of course, that Myrna makes the biggest money. The theatres that run her pictures do. But don't feel so sorry for Myrna. She does all right, too. Practically every star in Hollywood would give her eye-teeth to make the Big Ten.

"What," they ask themselves and their friends, "has Myrna Loy got that I haven't got?" In a nutshell, popularity.

Queen Myrna, who in private life is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., wife of a Paramount producer, lives in a large rambling

house, surrounded by acres of gardens and trees, in Coldwater Canyon, a few miles north of Beverly Hills.

"Minnie," is Mr. Hornblow's pet name for his wife. Loretta Young and a few of the stars also call her "Minnie," but you have to know her awfully well to get away with it.

There was a time some seven years ago when all of Hollywood called her "Minnie"—behind her back. Talking pictures had just "come in" (if we can speak in terms of a gusher) and Fox Studio, proud of its newly found art, gave a premiere, with carpets and lights, at the Carthay Circle for a little feature called "The Black Watch." Myrna wasn't a star in those days, nor a Queen, nor a biggest money maker. She was only a menace, sloe-eyed and slinky, who, by the last reel, had usually managed to kill off quite a few people.

In "The Black Watch," completely done up in miles of misty veils (it was years before I knew whether Myrna had a figure

or not), Myrna played a nasty Sorceress of the Hills named Yas Mini. She was supposed to lure soldiers and peasants to their death, and the soldiers and peasants

given speech for the first time insisted upon shouting "Yah, Minnie" as they went to their doom. Whether or not this little episode inspired Mr. Hornblow to call Miss Loy "Minnie" is one of the many things I don't know.

Rudolph Valentino and his wife Natacha Rambova, "discovered" Myrna in Hollywood through photographs she had made for a photographer, Henry Waxman. They decided that her peculiar type of beauty was exotic and Oriental and that she should have a name to fit her new personality—something like Lili Loy. Myrna would not give up Myrna. It was her dead father's



shrieks and tears and threats. They tell a story around Hollywood of the time, several years ago, when Myrna decided she was making too many pictures. Mr. Mayer didn't think so, and he had all his arguments and oratory waiting for Miss Loy in the "front office." One afternoon, Myrna dropped in quite casually, gave Mr. Mayer a dimpled smile, and without so much as raising her voice simply remarked, "In the future, Mr. Mayer, I shall only make three pictures a year. It is

a lovely day, isn't it? Goodbye." Myrna's chief fault is procrastination. She is a born put-offer and never does catch up with all the things she plans to do. Some people say that Myrna is lazy, but it isn't laziness, it's just good old dilatoriness. She really likes publicity, and she really likes interviewers, but she simply can't understand why they are so frantic to see her on certain dates. She has absolutely no conception of the meaning of the word "deadline." The Loy sense of humor isn't nearly so strong as it has been publicized. After the release of "The Thin Man" it was assumed by the world in general that Myrna simply



ION

By ELIZABETH WILSON

(Above) A scene from "Test Pilot"—Clark Gable, Myrna and Spencer Tracy. (Upper right) With hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr. (Right) Always pretty and gay, even when snapped by the candid camera.

favorite name. But she was willing to concede a point on Loy. She admitted she could never be a seductress with a name like Williams.

Myrna Loy is not only tops with the fans who pay to see her pictures, and the exhibitors who run them, but she also rates high in popularity with her directors, her leading men, and her fellow workers. This is chiefly because she is utterly devoid of temperament. She has the same poise, dignity, and delightful calmness on a set that she has in a picture.

But don't think for one minute this means that anyone can put anything over on Miss Loy. Heavens, no. With a sweet smile and a low voice and a few words Myrna wins her point within a few minutes, whereas it usually takes the temperamental ones months of

reeked with humor, and dropped a bon mot with each flutter of the eyelash.

On the set, or at a party, you will always find Myrna completely surrounded by merry groups of people, mostly men, who are constantly bursting into gay laughter.

The general impression, even to the people in the group, is that Myrna has said something killingly funny. Myrna probably hasn't said a word. But she is such a darned good listener that she makes the most marvelous audience in Hollywood. There is a great lack of "audience" in the picture colony and when a couple of actors, directors, or technicians can find Myrna to listen to their stories and their gags they are in seventh heaven.

Myrna is never "the great star" with the studio workers. She listens so intently to what they have to say that no matter who they are, producers or prop boys, they have a feeling around Myrna that she is personally interested in their problems. She probably is, for Myrna honestly likes people.

It is quite well known in Hollywood that leading men rarely like their leading ladies, and vice versa, but there have never been any complaints from the leading men who play opposite Myrna. Jimmy Stewart used to beg Mr. Mayer almost weekly to put him in a picture "with Miss Loy." Finally when he played on a radio sketch with her he looked like a love-sick sophomore for days. Said Jimmy, "I shall only marry Myrna Loy." Clark Gable wasn't quite so effusive but he did say, [Continued on page 64]





Danielle Darrieux has had starring experience abroad. (Right) Olympe Bradna. A name just suited to Fame.



The Stars Of Tomorrow Will Be Found Among The Rank And File Of Hollywood Players. The Marquee Lights Are Waiting. The Mink Coats Are Ready. Read The Prophecies Of A Celebrated Critic.

had a good look at them. Even so, each of them had served apprenticeships, Mr. Taylor in dramatics, Miss Henie in ice carnivals, Miss Durbin in singing and Mr. Power in the tradition of a distinguished theatrical family and a Shakespearian repertory company. There will be others like them in the future, who will attain prominence in spectacular fashion. But, generally speaking, their sensational accessions to first acting honors will become more and more rare. Screen acting has become a tremendously complicated, specialized and exacting art. Most of the great stars of tomorrow, I believe, will be drawn from the aspirants of today. For a film-goer, every day is an exciting adventure, as he sees the screen push through

THE stars have been jostled around recently as they haven't been since the beginning of films. Walt Disney's sensationally successful "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" did away with them completely, leading the acidulous George Jean Nathan to remark: "No wonder it's splendid; there are no actors in it." Samuel Goldwyn has enlisted the biggest personality of the airwaves in "The Goldwyn Follies"—none other than the wooden dummy, Charlie McCarthy. At the same time, the "spectacle" films, from "Souls At Sea" and "The Hurricane" to "Wells Fargo" and "In Old Chicago" have featured the elements and catastrophes rather than big movie "names."

If you think that this means that the Hollywood star system is on the wane, you're mistaken. I would say flatly that there never has been a time when screen acting greatness was at such a premium. The "galloping tintypes" have given way to the sumptuous and artistic offerings of a magnificent medium. The screen can hold its head up today and match stride for stride with the theatre. It can point to performers who can be relied on to render as difficult interpretations or to weave as potent a spell around the spectator as any notables of the stage. I would go even farther than that and say that they could probably hold their own with the great actors and actresses of the past.

We all know who they are. There are just so many top-flight stars who really are top-flight stars. Their studios can count on any one of them to carry a film almost single-handed. Their names are not only in the roster of big money players of a year; they are also the leading performers in the best and biggest shows. They are cited by critics and film organizations for their distinguished services to the screen. It is an elect company and a small one. It comprises players of enormous personal magnetism, versatility and command of

their craft, which is not a simple one.

What of the heirs apparent? For nothing is more certain than the fact that tomorrow's stars will step up from the ranks into positions of pre-eminence. There is a strange notion that the great figures of the screen just happen—that a theater usher becomes an outstanding glamour girl or a milkman a matinee idol over-night. The fact is that most of those who wear the purple today have had a long and arduous training for stardom. Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni, Greta Garbo, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert William Powell or little Shirley Temple even, are veterans in every sense of the word.

There are exceptions, of course. Robert Taylor or Sonja Henie burst like meteors into the Hollywood galaxy, while Tyrone Power and Deanna Durbin shot up into top ranking almost as soon as film-goers had

Here
By

HOWARD BARNES

to new boundaries, taking on sound and color, creating effects that no one would have dreamed possible a few years ago, handling new material, and not least, discovering new and vivid acting talents and temperament. If I am right, you have been watching greatness in the making. For it is the lesser known players, in supporting roles at present, who will form the hierarchy of ranking stars some years hence.

It is a dangerous thing to turn prophet and I don't intend to do so here. What I should prefer to do is to point out some of the tremendous difficulties that lie in the way of the stars-to-be, try to indicate some of the ways in which you can identify them before they have arrived and cite a few of those memorable minor performances of recent months which seem to me to be definite steps up towards stardom.

While it is true that all the great studios of Hollywood go to painstaking lengths to find and develop promising players, the odds are still overwhelmingly against even promising players reaching the top rung of the acting ladder. Occasionally, as in the case of Sonja Henie, a personality grips the public imagination with such power that it even amazes a producer. Darryl Zanuck told me recently that the career of the skating star was the most phenomenal thing he had witnessed in the phenomenal motion picture capital, that the universality of her appeal was on the way to rivalling that of the great Charlie Chaplin. She was a star from the word go and she has grown steadily bigger with three successive pictures. In the same way Deanna Durbin proved the answer to a producer's prayer by achieving stardom in one stride with "Three Smart Girls" and vindicating it in "100 Men and a Girl."

They don't come that way often. Maybe you remember ten years ago a chap called Gary Cooper. Samuel Goldwyn remembers regretfully that he had him under contract at fifty dollars a week and let him go. Gary attained stardom the hard way.

The point is



(Top) Gloria Dickson has already attracted complimentary attention. (Above) Anne Shirley, who has a head start in the star race.

that a star must have a blend of qualities that only one person out of a million is able to acquire. They include a vivid personality that can be unerringly projected from the flat, two-dimensional surface of a screen, a sure sense of timing, gesture and inflection to make a character come to life for spectators, a capacity for terrifically hard work, the ability to cope with the responsibilities of stardom, such as publicity, which, as I pointed out in a preceding article, has made the difference between greatness and mediocrity in more than one instance, and that thing called luck.

Take the case of Frances Farmer. I first remember her vividly in "Rhythm on the Range" in a small bit. Before that she had tested her talents in two other films, but she was hardly conspicuous in either of them. Then came "Come and Get It," where her training and natural talents made her an outstanding figure in the offering's glamorous dual role. After that was "The Toast of New York," in which she amply justified being featured. Now she is on the brink of stardom. She has good looks, magnetism and experience. It is very possible that she will soon join the company of the established stars.

While Miss Farmer was stealing most of the spotlight in "Come and Get It," the discerning movie-goer might have noticed an attractive brunette, who played the very minor role of the lumber baron's daughter. The film was no big chance for her, but it was important training. How important one could easily realize when one saw her again recently in "Stage Door." The young girl was Andrea Leeds. In "Stage Door" she took the role of the defeated and disillusioned member of the Footlights Club who commits suicide and created one of the film's most haunting and poignant passages. Fate touched her on the shoulder in that film and I for one will watch eagerly to see if it does not beckon her to the heights.

Turning to the actors, it is my conviction that the engaging James Stewart is the closest to the charmed inner circle of stars. He may not have conventional good looks, but he has an awkward grace and the appeal of a genuinely shy

person that more than make up for this. Moreover, he has real acting experience behind him, on stage and screen. I remember him behind footlights. The first film in which he made a vivid impression on me was "Speed" in which he played a "grease monkey" with enormous charm and persuasion. Since then he has lifted every picture he has been in and his superb portrayal of a midshipman in "Navy Blue and Gold" is nothing short of a memorable performance.

Another young man who represents the opposite extreme from the Rudolph Valentino type of screen hero is Wayne Morris. Like other aspirants, he was tried out in tiny roles in four or five photoplays including "China Clipper" before he claimed the attention of film-goers in no uncertain manner. That was in "Kid Galahad," where he played a boxer to perfection, although he had never had on the gloves before. There's a test of acting! To top it, he did a swell job as a sailor in "Submarine D-1." He has the stuff to reach the top, unless I am mistaken.

Some time ago I watched an attractive girl turning cartwheels in a big New York night club. There was no gainsaying her striking personality. A bit later that same personality caught my attention again in "The Last Train From Madrid" and sure enough, the same Olympe Bradna of the cafe was acting in movies. Then came "Souls At Sea," in which she gave a splendid performance opposite George Raft and I had the hunch that here was an actress who might very well scale the screen's Olympus. [Continued on page 74]



They
Come!

In the center group, left to right, Wayne Morris, Andrea Leeds, Marjorie Weaver, Mary Maguire and James Stewart. Each is eager for top billing.

FOR THAT SPRINGTIME COMPLEXION



An Every-day Guide To
A Clearer, Finer And
More Beautiful
Skin.

By
Mary Lee

Margot Grahame, who plays with Fredric March in "The Buccaneer," has the gardenia type skin that goes with Titian hair. She likes to experiment with moderately priced creams.

"PLEASE tell me, do you think I should use cream or soap and water?" That is the big question in many of the letters that have come to my desk for years. The answer is brief. Use cream *and* soap and water. Every skin needs both, the order of their use balanced to the individual. Climate, heritage and the way you live and take care of yourself control your skin type. In the Southwest and inland locations, residents often need more cream because the air is drier. In the South and along the coasts, more soap and water because warmth and moisture do not rob the skin of too much of its natural oil. Hard water districts make more cream imperative because hard water has a drying, aging effect on skin. For bathing in these areas, try using Bathasweet in your face or body bath. It deodorizes, perfumes and is very softening to the skin as well as to the water. It comes in a fragrant bouquet or pine odeur, is inexpensive and a joy to use.

Hollywood players have a general skin cleansing plan that I think is unbeatable. They always remove make-up with cream and follow this removal by a soap and water bathing, or a new application of cream, according to need. That cleansing gets skin clean, and cleanliness is the basic requirement for beauty of texture and tone. To cream and soap and water, I might add one other type of cleanser, a liquid, such as Satinmesh. A sensible plan might be to use cream and soap and water at night, because you have more time then to do a good job, to use cream in the morning and the liquid cleanser once during the day. Now you may find that you need much more of one type than another, but if you keep the three at hand, you are ready for all sudden needs. For skin, no matter how perfect or faulty, is the victim of sudden changes. If you will use your good sense,

for example, when you see dry scuffy skin about chin or forehead and change to cream for a few days, or go on a soap and water diet when you get that too oily look, you can keep yourself in reasonably good condition most of the time.

Recently I interviewed Margot Grahame. I give her skin 100 plus for perfection of tone and texture. Miss Grahame has red hair and the gardenia-like skin that often goes with this coloring. She uses cream in abundance—the good popular brands that you and I know. She confesses to an extravagance when it comes to perfumes but prefers moderately priced creams. For foundation, she likes a cream of the vanishing type. Over this, she applies powder and lipstick of a warm orangey tone. By skin contrast to Miss Grahame, is Gladys Swarthout, warm-tinted brunette. She uses mostly soap and water, and so it goes with the stars, as with us.

Now and then I think it very refreshing to change your cleansing routine, to try something new or reverse the order in which you use things. I find this as welcome to skin well-being as a change of food is to the body.

In addition to cleansing, there are all kinds of quick things we can do to overcome temporary difficulties. Many of these ideas come from the stars who must, because of picture demands, keep their skins in good condition. Joan Bennett told me of a soap and water idea that is fine for all skin, but the dries should use it about once a week, the others, oftener. Remove all make-up with cream, then bathe well in warm water and soap—your favorite everyday brand—working up a rich lather on a cloth or complexion brush and giving particular attention to nostril sides, forehead and chin. Use a light, rotary movement of cloth. Then rinse thoroughly. One derma-

tologist says seven rinsings. I interpret this to mean seven handfuls of clear water as it runs from the spigot. Then comes Joan's real beauty touch. Dry your face, then crumple up a dry end of your towel and go over the skin lightly in the same, rotary movements you used in cleansing. This arouses circulation, scours off the clinging particles of dead cuticle and generally refines. You come out of this with a skin divine.

Zorina, ballerina of twenty, has ideas about that satin-smooth skin of hers, a true pale rachel tone. Soap and water and cream are her cleansers, but here is a treatment all her own. Now and then, when her skin is not quite up to perfection, she bathes it, applies plenty of Vaseline and steams it gently over the basin by letting hot water run into it, spreading a heavy towel over her head and holding her face above the steam. This encourages profuse perspiration and is very pore cleansing. An occasional steaming of this kind is wonderful. It gives a Turkish bath effect. Then, Zorina also likes egg masks. Over a well cleansed skin, she applies the egg yolk only, allows it to stay on about twenty minutes, then rinses off in luke-warm water. The egg mask is very old and very good. Some use yolk only, some yolk and white and some white only, which gives a very astringent effect. If you do not want to mess around with eggs—and they are frankly messy—try one of the cream masks. DuBarry Rose Cream Mask is delightful and there are other good ones.

Perhaps one of the most painful skin situations is to have a very important date and wake up to find little blistery bumps on chin or forehead. They come to us all now and then, sometimes from too heavy, rich diet, from general up-set or faulty skin care. At these times, here is a friend for you. Stillman's Actone. It does a wonderfully quick and good drying-up job. It comes in a purse-size container that you may take to school, business or shopping with you. Apply whenever you think of it.



"A Yank at Oxford," the picture made in England with Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Taylor.

RADIO CITY REVELS

JUST A FAIR MUSICAL REVIEW—RKO

WHAT the public wants these days seems to be Bob Burns—and here he is. Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea. Bob plays an Arkansas show boat skipper who is taking a correspondence course in song-writing from a down-and-out song writer and his accompanist, played by Jack Oakie and Milton Berle.

The boys discover that Bob can write hit songs only in his sleep, so naturally a great part of the gags in the picture involve the Oakie and Berle efforts to get Bob to sleep. Everything is hunky dory and the boys become big shots in the radio world with their "borrowed" songs, until Bob, disappointed in love, becomes afflicted with insomnia.

In for laughs is Helen Broderick and Victor Moore, and for romance we have Kenny Baker and a pretty young newcomer named Ann Miller, who knows how to tap dance. Kenny sings several song hits, the best being "Good Night, Angel." The top musical number is "Speak Your Heart" and is sung beautifully by Jane Froman of radio fame. If you liked "Three Men on a Horse" you'll like this.

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES

A LAVISH AND VASTLY ENTERTAINING FILM—UA

WHEN Producer Goldwyn makes a musical, Producer Goldwyn doesn't quibble. The best is none too good for Producer Goldwyn, even if it costs two million dollars. And in this, his newest musical, done in Technicolor and mounted richly in the lavish manner, you will



A scene from "Radio City Revels" with those famous revellers, Jack Oakie, Victor Moore, Bob Burns and Helen Broderick.

REVIEWS OF PICTURES

find the "best" in everything.

There's that little squirt Charlie McCarthy, who makes his picture debut (we won't count those shorts he did years ago) on Edgar Bergen's knee and bandies quips in great style with comedian Phil Baker. There's Helen Jepson, the opera



In "A Slight Case of Murder," Edward G. Robinson goes social. He is supported by Ruth Donnelly and Jane Bryan.

star, who causes all music lovers (and me too) to swoon in the aisles with her exquisite singing of "Traviata."

There's Zorina, the ballerina (and pretty, too) and the American Ballet of the Metropolitan Opera—and Zorina's "Water Nymph" ballet in blue and white, staged by the famous George Balanchine.

There's Kenny Baker, who delights the soul with his singing of "Love Walked In" and "Love Is Here to Stay." There're the Ritz Brothers, madder and goofier than ever, with a nutty rendition of "Pussy, Pussy, Pussy" accompanied by an avalanche of real cats. There's much, much more.

But top honors go to Andrea Leeds and Adolphe Menjou, two of the "best" actors in the industry. Andrea plays a lovely, unspoiled girl from the country whom Producer Menjou names "Miss Humanity" and brings to Hollywood to help him put the "human element" in his pictures.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

TURNING A COLORFUL PAGE OF ROMANTIC HISTORY—UA

HERE is the most delightful and thrillingly spectacular adventure film since the good old days of swash-buckling Douglas Fairbanks. Kids will go mad about it—and don't think the adults won't like it too. It has all the essentials of a movie: romance, humor, action, goosepimples and heroics.

Gary Cooper is fittingly cast as Marco Polo, Venetian adventurer of the thirteenth century, and according to history the first man of the western world to penetrate China. Marco Polo's purpose is to negotiate a trade agreement with the great Kublai Khan in Pekin, and after a hazardous journey across Asia he arrives within the ro-



Frank Morgan and Edna Mae Oliver in an Alpine comedy, "Paradise for Three."

mantic walls of the Khan only to discover himself up to his ears in intrigue.

He meets the lovely princess in the garden, teaches her the new and gentle art of kissing, and straightway incurs the cold hatred of Basil Rathbone, the wicked Saracen adviser of the good Khan. After many hair-breadth escapes from death Gary manages to save the throne for Kublai Khan and rescue the princess (Sigrid Gurie) from the villainous Rathbone.

"Raw" Throat? Here's Quick Action!



Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT
Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold



A YANK AT OXFORD

IN WHICH OUR HANDSOMEST MOVIE HERO PROVES HIS METTLE—M-G-M

THIS is the muchly discussed picture made by M-G-M at its newly established studios in Denham, England, and for which they sent Robert Taylor, mobbed by gushing women, on his sensational trip to Europe.

It seems to be well worth all the trouble. In fact it is a most refreshing and delightful picture, and a godsend to Robert Taylor who proves to all the sneering manhood of America that he is no "pretty boy." Wait'll they get a look at the Taylor physique!

Maureen O'Sullivan plays the English girl who falls in love with Bob, and Lionel Barrymore plays his doting father. Excellent English "types" are Vivien Leigh as the cute college widow who tries to capture Bob, and Edmund Gwenn as an Oxford dean. A thrilling rowing sequence on the Thames marks the climax of the picture.

EVERYBODY SING

GRAND FUN—DON'T MISS IT!—M-G-M

THIS is your opportunity to hear Fanny Brice, the one and only Fanny Brice, sing "Quainty, Dainty Me," and it's so funny it will have you rolling in the aisles. It is indeed grand to have Fanny Brice, New York's most idolized comedienne since the day Flo Ziegfeld "discovered" her for his Follies, bringing her delightful brand of comedy to the screen.

Of second special interest, this picture marks the sudden rise to glory of little Miss Judy Garland who sings "Swing, Mr. Mendelssohn" and "I Wanna Swing" as "swing" music never has been sung before. As you've probably suspected this is a musical, but it is combined with, of all things, a goofy family comedy! And what a merry merger it makes!

Judy plays the daughter of Billie Burke and Reginald Owen, a couple of daffy theatrical folk who have come upon evil times. To save her family from debt Judy decides to carve out a career of her own, and is aided in doing so by Allan Jones, their singing cook, and Fanny Brice, the family maid. Lynne Carver, Judy's older sister, falls in love with Allan Jones and that looks after the romance and gives Allan a chance to sing a swell number called "The One I Love."

PARADISE FOR THREE

THIS WILL HELP BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY—M-G-M

FRANK MORGAN plays a millionaire soap manufacturer who is delighted to discover that he has won, under another name, one of his own prizes offered in a radio slogan contest. This, he decides, is his opportunity to learn how the other half lives, so, incognito, he takes the Alpine trip offered as a prize.



Jerome Cowan, Zorina and Phil Baker in "The Goldwyn Follies."



Fanny Brice, Henry Armetta, Judy Garland and Allan Jones in "Everybody Sing."

An impoverished young man, Robert Young, who simply can't find a job no matter how hard he tries, also wins a trip in the radio contest. Complications arise when the manager of the hotel is tipped off by Mr. Morgan's meddling housekeeper that the famous soap industrialist is there incognito, and the manager promptly believes that Bob Young is the millionaire. And to add to the confusion Mr. Morgan's daughter, Florence Rice, arrives at the hotel, falls in love with Bob, but must conceal her identity.

It's all quite mad and merry and winter resortish, and reaches a new high in low comedy when the dignified Edna Mae Oliver starts going down the side of a mountain on a pair of skis—while she tries to keep her skirts down. There's an excellent cast, with Mary Astor playing a scheming divorcee who endeavors to compromise first Bob and then Mr. Morgan, when she learns he is the millionaire; Reginald Owen as a baffled butler; Herman Bing as a snobbish hotel porter, and Henry Hull as a dish washer who becomes the daffy millionaire's buddy. There are plenty of chuckles and guffaws.

ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS

FOR ALL TRUE LOVERS OF MYSTERY YARNS—M-G-M

ARSENE LUPIN, Europe's famous jewel thief, wasn't drowned in the Seine after all, it seems. But, in the person of Melvyn Douglas, has been discovered by good old Metro, raising pigs and living down his past on a charming country estate.

However, when a nasty crook breaks open a safe, steals some famous emeralds, and scrawls the likeness of Arsene's signature across the safe, Monsieur Lupin feels that it is now time to disclose his identity and protect himself. Working on the case is an American detective, Warren William, and the one-time thief and the detective join forces and eventually track down the real offender. Beautiful Virginia Bruce plays Arsene's fiancée.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER

IN WHICH ED. G. ROBINSON REFORMS—IVB

HERE'S one of the funniest pictures you'll ever be lucky enough to see. It's simply full of laughs, great big belly laughs. Eddie Robinson plays a reformed public enemy with a tender heart for orphans. Comes "repeal" and Eddie decides to become a gentleman brewer and he takes on his former gangsters, Allen Jenkins, Harold Huber and Edward Brophy, as house servants. Ruth Donnelly is his wife and has strict instructions to act like a lady, but her efforts at pretty manners, as well as those of the boys, are a terrific flop.

Jane Bryan plays Eddie's sweet little daughter who has been away at school, and Willard Parker, a newcomer, her boy friend.

*Brings
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this new Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"

*"A cleansing
cream that also
nourishes the
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achievement"*

Mrs. Arthur Richardson



Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

A NEW KIND of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to Skin Health

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of



(ABOVE) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.

(CENTER) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.

all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now *nourishes* your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 7SS-CR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street _____

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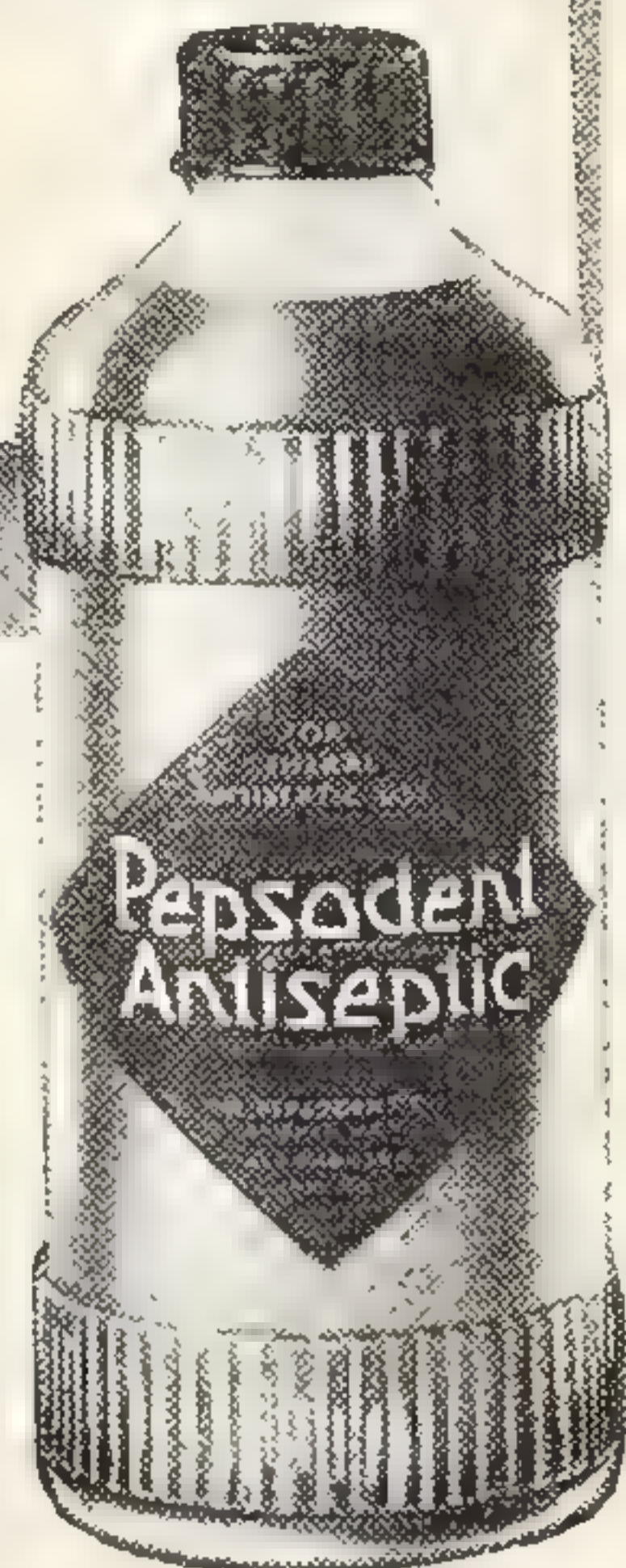
Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Tuesdays, 8:00 P. M., E. S. T., N. B. C. Blue Network



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Power... One bottle
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water, still kills germs in sec-
onds... Lasts 3 times as long!

**MAKES YOUR MONEY GO
3 TIMES AS FAR!**

SOME FISH STORIES

Dedicated To The Men
Who Catch Their Own
And The Women Who
Have To Cook Them.

By
Ruth Corbin
(All recipes pre-tested)

MEN, as a rule, like seafood in all its forms and these recipes cover a wide variety of the denizens of the deep. Many of them are so new as to be appearing for the first time in print; others are well known epicurean delights. Fish should be an important item in our diet because it supplies several elements not contained in meat, particularly iodine.

FISH FILLETS WITH GREEN OLIVE SAUCE

Cover fish fillets with boiling water, add a few sprigs of parsley, a small piece of bay leaf, a few slices of carrot, celery leaves, salt and pepper. Simmer for 5 minutes. Remove fish to a hot pyrex platter and keep hot. Boil liquid 2 or 3 minutes, strain and use in following sauce:

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons Hecker's flour
- 1 cup fish stock
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup Sunbeam olives, cut in strips
- Salt and pepper

Melt half the butter and blend in the flour. Add fish stock gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add remaining ingredients and pour over fish.

FILLETS OF FISH EN PAPILOTTES

This is a decorative and unusual dish if the cases, or papillottes, are made of Cellophane instead of ordinary greaseproof paper. Wash some fish fillets, season with salt, pepper and a squeeze of lemon juice. Cut oblong pieces of Cellophane large enough to completely and loosely envelop a fillet. Lay a fillet on each piece of this. Skin some tomatoes and slice finely. Put 3 slices on each fillet, place dabs of butter on tomato, then fold and roll edges of Cellophane until fillet is encased. Place on a baking sheet and bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven. Serve on a hot platter in the "papillottes."

SMOKED WHITEFISH BAKED IN TOMATO SOUP

Put 1 smoked whitefish in a pyrex baking dish. Add 2 onions, sliced, 1/2 green pepper, chopped, 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, salt and pepper and bake for 30 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.).

TROUT AMANDINE

This is a famous dish in old New Orleans, flavored in the French manner. In a bright little restaurant known as La Louisiana, Chef Anatole confided his favorite recipe to me many months ago. You may use trout or pompano or any white fish of mild flavor.

Tenderloin a deep-sea speckled trout, season with salt and pepper, dust with flour and fry until golden brown in butter. Re-



Andrea Leeds is concentrating over her "pretty kettle of fish."

move from fire, add about 3/4 cup blanched almonds, cut Julienne style, to the butter and the juice of 1 lemon. Pour almond butter sauce over trout and when ready to serve sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Trout is more often than otherwise dipped in flour or fine bread crumbs and browned in deep, boiling cooking oil but the above recipe and the one below are interesting and novel changes.

TROUT CAPRICE

Take 1 trout for each person. Clean and dip them in milk. Drain and roll in flour. Season with salt and pepper and fry in a little butter at the foaming stage. Brown on both sides. Remove to serving platter. In same butter fry banana halves, placing a half on each trout. Melt a little more butter, to which you add some lemon juice which you pour when at foaming stage on fish and bananas. Serve at once.

CODFISH PUFFS

- 1/2 pound salted codfish
- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced chives or parsley
- 2 well beaten eggs
- Spry for frying

Soak codfish in cold water half an hour. Drain, cover with fresh water, simmer 20 minutes or until tender. Drain, squeeze out water and shred with fork. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. If potatoes are cold and dry, a little milk must be added. Spoon mixture lightly into deep, hot fat, (390° F.). Brown and drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

SEAFOOD PLATTER

Remove black veins from a jar of Sunbeam wet shrimp. Heat in a little butter. Cover 1/2 pound scallops with boiling water, season highly with salt and pepper, add a slice of lemon. Simmer 5 minutes. Drain. Dip a dozen oysters into well seasoned bread crumbs and fry in cooking oil until lightly browned. Season 3/4 pound smelts with salt and pepper and fry in butter over low heat. Arrange all seafood on hot platter, garnish with lemon and parsley and serve at once.

"I've found LOVE"


says
**ANNE
SHIRLEY**

"With women, Romance comes first...that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"


"LOVELY SKIN wins romance — **L** and *holds* it," says this charming young screen star. "So don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing stale rouge and powder *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up, **ALWAYS** before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather. It keeps skin *smooth!*


STAR OF
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"Condemned Women"



● Don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil your looks. Screen stars use such a simple, easy care to keep skin smooth—gentle Lux Toilet Soap.



● And clever girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin Hollywood's way—by removing cosmetics *thoroughly* with this **ACTIVE** lather.



● They take the screen stars' tip—win romance—and *hold* it—with skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it





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So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its *protection* from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.



Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Projection—Myrna Loy

[Continued from page 55]

"You can't improve on Myrna."

William Powell will break into paragraphs whenever you mention Myrna to him. Recently he said, "Ever since Myrna played the role of Nora in the first 'Thin Man' (she was really playing Myrna Loy) thousands of men have wanted to marry her. It seems that Nora was the kind of a wife they had been looking for all their lives. She was every man's dream of what a wife should be—beautiful and glamorous with a sense of humor, provocative and feminine without being saccharine or sharp, a perfect pal who never lost her temper, jumped at conclusions, or nagged a guy. Charming, sophisticated domesticity, that's Nora—and that's Myrna."

Mr. Powell's nine-to-six wife left the ranch at the age of seven and moved with her family to a frame house on Fifth Avenue, Helena, Montana. Not far away lived Judge Cooper and his lanky boy Frank, who later turned out to be Gary Cooper, but I don't have to tell you *that*. Gary doesn't remember much about Myrna except that she had freckles and red hair and used to play "The Wedding of the Winds" very badly. Myrna doesn't remember much about Gary except that he once called her a "sissy" because she was afraid to go into a dark cellar.

Mrs. Williams' health had been bad ever since the birth of Myrna's younger brother David, and so Mr. Williams decided to avoid a bleak Montana winter by bringing his family on a visit to Santa Monica. One day he obtained a pass from a friend and took Myrna through the Universal Studios. In utter fascination she stood in a corner of the stage, timidly clutching at her father's hand, and watched for hours while Jack Pickford, William Farnum and Dorothy Davenport acted before the camera. When they returned to Helena several months later Myrna had definitely made up her mind that the theatre would be her life's work.

She wasn't beautiful, she knew that. She must have an extra talent as her entree. Dancing! That was it! After weeks of pestering her family she was sent to Miss Alice Thompson, the local dancing teacher in Helena, for instruction. She proved an apt pupil—her "Bluebird" dance was quite the sensation of the town—and this gave Myrna great hopes for a professional career.

Mr. Williams died in the flu epidemic of 1918, and little Myrna was broken-hearted, as she had always been very close to her kindly, understanding father. Myrna's mother decided to sell their possessions in Montana and move to the warm sunshine of California. In 1919 they moved to Culver City and Myrna entered the Westlake School for Girls, but after a year at the exclusive girls' school decided that she liked public school better.

While in high school she taught dancing in the Culver City dancing school for twenty-five dollars a month—and only a few blocks from the massive gates of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios! Those massive gates are only too pleased to open for Miss Loy's car today, but at that time she had about as much chance of getting into the White House as she did of getting into the Metro studio. It was after she had graduated from the Venice High School that Myrna decided to take a job dancing in the chorus of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. She was in the chorus for a year and three months.

About this time a photographer named Henry Waxman noticed Myrna's peculiar type of beauty, and asked her to pose for

some photographs. He believed that she had great screen possibilities. When the famous Valentino and his wife visited his studio one day, Waxman showed them the photographs of his "find," and Valentino promptly sent for Myrna and asked her to make a screen test. The test was not good, but it marked the beginning of a friendship that lasted up until the time of Valentino's death in New York City. She had given up her job dancing in anticipation of a picture career, so now there was nothing left for her to do but try the crash-the-gate system. The system wasn't so hot.

"Then, one day, my big opportunity came," Myrna recalls. "I was called by Metro to make a screen test. But it was not to be a screen test of myself, as I sadly learned later. It was to be a costume test and they wouldn't even permit me to put make-up on to hide my freckles. For weeks after that I sat around the casting office without even the good luck of making a costume test. Finally Christy Cabanne, the director, saw me. He informed me that he wanted me to play the role of the Madonna in 'Ben Hur.' My hopes soared high. The Madonna role was given to me after a screen test. At last I was an actress! Three hours later they took it away from me and gave it to Betty Bronson. They said I looked too Oriental."

However, Myrna was given a small bit in the picture, that of the "fallen woman," and was only too glad to get twenty-five dollars a day for doing it. This was the beginning of a long series of "menace" and native girl roles that almost finished off Myrna's career before it got started. Her second picture was a thirty-five dollar a day bit in "Pretty Ladies," which starred Norma Shearer. Also doing a bit in that picture was a girl named Lucille Le Sueur, who soon afterwards was to become Joan Crawford. Only recently, Joan and Myrna renewed a friendship which began at that time.

Then came "What Price Beauty," the picture which Valentino's wife, Natacha, produced and in which Myrna wore amazing headdresses and slinked her way across the screen exuding glamour. "I didn't want to be exotic," she says, "I wanted to be a normal young girl. But it seems I was typed already."

Through Lowell Sherman she was brought to the attention of the Warner Brothers, and while there signed her first long term contract. She went from Oriental to native. Talking pictures came in and the studio made her talk with an accent. After "The Squall" she decided she would never play another native girl. But she did.

The first person to discover that Myrna had talent to do other types of roles was the man to whom she is now married, Arthur Hornblow. At that time Myrna, having been released by Warners and Fox, was free lancing and Hornblow was a producer at United Artists. He got her a sympathetic part in "The Devil to Pay." At last, thought Myrna, this will be a turning point. But although she scored in "Consolation Marriage" with Irene Dunne, and "Rebound" with Ina Claire, the producers were still afraid to take a chance on Oriental Myrna, and she had to go back to her dark-skinned "heavies." "The Williams," said Myrna, "had to eat."

Irving Thalberg saw her do a small part in "Arrowsmith" and immediately signed her to a long term Metro contract, and she has been at that studio ever since. "When Ladies Meet," with Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery, started her on the road to fame. There haven't been any native girl detours since then. But it was her humorous role as Bill Powell's pleasure-loving wife in "The Thin Man" that threw Myrna right into the arms of her adoring public, a spot she has held ever since.

He Supplies the Background

[Continued from page 33]

Like a doctor going to Vienna to brush up on his medicine."

"Name some of the outstanding plays you have done," we asked him.

He took a deep breath, a characteristic habit when he is talking. "Well, I was in 'Uncle Vanya,' with Lillian Gish and Os-good Perkins. Mention his name, I'm sure it will please his wife. 'The Good Fairy,' with Helen Hayes. 'The Late Christopher Bean,' with Pauline Lord. 'The Bishop Misbehaves,' with Jane Wyatt. But I have never done anything in pictures that I have done on the stage." Again that deep breath, but this time it was like a sigh. "I don't exactly regret it. Sometimes you break your heart doing things on the screen."

He digressed on the relative merits of stage and screen, and pointed out the differences in stage and screen acting.

"I like working in Hollywood, and my experiences here have been on the whole very pleasant. But the screen is primarily the director's medium, and as an actor, I derive greater satisfaction from the stage. You know, for a long time I refused to come to Hollywood. It took me fifteen years to recover from my first experience as a motion picture player. I made a picture with William Farnum in 1917. But what a tremendous progress the movies had made in fifteen years, when I came to Hollywood in 1932! The movies had come of age, and today, no serious actor can ignore the screen. Now everybody goes to the movies. The stage cannot duplicate some of the wonderful things we are seeing on the



Florence George, former Chicago Civic Opera singer, with her chow dog, monkey and parrot. She's in "College Swing," but the pets stay at home.

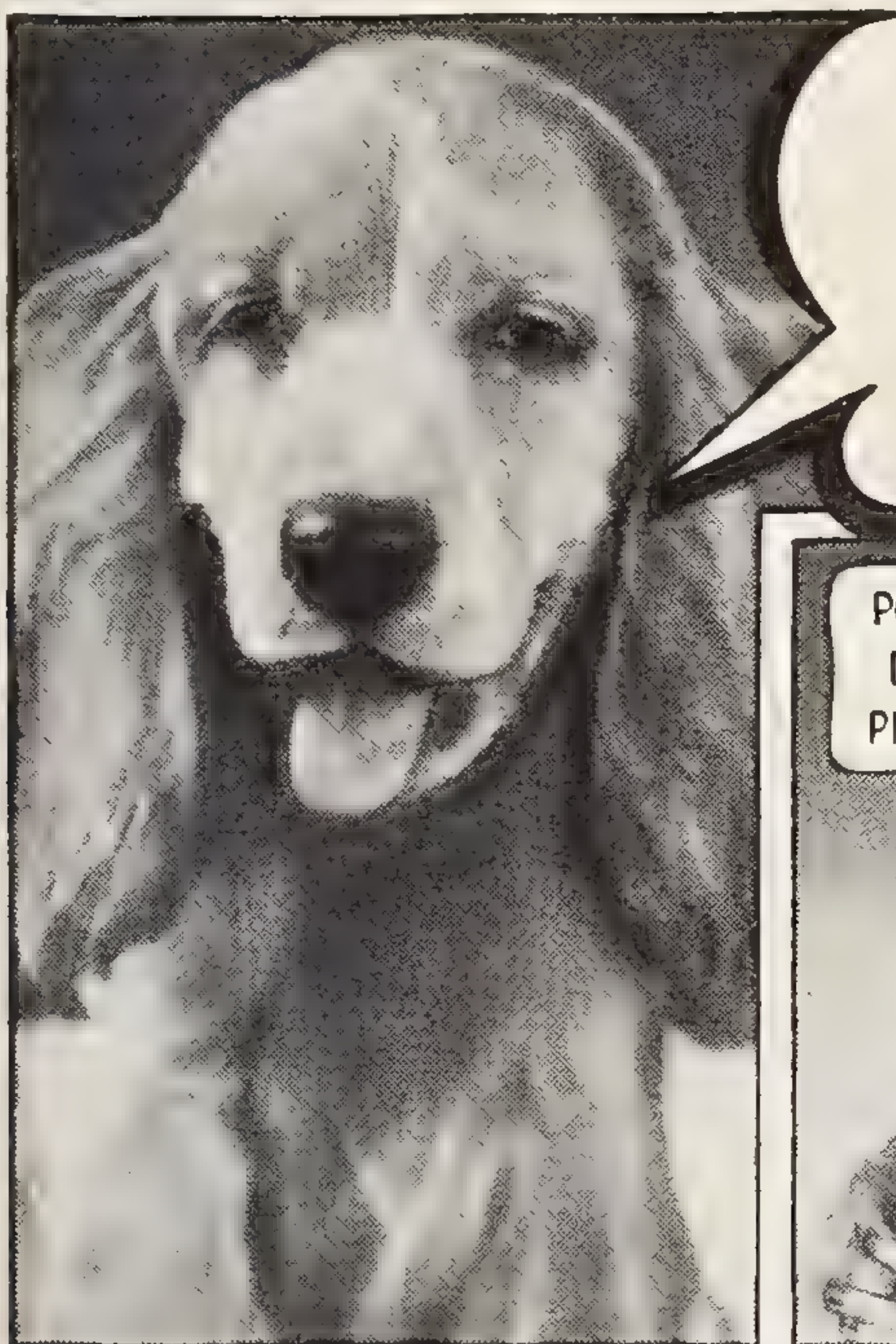
screen today. You can't have whole armies marching, oceans and forests in all their natural hues, cities and real streets on the stage. And your acting on the screen is a permanent record. It doesn't die with you. And then of course, the screen actor has a world-wide audience. These are advantages that cannot be overlooked.

"On the other hand," Mr. Connolly went on, "on the stage you are playing with an audience, a living audience. Every actor knows what playing with an audience means. There is a certain subtle and powerful bond that must be established between the actor and his audience before

he can play truly. On the stage you stand on your own feet, create your character yourself, and are not a puppet in the hands of the director, the cameraman, the sound engineer, the film cutter, etc. On the stage, furthermore, you are the master of your own career. But in pictures, you work for the boss. You are put under long-term contract, and the boss controls your career. You have to do what he wants you to. If once you score as a villain, or as a nice daddy, chances are he will want you to play villains or nice daddies the rest of your life. Fortunately, in Harry Cohn, I have a good boss. I get more offers to play nice daddies, but I have also played rather hard boiled chaps, too. I have a really stark role in 'Penitentiary.'"

Mr. Connolly believes that the screen is a decidedly more difficult medium for the character actor. "On the stage you rehearse for four weeks; on the screen, 15 minutes. Often, never. The leading man and woman have merely to project their own personalities on the screen. They play themselves. But your character man has to play somebody else, and he has a very short time to do it in. He has to be pretty accurate in his acting, and this requires long experience in dealing with living audiences.

"Many directors don't want you to rehearse at all. Time and again I have worked out characters in my mind in great detail, to find that the director had entirely different ideas about it. There is another difficulty to consider. The script in neither stage nor screen work is perfect. But on the stage you have four weeks to experiment with the script. On the screen you have to do your repair work half an hour before shooting starts. Sometimes the studio will spend \$50,000 to improve a certain scene after it has been shot, but this doesn't happen very often. The expense is prohibitive."



WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT NICE MAN?

POOR TUFFIE! YOU MISS JOHN, TOO, DON'T YOU? LISTEN! THERE'S THE PHONE! MAYBE THAT'S JOHN NOW!



NO TUFFIE--JUST THE DENTIST'S OFFICE CALLING ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT. SAY! THAT REMINDS ME OF THOSE BAD BREATH ADS! I WONDER...



YES, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! THERE SHE GOES WITH THAT JOHN MAN AGAIN!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



THOUSANDS MARVEL TO SEE THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT

*As these Wonderful New
IRONIZED YEAST Tablets
Add 10-25 lbs. in a Few Weeks*

SCIENTISTS have discovered that thousands of people are thin and run-down only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Once these elements are properly supplied, as they now are in these amazing, new Ironized Yeast tablets, the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands report wonderful new pep, gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—complexions naturally clear and fresh—a new natural attractiveness that wins friends everywhere.



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Food chemists have found that one of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special rich yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process, this imported English ale yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron and pasteurized ale yeast are added.

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get it today.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 264, Atlanta, Ga.



IMPORTANT

Beware of substitutes. Be sure you get genuine
IRONIZED YEAST.

LOOK FOR "IY"

ON EACH TABLET

His favorite actors? "It's not a good policy to name favorites in this business. Hollywood has become the concentration point of the acting talent in the world. Scores of players have their individual merits. I am a great admirer of Paul Muni. Also of Charles Laughton. Both are so-called character actors. Among the leading men, I like the finished technique of William Powell. And Tyrone Power, I believe, will go places."

His own favorite screen role? "Claudette Colbert's father in 'It Happened One Night.' I still hear about it."

Mr. Connolly has sincere admiration for the Hollywood of today. "Producers and technicians are always experimenting to improve their product. Speaking as a character actor, I have only one wish: That Hollywood would do away with heroes and heroines and villains, do away with all tin-types, and put real human beings on the screen, in other words, replace personalities with characters. When you have a hero who is also a character actor in the full meaning of that word, he won't let anybody steal the show from him. As things are now, the character actor is the stuffing in the pudding."

Presently Mrs. Connolly (Nedda Harrigan, a Broadway star in her own right who is now working in a film) entered the room with their daughter, Ann. Mr. Connolly's hair has a sprinkle of gray, but his wife looks about 25, a slender, strikingly attractive brunette. There is a crisp, aristocratic air about her. They have been married since 1920. Ann is 13, a healthy outdoor type of girl. Both of her parents are brown-eyed, but she has blue eyes. "She doesn't look like either of us, she has taken after her grandmother," her father said with a fond look in her direction. "She wants to go on the stage. I hope she will make good."

It was time for us to leave, and he walked with us through the garden. "I never dreamed of owning a house before. I love this garden. My happiest memories of childhood are associated with the summers I spent on a farm. I have been a nature lover since then. One of my problems is what to do with these olives. Nobody out here seems to know how to pickle them. I want to lay in a supply of home-made olive oil—we like French and Italian cooking—but I don't know whether I should squeeze them green or black."

The character actor was talking like a country squire.



In "Stolen Heaven," Gene Raymond gives Olympia Bradena her first kiss. It's an old heavenly custom.

Part of the Show

[Continued from page 53]

sun-bathing disport themselves practically au naturel, and a recreation hall where the cuties practice their tap dancing. Doorplates on the bedrooms bear such names as Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, etc., representing \$1,000 room-endowments. The age limit for admission is 18 to 35. You can share a room with another girl for as little as \$8 a week. The rates for private rooms run up to \$13 a week. Board is included. We have dined there: the meals are excellent. The Club is affiliated with the national Y. W. C. A., but by no means is a rescue mission or gospel home. Doors to the Club are open all night. The girls can smoke in their rooms, entertain male friends in the library and lounges until 1 a. m.

There is always something going on at the Studio Club—minstrel shows, plays and musical programs, dances, teas and dinners, lectures and athletic contests. Its social life is informal and democratic. The Studio Club is an institution, where, as one girl expressed it, "stars and extras rub elbows with reckless abandon."

One of our favorite people in Hollywood is Miss Williams, the secretary of the Studio Club for the past 11 years. A woman of wide sympathies and a lovely smile. She has had to solve innumerable problems—illness and accidents, birth and death, love and marriage, drinking and sex, mental unbalance, and even suicide and murder. During the past 10 years more than a thousand girls have found shelter at the Studio Club in time of their greatest need. Naturally, there have been many dramatic cases, but Miss Williams hesitates to mention them, because they have been the exceptions and not the rule.

Unemployment is the greatest problem many of the club residents have to face. Said Miss Williams, as she took us around: "Since the depression we have had to carry a larger number of girls who could not pay, and although the majority try to pay their accounts when they do secure employment, we have found it necessary to write off a larger amount each year for uncollectable and doubtful accounts. We consider this a legitimate charge and a service for which we exist."

During the past few years Hollywood has become a model town, so to speak. There is an increasing demand for models by studios as well as advertising agencies, and today Hollywood boasts a Bohemia only second to that of New York. Walter Wanger engaged fourteen models from New York for the "Vogues of 1938," and they were really a select group of potent vendors of tooth-paste and cigarettes and lingerie and fur coats, but Russell Patterson, a New York magazine illustrator now under contract to Paramount, tells me that the country's most beautiful models are to be found in Hollywood, which has become a goal of those radiant, shapely creatures who send the bald-headed rows into rhapsodies of delight.

Under the circumstances it is inevitable that Hollywood should have its Greenwich Village, which is centered around the Artists and Models Club, of which I have had the honor of being a member for the past three years, presumably as an "artist." For purposes of membership the meaning of this word has been stretched to include practitioners of the seven arts, of which the profession of batting out salable words is one.

This is a non-profit corporation, which can supply any type of artist, artist's model or mannequin at a moment's notice. It holds open house every Friday afternoon,

when members of the club drop in to talk shop. Once a month it gives a strictly invitational party, and its annual balls, known as "Mystery Bacchanale," are famous festivals of stripped pulchritude and dissipation. This year's ball enjoyed the sponsorship of Paramount studio. This organization, furthermore, gives an annual marriage party, for its founder and president, Doris Harman, is a born matchmaker.

For a year Doris was the only model Dean Cornwell employed. Her figure can be seen in the famed murals of the Los Angeles Public Library. She has posed for McClelland Barclay, Willy Pogany and other celebrated artists. She is 24, curvaceous, with light brown hair and blue eyes. She is writing a technical book on modeling, has sold fiction and articles to magazines, and her lyrics are enjoyed greatly in the inner circles of Hollywood's Bohemia.

Here are a few facts and opinions on modeling and the model situation in Hollywood, according to Doris, who is the model authority in this area.

There are about 400 models, and 3,000 artists. Modeling has become a definite profession for girls, with its ethics, established price scales, traditions. But it's a precarious profession. Calls for work are few and far between. All models are something else besides—film dancers, night club singers, dress designers, actresses, stenographers, etc. Violet Ownby, a well-known model, works in the fan mail department of the MGM studio. She is 19, was graduated with honors from Beverly Hills High School. Elissa Bohnen, a luscious brunette with a Madonna face, works as a cashier in a Los Angeles store.

"The model works only spasmodically," Doris says, "and can never tell from one week to the next how much work she will or will not have. Nevertheless, she must keep in training like any good soldier and always be ready for a call at any hour of the day or night." Some will pose in the nude, others will not. It seems models who pose in the nude are seized with an itching mania, but they can't scratch, and must retain their pose, which requires the infinite patience of Job. Try to hold a pose for five minutes, and you will get the idea. Acrobatic stunts are in the day's work. Doris once had to stand on her head for an hour and a half, twenty minutes at a time, for a sculptress who was doing an upside-down figure.

"The hips and the bust should measure exactly the same," Doris says, "if a girl is to be considered an ideal model. But in Europe the standards differ. European artists prefer girls with wider hips, from two to three inches wider than the bust. 'Models for sculptors should be well muscled, even if they are slim. Painters like interesting and vivid coloring. Modern painters prefer strong bodies with vivid coloring, even sun tan. The older artists and academicians like a pearly, iridescent white skin. No nude model should permit herself to get bathing suit lines, as this ruins her for painting, drawing, or photography. She should acquire a tan all over.'"

This club has a notable marital record. Besides eight successful marriages within its own membership, it has been directly or indirectly responsible for numerous trips to the altar. Models marry not only artists and photographers, but writers, doctors, business men, lawyers. They make good wives.

Lynn Bailey, a romantic brunette, is secretary of the Artists and Models Club, and is recognized as the outstanding model on the Coast. She was elected Queen of the "Mystery Bacchanale" from 156 entrants, the requirements for this honor being beauty, talent, and personal charm. For two years she worked in the cutting department of the Paramount Studio, and meanwhile

I'M TEACHING GIRLS A LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

Cashmere
Bouquet

I LOVE BATHING WITH
CASHMERE BOUQUET...
THE EXQUISITE, PERFUMED
SOAP THAT
KEEPS A GIRL
FRAGRANTLY
DAINTY!

FIRST, THE DEEP-CLEANSING
LATHER OF THIS LOVELY
PERFUMED SOAP
REMOVES EVERY
TRACE OF
BODY ODOR..

THEN, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S
LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS
TO YOUR SKIN! LONG
AFTER YOUR BATH
IT GUARDS YOUR
DAINTINESS IN
SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

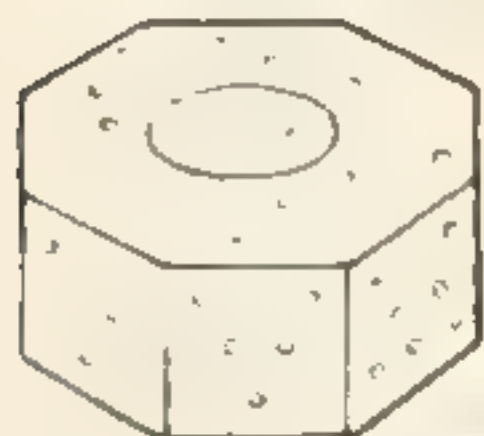
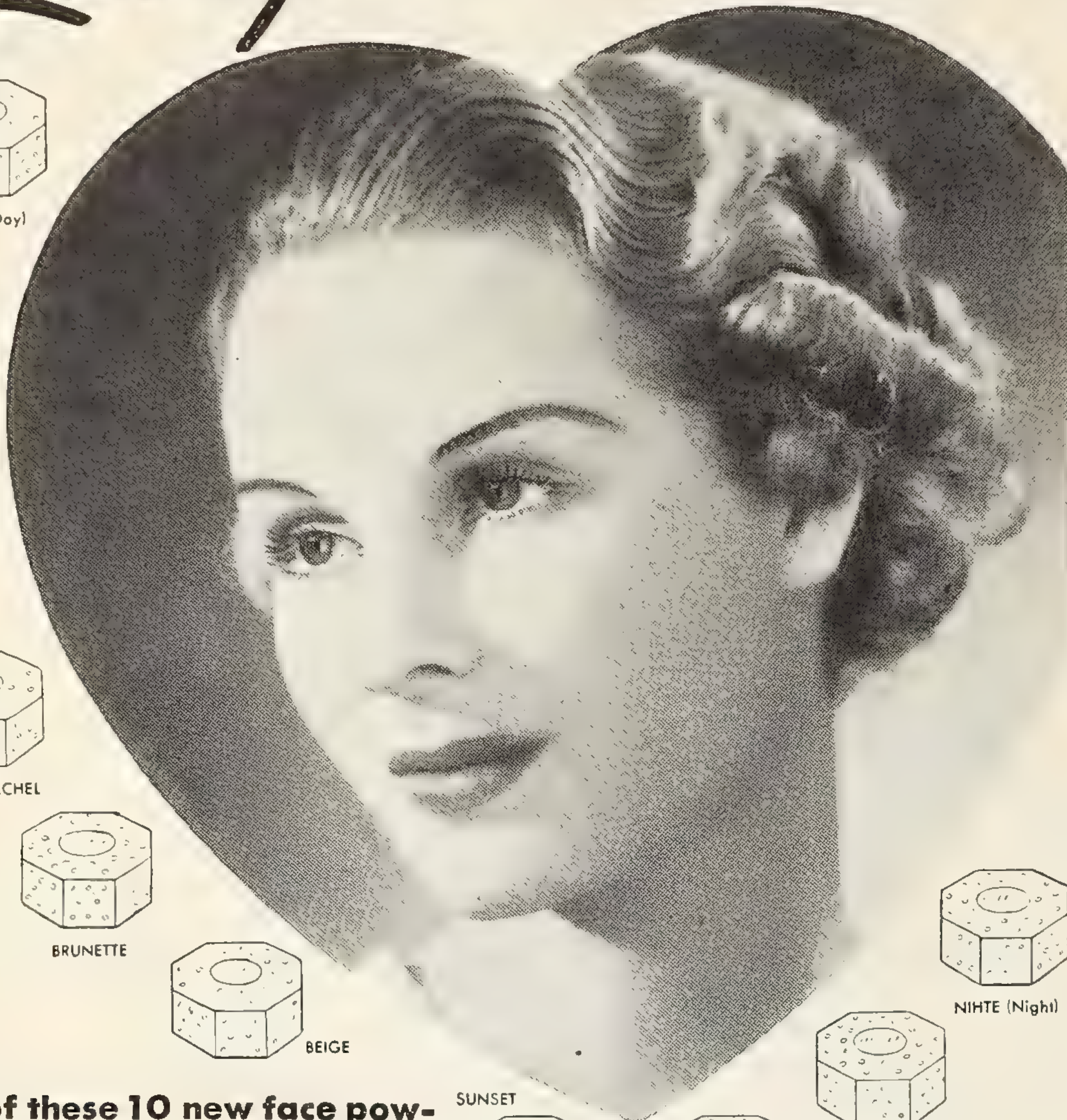


ONLY 10¢ at drug, department,
and ten-cent stores

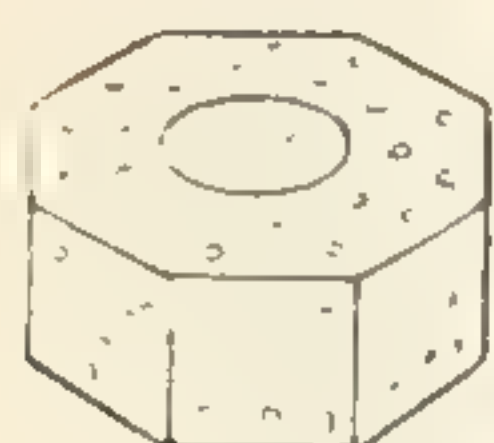
TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SILVER SCREEN

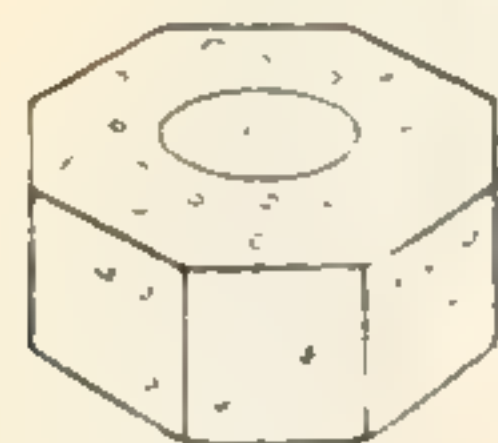
ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S *Lucky in love?*



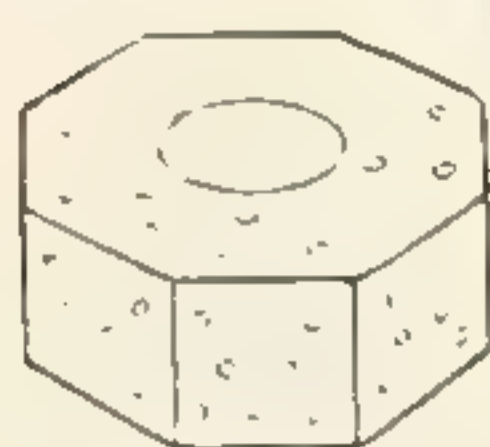
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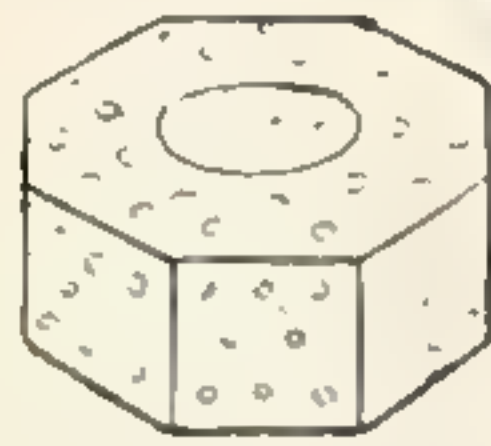
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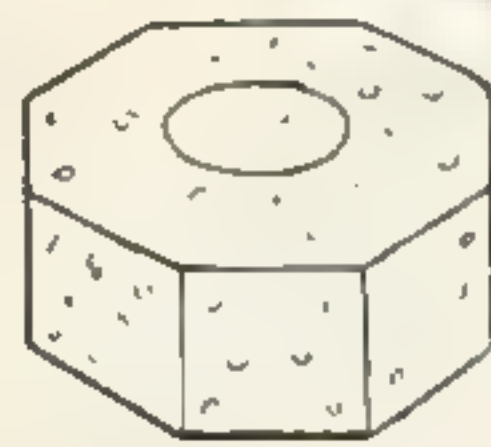
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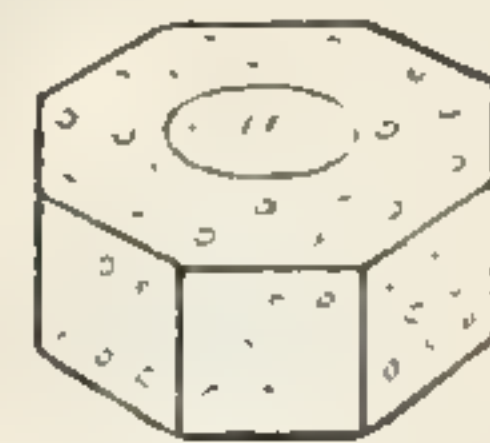
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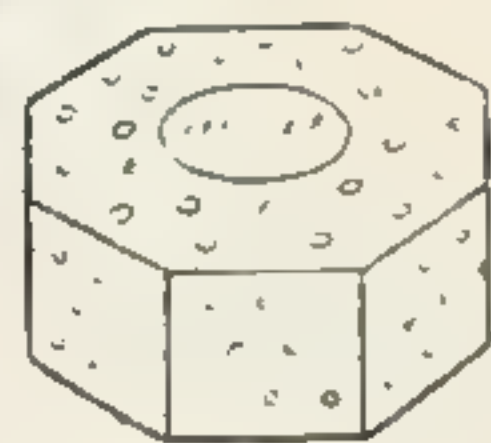
BRUNETTE



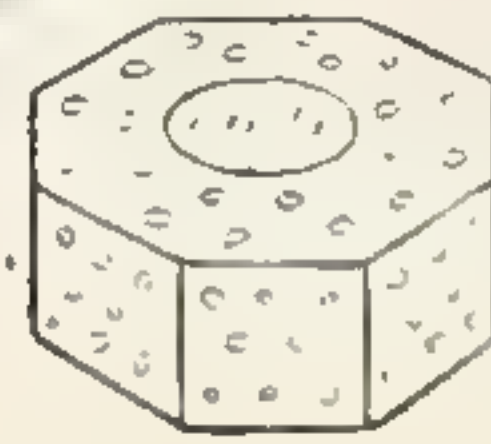
BEIGE



NIHTE (Night)



MID-NIHTE SUN



DARK BRUNETTE



SUNSET

Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion... win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited... I know, because I've seen it happen.... Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, *and more*, you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades... so you *will* find the one that can "do things" for you.

For *one certain color* can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin... give it flattering freshness... make it vibrant, alive! Another color that *looks* almost the same in the box,

may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the *only color* that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes... the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(41)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

modeled. Today, thanks to the fame she gained as a model, she is definitely on her way to a screen career. She has graced the covers and pages of numerous magazines—Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Fortune, Esquire, Saturday Evening Post, etc.—is an official model for the All Year Club of Southern California—you have seen her taking a sun bath in a patio or playing golf against a background of sunshine and flowers—has posed for Rolph Armstrong, Willy Pogany, Dean Cornwell, and her hands are so beautiful, that she doubled for Marlene Dietrich in "The Garden of Allah," when a close-up of her hands was taken during the kissing scenes.

Ten years ago modeling hardly existed as a business. The use of beautiful girls' photographs in advertising created a great demand for models. Today there is hardly a girl in the country who doesn't aspire to be a model. And one-fourth of all the models in the country are to be found in Hollywood. It seems to be a much better way of breaking into films than extra or chorus work. The chorus girl is lost in a crowd of fifty or seventy-five girls kicking their legs, but when a girl wears an expensive gown or costume, she is photographed along with the dress she is displaying, and gets a chance to show her individual charm. Modeling cannot be depended upon for a steady income, but it's an excellent means for earning some extra money and making the battle of gate-crashing much easier in this heartless town on the shores of the blue Pacific.

As for the men in Hollywood who stand out from the rank and file, Earl Bunn is the most unique.

Many of your favorite players have put their lives in his hands for their art's sake. He shoots at them with revolvers, rifles, machine guns, and performs amazing stunts with bullets and dynamite.

He knows how Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Wallace Beery, Jack Holt, Victor McLaglen, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck and many other stars stand up under fire. "The stars behave a damn sight better than the extras," he says. "Many of the stars are sportsmen, and thoroughly familiar with the use of fire-arms. They don't get excited. I have shot their hats off, drilled patterns around their heads with machine-gun bullets, and they have stood it without batting an eye."

I watched him pump volleys of machine gun bullets through the panel of a closed door on a set at Columbia Studio. As the bullets struck a specially constructed sand stack a camera photographed them at close range, to give the necessary authentic touch to a shooting sequence between two gunmen. Such sequences are never faked. He used a real machine gun shooting live bullets.

Earl Bunn can't afford to fail; he must keep his shooting record clear. A slight miscalculation or a wrong cue may have fatal results, cause a massacre on the crowded sets. "The man behind the gun has the most dangerous spot," Bunn says, smiling. "Bullets sometimes will ricochet. But so far I haven't had a scratch."

A world war veteran wounded 14 times, Bunn holds special permits from federal, state and local governments to perform with fire-arms and dynamite. He is also known as a powder man. When he walks there is a noticeable limp in his gait. A kindly, soft-spoken man, in horn-rimmed specs. Gangsters have approached him with offers of big money, but he'd rather sleep at nights.

Earl is just another addition to the army of specialists the studios employ to pack your photodramas with realism.

BECAUSE "In Old Chicago" is so much like "San Francisco" the Hollywood wags are calling it "In San Chicago."

Flashshots

[Continued from page 23]

to their antics. That was something!

Dancing around, the same evening, and evidently thoroughly enjoying it was Frank Shields, movie actor and tennis star. His dancing partner when I photographed him was a charming red-haired girl who, as Mrs. John Jacob Astor, carries one of the most potent social names in America.

ZaSu Pitts, of the helpless hands and sad-eyed comedy face, I caught as she arrived for dinner at "21" one night. Her companion was busy paying the taxi and I never did discover who he was.

This summer, out in Hollywood, one of the loveliest looking girls I met was Virginia Field, who was rapidly climbing the ladder of success on the Fox lot. She turned up in New York, glowing and blonde, with David Hutcheson, the English actor, and Auriel Lee, the writer and producer. It was with surprise that Auriel re-introduced Miss Field to me as her niece. I had often heard Auriel speak of her niece in Hollywood with pride and affection, but I had had no idea that it was Virginia Field.

Another night in New York I saw June Lang with A. C. Blumenthal, who is one of the town's characters and financial wizards. Their arrival from the Coast had been much heralded in the newspapers, which seemed to overlook the fact that, although separated from him, he is still legally married to Peggy Fears, a former Follies girl with a charming singing voice, who is most often in the papers for being sued by a dressmaker or some other such person—which intensely annoys La Fears. However, Blumenthal and the beauteous Miss Lang seemed immensely fond of one another and made no attempt to hide it.

Legs Helped!

[Continued from page 21]

girls everywhere have legs, knees, oftentimes dimples and even, in the interests of truth, thighs. There is just no telling where they will take us! Legs are like that. Each and every pair of "curving poems" is a potential hazard to the Hollywood stars! Of course one must concede a certain talent and individuality, if not beauty, but all things being equal, if the general form is not of the knock-knock variety the studio is very apt to say "who's there?" to the novitiate and from that point you're on your own!

Why, Joan Crawford, who, as a dancing daughter upped her way to stardom and *Finer Things*, is finding that several poor pictures coming in rapid succession calls for extreme measures—so our Joanie is taking the matter advisedly and in her latest, "Mannequin," the twin glories of the Tone family come in for some extra cheering.

Now you may not be a Betty Grable—I might as well tell you I'm not one myself—but you mustn't let that discourage you. Betty, whose legs are insured for \$3,000,000, or should be if I've made that up, is Really Something when it comes to the abbreviated or "short short" costume. If those young legs don't deceive me she is destined to become a sort of Carole Joan Rogers. I only hope, as the Great Grable, that she won't forget the legs which gave her her start—that, most important of all, she won't outgrow them!

For legs have *definitely* come to pay!

SEE THAT REINDEER HUNTER'S SMILE

Where cities stand today, hunters once pursued the deer. A hard, chancy life — yet lucky, too! Tough, primitive fare kept the hunter's teeth properly exercised—wonderfully healthy! We modern folk eat softer foods—give our teeth too little healthful exercise.



MODERN TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

That special, firm consistency of Dentyne invites more vigorous chewing exercise—stimulates the circulation of the blood in the mouth tissues—stimulates the salivary glands too, promoting natural self-cleansing. Dentyne's a real aid to sturdier, whiter teeth!



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

... MOUTH HEALTHY

YOU'LL ENJOY ITS SPICY FLAVOR!

A spiciness that's sweetly smooth—irresistibly delicious! And notice how handily the Dentyne package slips

into your pocket or handbag—that neatly flat, round-cornered shape is a feature exclusively Dentyne's.

DENTYNE

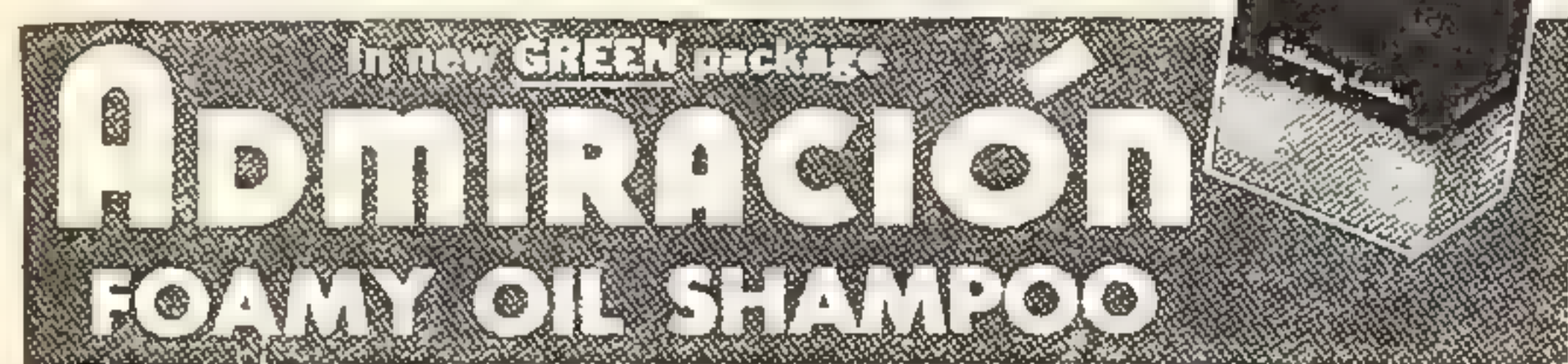
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



Excite men's admiration the *Admiracion* way

• You can't blame men for preferring girls with clean, soft, youthful hair—such qualities enchant a man! So guard your loveliness with *Admiracion*—the new Oil Shampoo that is different from all others. Its rich, creamy lather whisks away dirt, dandruff and dulling film—rinses away completely in water—leaving your hair clean, soft, manageable, alluringly beautiful. And remember, *Admiracion* does not dry nor age your hair—leaves it fresher and younger! At drug, department, 10¢ stores.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for *Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo* in the RED package.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Blind Date With Love

[Continued from page 32]

when asking for a date with her.

"Listen, Sandra," he told her, "I've got a part for you in Gilda Shaw's new picture. We've got several girls trying out for it, but you're the type. I've told the boss about you and he wants to see you right away so he can give you a note to the casting office. I'll be right over for you."

"But, Mr. Lemson," she said, her head whirling. "Is right now the only time I could see him? I have a date and..."

"A date!" Pudge sneered. "You've been trying to crash the films for six months and now I'm giving you a chance, you've gotta date!"

He was right, she had to admit it. With hundreds of dollars of her family's money staked on her slim chances at success, it would be like stealing to refuse. The chances were Chuck would still be at the studio when she got there. Being in pictures himself he'd understand.

"I'm sorry," she told Pudge, "it's just that I was so excited. I'll come of course."

"Well, Beautiful, that sounds more like you!" he said, lapsing into the intimate tone she found so detestable. "Make the lovely little self super-seductive and I'll be right over."

She hated the way he watched her coming downstairs, the soft feel of his thick hand on her arm. Even the sleek, chromium-trimmed studio car waiting outside didn't thrill her as it should have. What if she shouldn't be able to find Chuck? What if Mrs. Doherty forgot to deliver the note she'd left in case he came. In spite of his love for her, there was a certain bitterness about Chuck, a knowledge of Hollywood's scheming ways that might make him think anything. Oh, but he mustn't! She turned her head quickly and looked out at the passing lights, jerking herself free of Pudge's insistently encircling arm.

"Okay! save all the kisses for the lion-tamer. Maybe he'll need 'em," he added significantly.

She longed to ask him what he meant, to find out if her suspicions about trouble with the Princess were true, but she restrained herself.

Later, after they'd been identified by the watchman and passed through the gates, Pudge stopped the car.

"Wait here a minute," he told her. "The Boss said he'd be on the 'Society Scandals' lot. I'll go and hunt him up."

In a few minutes she heard his heavy step on the walk. At the same moment she was aware of a tall figure approaching the car. A figure that, even in the fading light, she recognized as Chuck's.

Chuck had seen her. She was half out of the car, eager to tell him her good news. Then, Pudge stepped between them and encircled her waist with his arm.

"Lo animal-trainer," he greeted jeeringly. "Sorry to disappoint you, but Sandra's my date this evening."

"Chuck!" The word was an entreaty against the sudden hardness in his eyes. "Chuck, please, let me explain. It's..."

White under his tan, his mouth curved in a mocking smile. "Stop, don't tell me. Maybe I can guess," he answered sarcastically. "I know what it is, it's a joke. A great, big funny joke but, until now, I've been too dense to see it. Thank you for explaining it to me," he told Pudge. "It proves that even rats are good for something."

Too stunned to speak or move, Sandra watched him shove Pudge contemptuously aside and stride away.

"Aw, Beautiful, can't you take a joke," Pudge whined, recoiling from the fury in her eyes, "I just did it to show you he

wasn't worth wasting your time with. I'll get you in to see the Boss soon, honest I will. Now let's go somewhere and have a little snifter."

Wordlessly, she pushed him off, ashamed of the chauffeur's impassive back, of the on-lookers who had stopped to gaze curiously at them. Another few minutes and she was outside the studio gates. Too miserable to consider expense, she hailed a taxi.

Hollywood had waited six months before it recognized her existence. Then it had whirled her to the heights and dashed her to the blackest depths, all in a few hours.

The next morning, her eyes huge with lack of sleep, she called Chuck's director. "It's Miss Clayton," she told his secretary, a pleasant girl she'd chatted with the day she was on the lot, "I wondered if you were allowing visitors today?"

"Come on over, I'll leave word at the gate," the girl told her.

"And listen," Sandra said lightly, "don't mention to Mr. Bates that I'm coming. I want to surprise him."

Why had she done this? Sandra asked herself as she hung up. As if she didn't know why perfectly well—because she couldn't stand another night like the last one. If she didn't see him, make him let her explain, she felt she'd go mad. If she called him, he'd refuse to talk to her. On the lot, with curious eyes all around, he'd have to listen.

Thankful that her diminishing wardrobe contained one exquisitely cut white sports dress, she prepared herself to meet him, hunting among her things for a gay, red belt to accent her tiny waist, twisting a red scarf into a turban to bring out the bronze tints in her lovely hair, washing the well-worn gloves to snowy whiteness and praying they'd be dry in time.

As she gave her name at the studio gates, she slipped a pair of dark glasses out of her bag and put them on. Unknowns wore them hoping they'd be mistaken for stars. For her they would be a disguise until the opportunity came for her to talk to Chuck.

Mr. Markinson had given her permission to visit the "Jungle Princess" lot, she told the man who tried to stop her. Thinking her someone of importance, he let her stay and she sat down on some props as far away from the director and his group of assistants as she could. Photographers were trying out camera angles, electricians were wheeling lights about. In the confusion, Sandra knew, no one would bother about her.

Her heart pounding painfully, she searched the fake jungle scene for Chuck's broad shoulders. What if he didn't come today? What if she had to count the minutes, the seconds of another nightmarish night without having told him her being with Lemson was all a ghastly trick!

Lemson! She half turned around. Was her loathing for him playing tricks on her or had she really heard that man in the blue overalls speak his name? She listened.

"Sure it was him. I'd know that fat carcass anywhere." The man bent to tinker with a wire. "He took the whip out from under his coat and poked her like this smack between the eyes. And did she let out a roar! Fit to wake the dead. If I didn't have a family to support, I could tell 'em quick enough why they're having trouble with that there animal."

Long after the men had moved away, Sandra sat, too horrified to think coherently. Her instinct that they were having trouble with the Princess was true. More alarmingly true than she had ever imagined. And it was Pudge's doing. In his rage at Chuck's knocking him down and, as he thought, cutting him out with Sandra, he was trying to make the Princess wild, unmanageable. If she were ruined for pictures, Chuck would be ruined too.

And was this all? Though she was only a cub, the Princess was a powerful animal; perhaps not strong enough to kill, but to maim and disfigure, yes!

She turned agonized eyes back to the set. There was Chuck now—her Chuck, the fire in her pulses told her, yet separated from her by an abyss of misunderstanding. Even though this was not to be a sound shot, everyone was quiet. The cameras were in readiness. There was a tense expectancy in the air.

"All ready Mr. Bates?" she heard the director ask quietly.

"Hold it a minute," Chuck's deep voice called. "Toss me that whip off the chair, someone."

Sandra gave a horrified sob. The whip was the one with the weighted handle that had disappeared the day before. Certainty rushed in on her and grew to a flood of fear. Pudgy Lemson had stolen it! It was the whip the men had seen him beating the Princess with!

The cameras were grinding now. Chuck, whip in hand was crouching on the ground waiting. In a moment, she remembered from the rehearsal, the Princess would be released from a cage behind a clump of bushes. There was a low growl, the sound of the cage door being raised, the director's hand slid nervously to his holster.

Suddenly, every numbed nerve in Sandra's body leaped awake. She must warn Chuck that sight of the whip would lash the Princess to fury. Blindly she rushed forward, her dry throat trying to cry out a warning. "The whip . . . throw away the whip!" She felt as if she were shouting it, yet her lips barely whispered.

She flung herself forward just before the Princess leaped. For a blind instant she was conscious of a flying, black body, of a rending pain in her arm, of a shot that whizzed harmlessly past her head. Then



Harold Lloyd and Julia Faye, who used to play in C. B. De Mille pictures. She has been off the screen for six years and will make a come back in a bit part in Harold's new picture, "Professor Beware!"

her fingers closed over the whip and she flung it from her with all her strength. After that, she didn't know any more.

She awoke to find herself in a sunlit room with her arm hurting and Chuck bending over her.

"Chuck, they didn't shoot her?" she asked, clinging to his hand.

"No, darling," he soothed. "The Princess is all right and very penitent about scratching you up so badly. Now please don't try to talk any more."

"Oh but Chuck I must. I didn't go out on a date with Pudgy that night. You must

understand. . . ! Please try to!"

"Honey, I do," he said gently. "Mrs. Doherty explained most of it—the old gossip must have been listening in on the extension. And I beat Lemson into admitting the rest, including the mysterious disappearance of the whip and its return an hour before we were ready to start shooting. Yes, sweetness," he stopped her as she tried to talk again, "after the accident, the electrician you overheard, told me the whole story. I didn't give Lemson credit for knowing enough about animal psychology to realize that sight of the whip he'd beaten her with would send the Princess wild. Now not a word or I won't tell you the rest."

She opened her mouth. "B—but . . ."

"Well, I see, there's only one way to keep your mouth shut." He sighed in mock exasperation. "The news can wait." Treating her as if she were made of glass, he took her gently in his arms.

After a long kiss, he let her go.

"Now will you listen?" he teased.

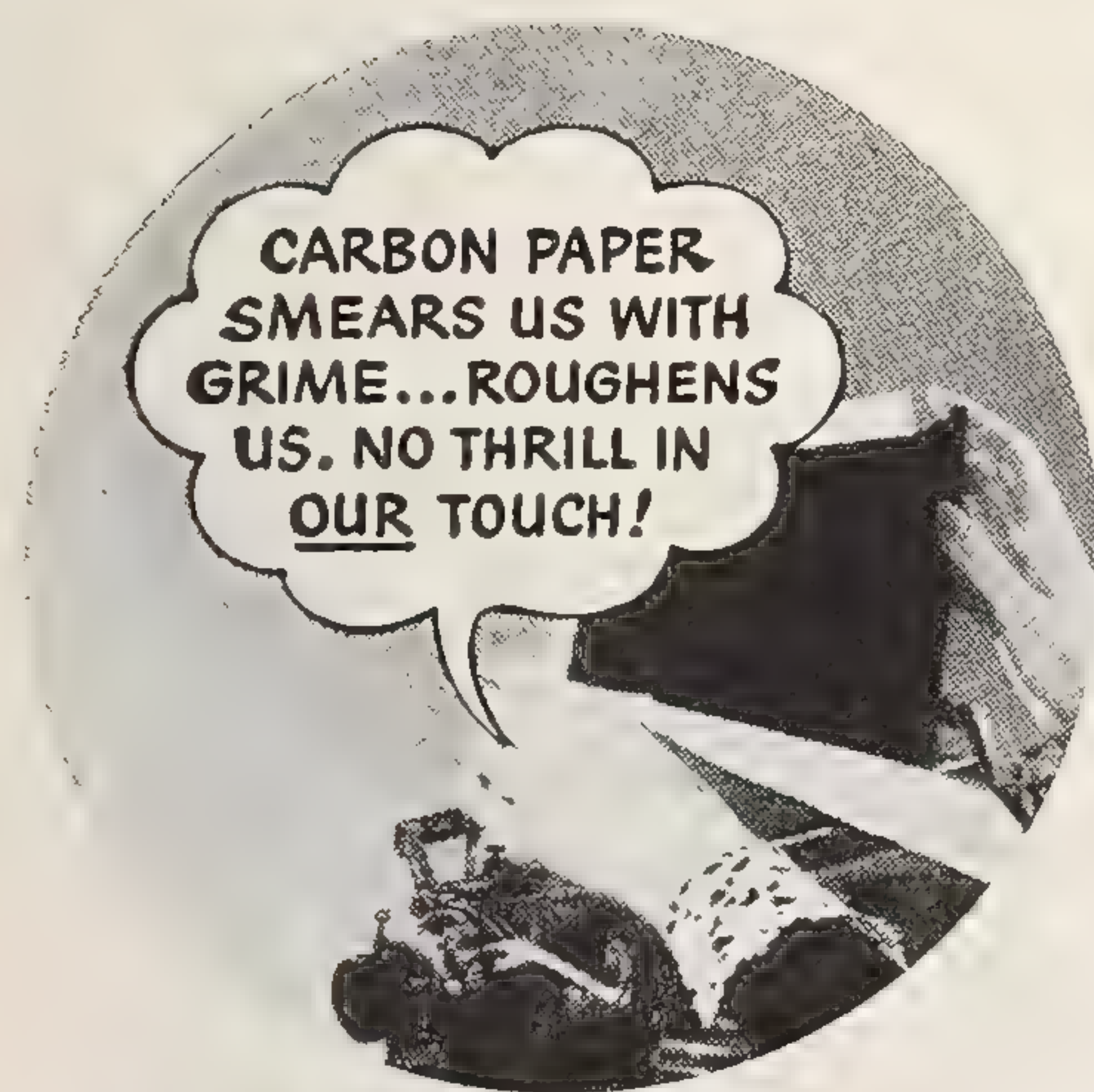
"While you were flinging your lovely, gallant little self between the Princess and me yesterday, Markinson had three cameras training on us. He's got five hundred feet of thrills that the cutting room says makes your hair stand straight up. That makes two contracts waiting for you. One for the feature Partheon is going to make of you and me and the Princess out of that short . . ."

"And the other?" Sandra asked shyly.

"One I got just in case you're still willing to marry a no-account animal-trainer. Oh, Sandra," he said, dropping his kidding tone, and leaning his bronzed face against her hand. "Don't say you've changed your mind. I couldn't stand it."

And, since she'd been told not to talk, Sandra let her soft lips tell him in a language that has it all over mere words.

If a stenographer's abused hands could talk, they'd say:



● Office jobs are terribly hard on your hands. Typing one minute... filing the next...washing carbon smudges off your fingers a dozen times a day. Soon your skin is all dry, chapped. Rough, red, and ugly! What your hard-working hands need is quick-acting Hinds!



● Creamy-luscious, Hinds rubs in quickly. Hands feel comfortable. Not a bit gummy. Hinds helps put back softness that office work, harsh soaps, blustery winds take away. Now contains Vitamins D and A! Use Hinds for smooth, kissable Honeymoon Hands! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.



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If you want to look ten years younger in ten days start with Barbo today.

Still a Fan

[Continued from page 34]

month. I think that's quite a coincidence, don't you?"

Yes, Una Merkel, it is a coincidence. But it's more than that when a person like yourself can remain as warm and conscientious and retain the human quality that so often disappears when success sets in. Without knowing Carole Lombard, I am positive she has all these same qualities. Otherwise she would not appeal to anyone of Una's high standards. And Una is just the little lady who can tell us why Carole did appeal to her so much.

"This may sound like a strange thing to say about Carole Lombard," Una went on seriously. "But honestly—she brings out all the mother instinct in me. Of course I've always wanted to mother everyone, practically, but Boris Karloff. But there is something special about Carole that makes people concern themselves over her. It's partly because she is always so interested in everyone else. She never spares herself for a moment. She loves to meet people and she loves to listen to what they have to say. There is no pretense about her. She says what she thinks. Then, too, Carole looks like she needs mothering. When I first met her, I got the impression that she was frail. But I soon found out who the 'frail one' really was!

"When we went up to Lake Arrowhead to do some water scenes, Carole and I shared the same bungalow. Living under the same roof is the quickest way for two persons to know each other. We stayed a week and I shall never forget the wonderful time we had. Carole arrived on the first day of shooting, which happened to be her birthday. She walked in, early in the morning, lugging two suitcases. One was new and expensive looking. The other was old and battered. It was covered with perfume stains inside. On one end I noticed the initials, C. P. Carole saw me puzzling over them and in answer to my curious look, she yelled out from her room, 'Remember—I was once married to 'Philo Vance.' (To you and you who don't know your movie history, Philo Vance was played by William Powell.)

"Carole never takes a maid with her, so

I went into her room to talk while she unpacked. She began hauling out things—all sorts of strange stuff. There was an old cracked hand mirror, the first she had ever used. There was her original makeup robe, a cheap Chinese silk thing, threadbare and worn, that just hit her at the knees. Carole wrapped it around herself as if it were a sable coat. All the time she was unpacking, she kept waving her hands, running back and forth across the room, opening and slamming drawers much the same as she does in her pictures.

"Knowing the Lombard sense of humor only too well, the entire company framed a lot of gags. Every time Carole lit a cigarette, she'd get an exploding match. Being a past master at pulling gags herself, she knew most of the tricks only too well. The one they eventually caught her on was one that just happened to be her favorite of favorites. Innocently she picked up a glass of water. As she raised it to her lips, it's contents trickled merrily down her neck.

"At lunch time Clark Gable and Carole's two colored servants arrived from Hollywood. Clark brought several individually wrapped presents, probably because he knows how much Carole loves to open packages. One box contained every size, from the smallest to the largest bottle, of Carole's favorite Channel Number Five perfume. Another gift was a tiny heart on a chain. Through the center ran an arrow of rubies.

"Our director Wesley Ruggles had replaced all the electric light globes with flashlight bulbs. Just as the excitement was dying down, Carole went into her bathroom. There was a terrific flash and Carole came screaming out. Rest assured that before she went to bed that night, she saw to it that a flashlight bulb was planted in Mr. Ruggles' room. Finally, when Carole got ready for bed, she turned back the covers. There, resting on her pillow, was a huge rubber spider. Carole took it big and then she noticed a note pinned to the pillow. It had been left there by her two servants, just before they left for Hollywood. 'We miss you and wish you were back, darling. Please come home soon,' read their message to Carole.

"The next morning Carole was on the set promptly at nine. We could hear her shouting good-morning to everyone long before she came in sight. In spite of all her kidding Carole sets a wonderful example



Virginia Grey is an M-G-M starlet. She likes sailing and swimming and maybe she likes to make movies, too. She's in a short musical already, "The Canary Comes Across."

on the set. She has a great capacity for work and she never lets down for a second. Carole's enthusiasm carries the whole troupe with a high morale. Before the second week was over, the picture we were working on was five days ahead of schedule. There was only one retake for the entire production. In Hollywood we call that a record!

"One night when we got back to the bungalow, Carole went to her room and I went to mine. We kept shouting back and forth but she couldn't hear what I was saying. Finally, she came and stood in the doorway. Her feet were bare and her teeth were chattering. (She had been doing water scenes all day.) She kept trying to put one bare foot on the other and balance herself, as she tried to keep warm. That didn't bother her. She was really concerned because she couldn't reach the middle of her back to remove the body makeup she used to make her skin look tan. Hesitantly, she asked me if I would come into the bathroom and wash her back for her.

"Washing Carole Lombard's back was a far cry from Covington, Kentucky. I wished the folks back there could have seen me then. Carole kept up a steady flow of conversation. We both were laughing so hard, I don't think Carole got very good service. But she seemed to be satisfied. Then she got into a flannel night gown and over it put on a satin bed jacket. I came in later on to say good night. Clark Gable had also given Carole a gun for her birthday. There she was sitting straight up in bed, aiming at different objects around the room and carrying on an imaginary attack.

"I learned a great deal working with Carole. And one thing in particular. If Carole has anything to complain about, she does it before the picture starts. But once she is set for a job, she allows nothing to interfere. In this way everyone on the set has a chance to do his own job to the best of his ability. Every day's work is a new experience for Carole. She gets so excited at each new thing. And burns up so much energy doing it. She always feels well. But Loretta, her hairdresser, who has been with her nine years, is always worrying because Carole doesn't gain weight. It's very hard to keep from worrying about Carole Lombard. And right now I'm going to do a little worrying and wondering if I will ever be lucky enough to be in a picture with her again."

Shortly after Una had bid Carole Lombard goodbye, a huge bowl of daisies arrived at the Merkel home. Attached was a box that contained a tiny gold, diamond-centered daisy for Una's bangle bracelet. The card was addressed to "Daisy," which was Una's character name in the picture. It was signed by Carole, of course. Several days later, Una went driving out to her own studio to show off her present. Just outside of Culver City, under a bridge there stands a vegetable wagon. Its owner specializes in Okra, Black-eyed peas, Mustard Greens and other vegetables most preferred by people from the South. Una stopped to buy.

As the man handed over her packages, he just happened to say:

"I've seen you go by here almost every day. I've been selling vegetables in this spot for fifteen years. I remember a long time ago there was a peppy kid and her mother, who used to stop and buy from me. She was friendly like you. That kid was trying to get into the movies. She sure was peppy enough to get somewheres. Her name was Jane Peters. But I suppose it's changed now, if she's still around. Wonder if she ever did make good?"

When it comes to telling the world about Carole Lombard, Una Merkel knows her vegetables. If you have any doubts—just ask the man who owns some!

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"Many girls are surprised to find their trouble is misfit makeup."

She took the hint! And now—"Darling, you'll be a lovely bride!"



Marjorie Weaver

☆ new discovery of 20th Century-Fox appearing in "Sally, Irene and Mary"

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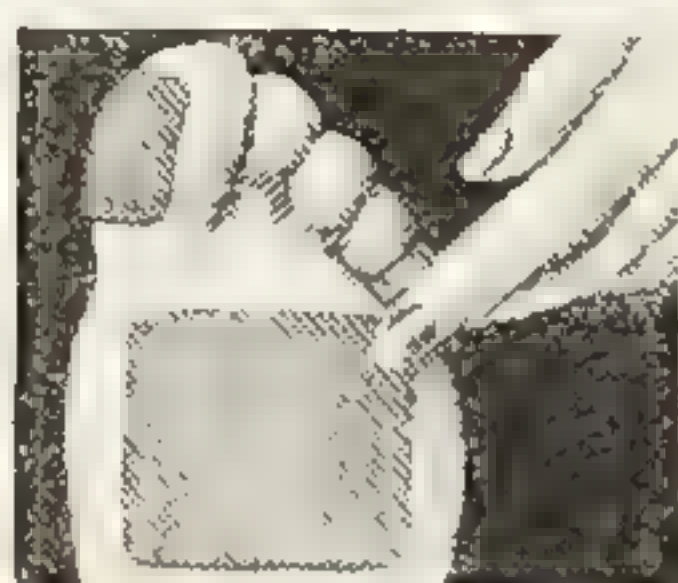
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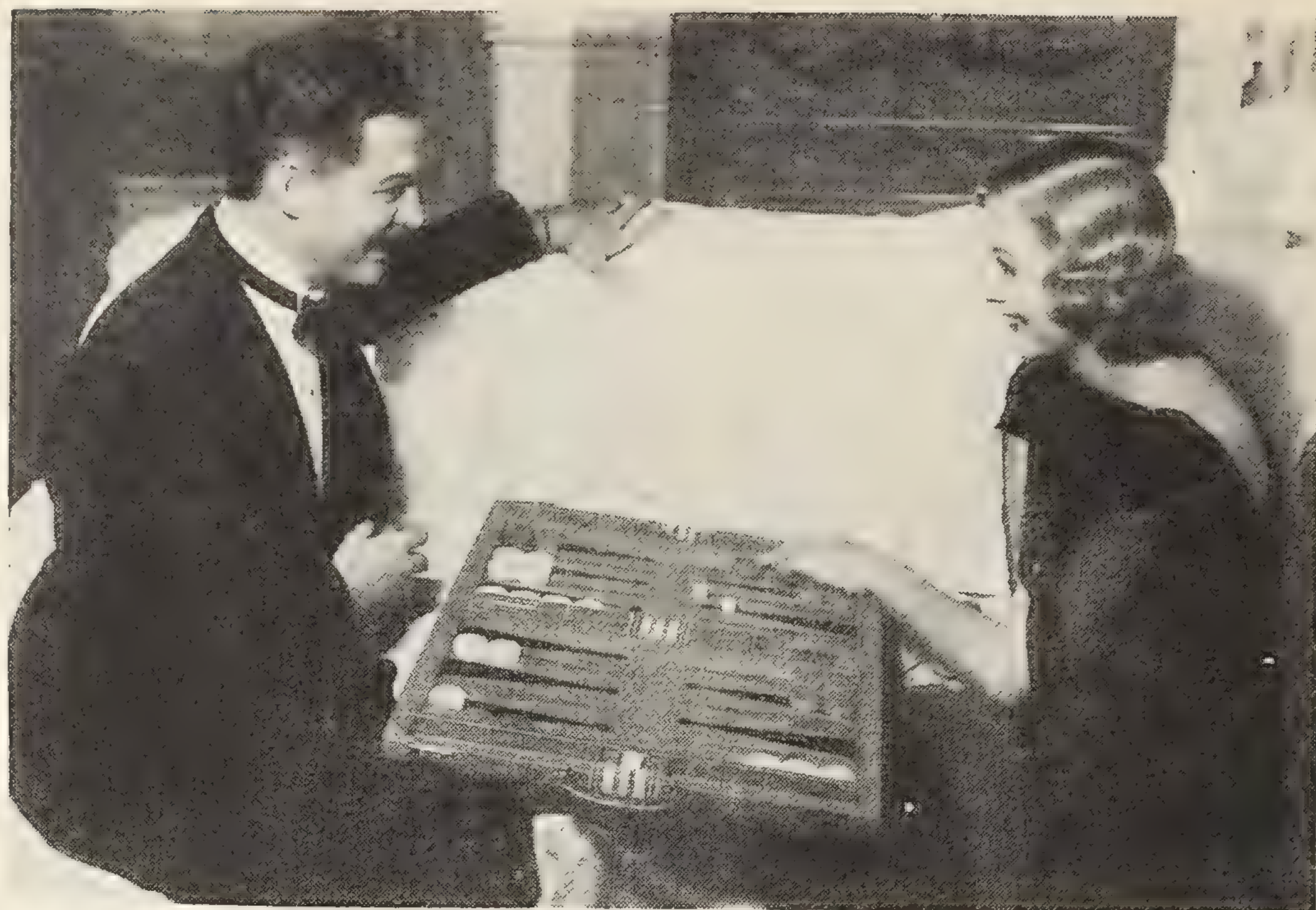
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Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart play backgammon between scenes of "Island in the Sky."

Here They Come!

[Continued from page 57]

Far more renowned already than Miss Bradna is Danielle Darrieux, whom I have only seen so far in French films. After her exquisite portrayal in "Mayerling," however, I cannot see how she can fail to be a serious contender for first honors. As a matter of fact she got her start in musical comedies and it was something of a gamble that Anatole Litvak made when he cast her opposite Charles Boyer in "Mayerling." She has those qualities I have referred to earlier to a remarkable degree.

Our own Anne Shirley is someone to keep an eye on. She has been in films ever since she wore baby clothes and the experience is a tremendous asset. You must surely remember her fine performance in "Anne of Green Gables" as well as many other minor parts she handled brilliantly. It remained for "Stella Dallas" to really test her talents. As little Laurel, torn between love and contempt for her mother, she vitalized the re-make of a film classic and gave certain notice that she was well embarked on the perilous road to stardom.

Then there is Gloria Dickson, who came from the stage to films to make a vivid impression in one motion picture, "They Won't Forget." As the wife of the doomed young Northerner in the show, she brought a forthright, convincing quality to her impersonation which one usually only finds with veteran character actors. It is too soon to be at all certain whether or not she has the true stuff of greatness in her, but she is someone to look carefully at in future roles. Lana Turner, who appeared in the same film, has the beauty and vivid magnetism to carry her far, but she, too, will need more experience before one can judge her talents fully.

There are two Hungarian actresses who are being counted on for big things in Hollywood. One is Ilona Massey, a peasant girl who had varied experience in the Budapest theater before she was called to Hollywood. In "Rosalie" she demonstrated a shy beauty and an artistry that will stand her in good stead. Franciska Gaal, who has an important role in "The Buccaneer," is the other. She has had a bigger break to

begin with than her compatriot. She has shown that she was worthy of it. Cecil B. DeMille is too canny a showman to bank on mediocrity.

A youngster who has made a profound impression on me is Vivien Leigh, the English actress who appeared in "Fire Over England" and "Dark Journey." She trained hard for her career and it shows in her masterly acting. Beyond that she has an enchanting dark beauty and tremendous appeal, put whatever adjective you want before it. I shall certainly hurry to see the next film in which she appears here.

Obviously, there are actors and actresses who are so close to stardom that it is difficult to realize that they are generally classified as only featured players. Rosalind Russell, for example, is one of these. If she continues as she has been going, she will unquestionably take her place among the top-flight stars. Oscar Homolka is another. I have never seen him give a bad performance and he was superb in "Ebb Tide." You can extend this list yourself by remembering some of the featured players whom you would like to see carrying films on their own shoulders. Akim Tamiroff, the swashbuckling cannoneer of "The Buccaneer" is an actor who might very well do the sort of historical characterization for which Charles Laughton is justly famous.

There are others who at least have an even chance to reach the top rung. Mr. Zanuck has great hopes for Marjorie Weaver, who was so good in "Second Honeymoon." The dark-haired Mary Maguire, whom you will probably remember in "Alcatraz Island," is counted on for important performing and so is Jane Bryan, who did an excellent job in "Marked Woman."

As I have written above, though, this is not an attempt to definitely prophecy who the stars of tomorrow will be. I have been writing about films too long not to know that too many incalculable things can happen to a screen career. What I am certain of is the fact that we, as film-goers, will have the final say in who the new stars are to be. When we see striking performances in minor roles and talk to people about them, we are moulding the destinies of the top-flight players of the future as no spectators have ever had the chance to do in all history.

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 15]

Columbia

And *what* do you suppose I find here? Only *one*—count it—*one*!—picture shooting. But such a *one*. It's fittingly called "There's Always A Woman." But **WHAT** a woman, as Tyrone Power keeps saying in "In Old Chicago" (free plug, Mr. Zanuck). Only *this* woman is Joan Blondell whereas Tyrone's woman is only Alice Faye and if Miss Blondell can't act circles around Miss Faye the editor can keep this month's check (but don't take me too literally on that!)

To make a long story short (who got smart and said I couldn't?) Melvyn Douglas is a detective who resigned from the secret service to open his own agency. No business is forthcoming and when the landlord threatens to evict him he gets his old job back. But the rent is paid to the first so Joan (his wife) takes over. (Could I, I ask you, have said more in fewer words?) She gets a client whose husband is writing notes to his ex-wife and the ex-wife is writing notes to him, although she is engaged now to another. Wife No. 2 wants to know the context of the letters and Joan is employed to find out. She (Joan) bamboozles Mel to taking her to the Skyline Club where Wife No. 1, Hubby, Wife No. 2 and the intended are spending a quiet (?) evening. Before the evening is over (although in justice to the Skyline Club they have left there and are safe at home) Hubby is shot—AND killed. (What a gory month *this* turned out to be). Joan puts the finger on the intended so, to hush her up, the intended and his lawyer hire Joan as *their* detective. Naturally, Joan has to shift her tactics and say the intended *isn't* the murderer after all. (What that girl doesn't know about detecting would fill volumes). Mel gets wind of what Joan is doing. She is gumming up the case for the D.A.'s office so he hides in the closet. Joan comes trickling in to the bedroom, completely and utterly worn out from a hard day's detecting and shopping—(mostly shopping) goes to the phone and dials a number. She is calling the lawyer—Mr. Kettering.

"Hello?" she begins querulously. "Oh, hello, Mr. Kettering—I've marvelous news for you . . . Yes, yes . . . I tried to get you earlier and then later I was busy myself—shopping . . . What?" her voice changes and takes on a puzzled tone. "The good news? Oh! Well, it's not exactly good," remembering, "it looks very bad for poor Mr. Marlowe (the intended, you know) . . . Yes, but don't you worry. I have a plan! If I can get rid of my husband, I'm starting out at eight o'clock and—No, I can't tell you yet. Huh!" She seems a little disconcerted because Mr. Kettering seems to be becoming just a trifle—just a trifle, mind you—annoyed. "No, I can't tell you yet because I'm not quite sure what the plan is! Goodbye, Mr. Kettering."

She hangs up the phone, crosses toward the dresser pulling off her hat and gloves as she goes. She turns to the closet, opens the door and Mr. Douglas falls stiffly and slowly out of the closet. She screams in terror.

They rehearse this scene over and over because Mr. Douglas says a corpse (which he is pretending to be) would sort of crumple up when the door was opened, and collapse. But Henry Freulich, the head camera man, says it's more effective to have Mr. Douglas fall out rigid. I say if Mr. Douglas was a corpse he would have crumpled up and collapsed *in* the closet *before* the door was opened. But nobody pays any attention to me because Joan



Richard Arlen, now appearing in Columbia's "No Time to Marry."

Richard Arlen

DRIES A LADY'S TEARS



"ON A RECENT FLIGHT from the East, I heard a girl across the aisle confiding her troubles to the plane's stewardess . . .



"SHE HAD LOST her job — was returning home a failure. She couldn't believe that her work had been unsatisfactory . . .



"ALTHOUGH YOUNG and well dressed, she had let unsightly, rough, chapped lips spoil her looks. All men — even employers! — like to see a girl looking her best, with smooth, lovely lips . . .



"I TOLD HER, before we landed, about a special lipstick with a protective Beauty-Cream base that I've heard praised by many screen and stage beauties. The other day I had this letter from her..



Dear Mr. Arlen,
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Sincerely,

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would practically have to step on him to discover him.

I used to know that Freulich when he was just a cub and now look! He's a head camera man and I'm still a set-trotter. If some of these people don't start subsidizing me I'm going to write an article called "I Knew Them When" and when I do, baby, there are going to be some red faces in Hollywood. Why, I can remember when Joe Manckiewicz used to drive a Ford and Norman Krasna had nothing—nothing, I tell you—except a lot of brass.

When the scene is finished Joan and I sit gabbing and presently Mr. Douglas walks by with his mouth full and his jaws working furiously. "Now what are you eating?" Joan demands.

"Candy," Mr. D manages to get out.

"And you on a diet!" Joan scoffs.

"I'm eating candy to burn up fat," Mr. D explains.

Now, I've heard everything! There's no use staying here because no one could possibly top that. So I proceed to—

20th Century-Fox

Three pictures going here—"Four Men and a Prayer" (isn't that a swell title?) with Loretta Young, Reginald Denny, David Niven and I don't know who the other two are but they're probably Tyrone Power and Don Ameche; "Kentucky Moonshine" with the Ritz Brothers and Tony Martin, to say nothing of Marjorie Weaver and "Mr. Moto Takes A Chance," with Peter Lorre, Rochelle Hudson, Chick Chandler and Robert Kent.

They haven't quite decided what the plot of "Four Men and A Prayer" will be but this scene is at a gambling table at a joint in Buenos Aires and Reginald Denny is Loretta's escort (that guy is really having a run of luck). Loretta is having a run of luck, too—with the dice.

"Better play the 'Don't,' Lynn," Reggie advises her. "You can't make it again."

"Really, do you know," Loretta drawls, "I have a hunch this is my lucky evening." And with that she plops her money on "Pass."

At this point the camera shifts and we see Mr. Niven, who gives her a smile and also plays "Pass."

"Oh, hello," Loretta smiles back.

And the fat is in the fire. You know as

much as I do now but I'd be willing to bet my shirt (the one that's in the laundry, of course) that she makes the pass and also that neither Reggie nor Davie gets her. The dark horse, you know.

"Kentucky Moonshine." Ah, yes. I go mostly for Arkansas moonshine but that's another story. This story is slightly reminiscent of the one that got Ginger Rogers her R-K-O contract years ago. Hers was called—oh, shuck, I forget, but Ginger played "The Purity Girl" on a radio program. It's stupid but I also forget the name of the gent I see playing with Marjorie Weaver in this scene. That's what Marjorie did to me, because he is a well-known actor and I know his name as well as my own.

Anyhow, she holds this bird up (in a nice way, of course) for two hundred smackers and all he gets out of it is a smile.

When the scene is finished Marjorie tells me how she got into pictures—and remind me to tell you that story sometime—but all I can think of is \$200 is not so much to pay for one of Marge's smiles, after all.

The other picture—"Mr. Moto Takes A Chance"—well, Rochelle isn't working today and neither is Mr. Lorre so-o-o we'll traipse over to—

M-G-M

"Marie Antoinette" starring Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power you'll hear about later (I hope). "Test Pilot" starring Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, you'll hear about now, if I have any say, and ditto "Wooden Wedding" starring Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce.

The latter two are dancing in a crowded night club and Bob is propositioning Virginia and she seems willing to listen to reason, although the place is so jammed I can't hear the dialogue clearly. I wonder if Bob realizes how lucky he is because Virginia has never looked lovelier (Miss Parsons, I am sorry). She has on a gray chiffon trimmed in pale pink. But it's the smile she gives me that counts.

Realizing this is my lucky day I proceed to the last set—"Test Pilot." I barge on to the set, Spence rushes up and gives me a handshake the like of which I've NEVER had. Clark booms a big "hello" across half a stage. And then Myrna comes on the set—and my day is ruined. She doesn't remember me!



Constance Bennett, star, Milton Bren, producer and Norman McLeod, director of "Merrily We Live." Are they pleading or arguing?

How To Lick Mike Fright

[Continued from page 25]

starting to run a "tough 220 yards."

Fred Allen constantly massages one hand with the other and for variety, to emphasize a point, he smacks the fist of one hand into the palm of the other. He doesn't know his own strength and often gives himself a stinging blow. Occasionally he will tweak his own nose. "That," he elucidates, "is so that in case any of my gags fall flat, I'm near enough to my nose to stop all sense of smell."

But it remained for Francis Lederer to find the best of all possible use for hands—someone else's hands. He claims he does his most romantic job when he holds his leading lady's hands as he reads his love lines to her.

Ears, too, come in for their share of attention, and not just as hearing organs. Rudy Vallee pulls the lobe of his right ear about once every second as he sings, speaks or conducts the orchestra. Once had his secretary grab his hand every time he reached for his ear, as an experiment to break the habit, but after five minutes he had to give up the experiment. Tommy Riggs, who also is the voice of Betty Lou, Charlie McCarthy's rival in the voice-without-a-body class, is also an ear-puller. Whenever he changes his voice to that of Betty Lou he grabs his left ear lobe.

He-man Edward G. Robinson still hasn't fully conquered his mike-fright despite the assured manner in which he goes about gang-busting via the air waves. He finds ear-pulling a distinct aid to concentra-



Becoming dressed in dainty flowered challis, Bonita Granville drops her screen character of a hateful imp.

tion. But even as he concentrates he eyes the microphone warily as if he expected it to hit him when he wasn't looking.

Spectacle hitching is Charles Butterworth's mania. During the broadcast he

is constantly toying with his horn-rimmed glasses. He pushes them further up on the bridge of his nose, pulls them down a bit, tugs at the ear pieces, then puts them back, high on the bridge of his nose again.

The fantasy of backstage drama and romance, so long the glamorous tradition of stage and screen, is now a part of radio. What goes on before the microphone is often spiced with a behind-the-scenes flavor so dear to the heart of actors. They have brought to radio the trick of garbling the last or "tag line" of a play. During rehearsals Tyrone Power clings to the old footlight superstition that it is bad luck to speak the last line as it is written and so he changes it slightly and reads it correctly only when the show goes on the air. When he stands in front of the mike he feels the handicap of having to emote in one spot. He constantly weaves as he stands there, his body describing dozens of circles as he goes through his lines. He worries so much that he won't get across an emotional effect that he bites his nails from nervousness.

Perhaps you can excuse Frank Morgan's microphone mannerisms on account of the more or less perpetual state of befuddlement he is always in. Maybe when he played poker once he changed his luck by walking thrice around a chair. At any rate, he has transferred his ambling to broadcasting and before he utters a word each time he comes up to the mike, he solemnly walks around it three times. Says it is to insure against stumbling over a word. Of course stumbling in his case would mean reading his lines "straight" which would take him out of his fumbling characterization, if you know what I mean.

Did you know that position, which is supposed to be everything in life, also counts at the mike? It does to Miriam Hopkins. When last she appeared as a guest artist

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Pond's, Dept. 7SS-VR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Of course you want the *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes—what woman doesn't? Well, there is no longer any possible excuse for blank, unattractive eyes or scraggly lashes when Maybelline Mascara is so reasonably priced. A few simple brush strokes of either the solid or cream-form will give your lashes radiant beauty instantly. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting, and keeps lashes soft and silky. Velvety Black, Midnight Blue, or rich shade of Brown. Vanity size, in beautiful metal case or tube, 75c. Purse sizes at all 10c stores. Beautiful eyes are yours for the asking when you ask for Maybelline Mascara.



she insisted upon standing to the right of the microphone while the program director wanted her to shift to the left. "It's silly to insist upon the right side," she confessed, "but the first time I broadcast my right side was turned to the audience and now it has become such a habit, I'm uncomfortable otherwise." She got her way.

Jane Froman, on the other hand, is upset unless allowed to sing on the left side of the microphone.

Tuner-inners who might like to close their eyes and listen to Grace Moore sing, may also act along with her. Miss Moore throws her head far back and closes her eyes dreamily when singing softly of love; but her features get all wrought up and contorted when she sings something dramatic. She, too, has a favorite mike side. To the right of the mike when singing alone, and to the left of the other singer in a duet.

Despite all the noise she makes, Martha Raye approaches the mike on tiptoes, as if afraid to disturb it. She has the knack of seeming to sing well with the least possible effort. It's easy to tell when her song is nearing its end; she grabs the mike rod with one hand and throws kisses at it with the other hand.

Frances Langford, on the other hand, stands with her face sidewise to the microphone and when singing a particularly fetching bit of lyric, leans her head toward it as if offering a check to be kissed.



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Fashion decrees, and make-up experts agree that you must now harmonize your entire eye make-up. Match your Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow with your Mascara for *naturalness*—this is the newest note in beauty, and in no way can you achieve this better than with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. The exquisitely smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil forms lovely, graceful eyebrows—and a subtle touch of colorful Maybelline Eye Shadow will work wonders for the sparkle in your eyes.

Maybelline

In one of the more scorching tunes she wags her head and pouts her lower lip saucily and will make faces at poor, innocent mike.

When it comes to expending a lot of nervous energy at the mike, the award for first honors has to be cut three ways and given to George Burns, Eddie Cantor and Jack Oakie. Cantor is a human dynamo as he runs off and on stage to see that his cast is ready, makes faces at Deanna Durbin while she sings, or goes into a dance when the orchestra plays a rhythm number.

Just as jittery as Cantor is George Burns, Gracie Allen's husband and the object of her radio idiocy. He hardly stands still even while speaking. Gracie and George go in for a great deal of facial gestures to amuse the studio audience. But once their stint is over, she is a model of composure as she seeks a secluded spot to sit down. George, however, walks around and around the studio, talks to friends in the audience, cues the others for their lines, and in general acting as if something terrible were about to happen and seemingly a bit disappointed that nothing ever does.

"It's all for the laughs," says Jack Oakie as he jigs up to the mike. He broadcasts from a high kitchen stool and drives the cast crazy by changing lines and giggling. Tries to confuse his partner, Stu Erwin, by ad libbing lines. Erwin retaliates. Whoever muffs a reply has to pay for the other's supper. His sponsors, a cigarette firm, consider Jack a good advertisement and have arranged that he be permitted to smoke at the mike as proof that the cigarettes are good for jittery nerves. Well, maybe Jack would be even more of a bouncing boy if he didn't smoke them.

So, there you have them, a bunch of the microphone mannerisms of your movie favorites. And when you hear them, just remember that they have only the microphone for company; no elaborate stage sets to help them sustain their moods. Nothing but their cigars, hats, handkerchiefs and hands to help them. By means of these accessories and idiosyncrasies the artists hold to the elusive personalities which you know so well. No scientist can tell you what Jack Benny's cigar does to the overtones of his voice, but because of it Jack enters your room with the magic of his personality.



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True Story of a Stand-in

[Continued from page 19]

would have turned me away, for he would have found someone else. I might have been stalled along for months. The picture was "Side Streets." I was so surprised at the ease with which I got that job, I just stared. Behind me were years of dreams. Months of hopes. Weeks of vain seeking, hunger, disappointment. Nights of going to previews just to see stars going in and coming out. Often I had stood for hours outside of theaters because I had no money. And often I had been hungry.

"You'll get five dollars a day—when you work," Mr. Arnow told me. "Get yourself made up."

"What does that mean?" I asked. "Do stand-ins—"

The publicity man pulled me out of the office, took me to the make-up department, where I was made up for the first and last time during my Hollywood career by a professional cosmetician—such workers as I am put on their own—and was hustled off to the sound stage.

The first day I was paralyzed, but I got by. I was so gaspy, and jumpy, and excited over what I saw, heard and felt that it's all very hard to describe. Everybody, I think, knows what a sound stage looks like and what goes on. To sum it up generally, I might say that I had dreamed of that day and, when it became real, it seemed like a dream. I met Ann Dvorak and Aileen MacMahon, and Al Green, the director, and was amazed by the confusion of it all. I was in!

That was in January, and I worked intermittently until June, or July. There was a seasonal slack after I'd stood in for Miss Lowell, and I was let out. Again, I started to get hungry. I didn't tell my family about any of this, because they were so strict—I mean about my hungry spells—and I didn't tell my brother because he had been so good to me when he hadn't had much money. Besides, I'd made a bargain with him—to make my own friends and my own way.

The next scene opens with me getting a job playing the piano in accompaniment to Pert Kelton, radio and movie actress. I think I play very well and, had I not chosen motion pictures, I should have liked to have been a concert pianist. Pert gave me a job playing at her family's hotel for the summer for board and lodging, and my spending money came from my radio work.

My sister came out to see me.

"Still want to work in pictures?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, you'd better get out and hustle yourself a job then," she told me. "I'll stake you for a while."

I haunted the Warner studios. I got turned down so many times that I got desperate. I figured out a way to sneak onto the lot. I liked Al Green, the first director I'd worked with, and he was fond of me. I dived through three doors, two departments, across a couple of studio streets and ended on his set.

"I've got to have work," I said. "I'm hungry."

This was true. My sister had just left Hollywood.

"I know how you feel," Green said, smiling. "Margaret Lindsay needs a stand-in. Go to work."

That was wonderful. I got five dollars a

day, on and off, for several months. I started rooming with Sally Sage—we had a four dollar a week room—and when I wasn't working Sally was, and vice versa. That was how we managed to eat. Sally stands in for Bette Davis.

During 1935, three years after my Hollywood invasion, I was making \$15 a week, on an average. Then, finally, I was assigned to Olivia de Havilland, who was making her first picture, "Midsummer Night's Dream." I was given twenty-five dollars a week. Just a few months ago I was put in stock, and I now make fifty dollars a week whether I work or not. Regular stand-ins, not in stock, make six dollars a day or thirty-three dollars a week, thanks to the Screen Actors' Guild.

This takes me over the rough spots and puts me where I am today. During this time, many interesting things have happened. One was in January, 1937, when my brother, with whom I now live, bought me a 1929 Chevrolet which cost one hundred dollars. This was one of the biggest moments in my life. It is very hard to get around Hollywood, and particularly to studios like Warners, which is out in the valley, without transportation. Another highlight is when my brother traded a lot worth three hundred dollars to a man who took the Chevrolet in trade, and gave him a 1936 sedan of better make which had all but two hundred dollars paid on it, plus sixty dollars. I got the sedan. Don't try to figure out that deal, though, unless you want to go crazy. It's typically Hollywood.

Another big moment came when I went home in 1935. My brother gave me the train fare and I went day coach. This is another example of how a girl can get by. I went to my home in Bolivar and saw my family and friends. Knowing about the big Cotton Carnival in Memphis, sixty miles away, I went down there. I didn't have a dime. I took a room in a hotel. I knew a lot of people, and before long I was right in the swing of things. I had an interview over the radio, during which the drama and motion picture critic of the Memphis Commercial Appeal questioned me about my Hollywood experiences, and a personal appearance at a theater. I got enough from the personal appearance to pay my hotel bill. I didn't have an evening gown to wear for the personal appearance so I promised to mention the gown and the shop where I got it if the owner would loan me one. I got it.

On the day of the parade two noted women players from Hollywood were six cars back while I was sitting with the big shots in the car behind the mayor. I was escorted home by a bunch of newspapermen and the mayor of Bolivar, my home town, gave me the key to the city. The Chamber of Commerce gave me a big luncheon. When I left, everybody came down to see me off, bringing candy and flowers. And to think I was heading for a day coach!!

The years in Hollywood had made me resourceful. I waltzed up to the porter and whispered in his ear.

"I've got to put on an act," I said. "Let me slip into a Pullman, will you?"

"Shore, mam!" he said.

Now, about my work. I earn my money. I'm up at 6:30 in the morning. I'm made up and on the set at eight. I work longer hours and harder—physically—than the stars. The reason for this is that the lights, camera and sound must be ready when the players arrive at nine. They go home at about six, or a little later. I stay around half an hour longer with the other stand-ins while the first scene for the next day is arranged. During the day I spend more time under the lights, which are very hot, than the players. It takes longer to get set-up for the shot than to actually take it. When I am not working, I talk to



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other stand-ins, or the principals, or whoever happens to be around, or read a book, or knit. For my work, I wear low-heeled oxfords, as by six o'clock the cement gets pretty hard. Now and then, when Olivia is in long shots, far from the camera, where there is no chance of her features being seen by the audience, I am an actress. I play her role so she can save her strength. Many players have this arrangement.

I know a great many stand-ins. Sally Sage, whom I mentioned before as working for Bette Davis—or with her—has been married. Jack Goodrich, who stands-in for Dick Powell, is sure he'll be an actor some day, and he has learned French and Spanish, to be ready for foreign language pictures, between scenes on the sets. Fern Barry, who used to stand-in for Helen Hayes, is now in stock at Warner Brothers, and believes this is her great opportunity. I have known ex-dentists, ex-cowboys, ex-drug-clerks, ex-home town girls, ex-stage actresses, ex-baby stars, and a large number of relatives of principals who have done and are doing stand-in work. Few, so far, have gotten very far.

The reason for this handicap is that the stand-in in some cases looks too much like the star. For instance, Bill Hoover, Edward Arnold's stand-in, can't work in pictures because he looks too much like Ed. Although Mary Dees got a break in finishing the late and lovely Jean Harlow's picture, "Saratoga," she is handicapped, I think, by this same trouble. As I don't look like anyone but myself I believe I have a chance to become an actress in my own right.

The only stand-in I know who is really successful as an actress is Adalyn Doyle, stand-in for Katharine Hepburn. There is a chance we will be hearing from any of the Doyses—there are four girls—at any time, because they are all very ambitious, and talented, and don't look like anybody but themselves.

Do I like the stars? Yes. I like some better than others. To us, the stars are all human. We are human, and we have our likes and dislikes. I'm very fond of Olivia, not because I work with her, but because she is a fine person. Other favorites of mine are Kay Francis, Bette Davis, George Brent and Marion Davies. I have generally observed that the ones who have been in pictures for a long time and are up at the top are very fine people. The ones I don't care for are those who come up quickly, cause quite a sensation and die just as quickly.

Do I envy them? No. All day long I talk with the people you see from the screen. As the hours drift by, these talks often become personal. I learn about their heartaches, their worries, their problems, the fragile quality of their position, their, at times, desperate uncertainty. Knowing what they are up against, and the shortness of their careers, I don't hunger to be up at the top, although once I did. Fame and money are all right, but there's the other side, too—always remember that when you're with or working with people who make more than you do.

Are the stars generous? The answer is yes. I have a lovely combination radio and automatic phonograph given to me by Marion Davies, not because I worked for her, but because we shared in the business of making a picture. Miss Davies gave every one something, as she always does. Olivia gave me an antelope bag that is so beautiful I'm afraid to carry it. She always sends me a crate of soup when she gets some from a soup company which she advertises on the radio, and things like that. Frequently I receive gifts of money. I think this is very lovely because I am not working for these people. I am working with them, I am being paid for my work, and only generosity could prompt such goodness on their parts.

Being a good stand-in is a job. Standing under lights is not all of it. I have to watch all of the action which takes place on the stage so that I will be able to duplicate the action when standing-in. This saves the director time. He doesn't have to bark at me. He's a very busy man. He's apt to fire inattentive stand-ins.

For this reason, the best stand-in is one who has ambition to act. I have this ambition, of course. I watch everything that goes on, and guess how the principals will play the scene. I figure out how I would play it, and then compare my ideas with the principals' actions. In this way, I improve my own ability, such as it is.

I have mentioned the fact that I am in stock. This means that the studio has been very kind. Instead of sitting home and waiting vainly for a call and not getting paid between my principal's pictures, I rank as an actress. I have had this rank since November of last year. I am called to work in "bits." I have been a script girl in "Mystery of Hunting's Inn" and an hysterical bank clerk in "Torchy Blaine in Panama." I love to see myself on the screen, even if I only scream or say, "Yes, sir," or carry a torch in a mob.

I love my work. As I say, I make fifty dollars a week now. So why should I want any other job which a woman could hold in a studio when the pay is usually so much less? That is, excepting actresses. I want to be an actress.

But there's that luck I spoke about at first. There was one chance in ten thousand that I got that first job. I happened to be the right sized girl in the right office at the right time—when somebody was looking for me. I figure that if I become a featured player the odds are just about the same. I've discounted any chance of success. If I get it, I'll be hysterical with joy because I've drilled myself not to expect it. If I do not get it, I won't be disappointed. This is the way to avoid heart-break in Hollywood. It is those who hope and dream and play who perpetually suffer. I have seen many disappointed ones crack up. That will never happen to me.

Right now, I don't plan on marriage. I've been in love, and I will probably be in love again, so time will tell about that. I am very happy as things are going. My brother and I have this lovely apartment not far from the studio, I am making enough money to have a few comforts now, and I am resigned to being a carbon copy always if necessary. This is not a bad thought. I mean it doesn't depress me. Because, as long as I'm not known on the screen I can keep going. If my face becomes known and people tire of me, I'm through. That's one of the problems of being famous that I don't have to worry about.



Janet Gaynor is soon to start work on "The Young in Heart," for David Selznick.



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Tips, Bonuses, Thank You's, Gifts

[Continued from page 29]

Instead of giving gifts at the close of a picture, Frances Dee gives them out right at the beginning. Featured opposite her husband, Joel McCrea, in "Wells Fargo," Frances presented handsome crystal ball necklace watches to her make-up girl, hair-dresser and wardrobe lady the second day they worked with her in the picture. Others got elaborate billfolds or fancy pins.

Workers on Pat O'Brien pictures generally get wrist watches plus expensive liquid refreshments. James Cagney sometimes gives baskets of fruit or boxes of candy and once in a while someone gets a case of something pretty nice to drink from Jimmie. Bette Davis buys presents by the hundreds for her cast and crew, and little Jane Withers also "comes through" right handsomely.

Lots of directors give presents, including Lloyd Bacon and Wesley Ruggles. Wes is a playful fellow just like his brother Charlie. Some men have weaknesses for wine, women and song. Ruggles found out that with Fred MacMurray it is peanut butter sandwiches on rye bread. So what did he do when MacMurray finished work in "True Confession" but present him on the set with a dozen gallon jars of peanut butter and about half-a-hundred loaves of rye bread!

Director William Wyler always throws expensive parties for his whole staff, and Director Gregory La Cava delights to give both parties and gifts when he finishes a picture.

Kay Francis is anything but economical when a picture of hers is ended. When Ida, her wardrobe woman, found a new roadster at her doorstep last Christmas and a man in uniform at the wheel, and learned that the car was just a little gift from Kay, well, you can imagine how she felt—or can you? She finally managed a gasp of: "And you—did she hire you to be my chauffeur?" The man smiled and said: "Not exactly. You see, Miss Francis knew you couldn't drive, so she hired me to teach you!" There also were insurance papers and an Auto Club membership paid up in full!

Claudette Colbert, at the closing of "I Met Him In Paris," gave Director Wesley Ruggles's secretary a watch and sent gowns, slacks, make-up kits to the make-up and wardrobe girls and hairdressers, and others received checks for varied sums and small baskets of California dates.

Franciska Gaal remembered her director, Cecil B. De Mille, with a case of rare Hungarian champagne on the opening day of "Buccaneer."

On the completion of "Broadway Melody of 1938," Sophie Tucker gave gardenias and money to the girls and gold money clips to the masculine members of the crew.

Bobby Breen usually gives away a record of one of his songs—and here's an interesting thing to many folks. Beginning the New Year, he will send a record of one of his songs in "Hawaii Calls" to any blind person who writes to him. The small singing star will pay half the cost of this himself and his studio-boss, Sol Lesser, will pay the remainder. The studio figures on calls for at least 5000 records.

Irene Dunne generally gives out perfume and Lionel Barrymore dotes on presenting etchings to all and sundry.

A gift from a star? Truly, it's apt to be most anything. And everybody's happy—the star is happy to give, the recipient is happy to receive, and the storekeeper is, of course happy to sell! (And how!)

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Send measures. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.
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GAIN 15 LBS. DEVELOP 3 IN.
Wonderful new method really reaches basic trouble, starting development. Vitalizing, concentrated food powder completes results. Amazing results! Beautiful flesh, complete development. Guaranteed. Testimonials arriving every day. You need be undeveloped no longer. Write:
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100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.
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He Said He'd Never Marry!



Then he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other man would have been equally helpless in her hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 86-D, St. Louis, Mo.

The Final Thing

THE aviation boys at the airport, where scenes of "Test Pilot" were made, simply can't say enough swell things about Clark Gable. It is customary for the pilots and mechanics, hard-boiled guys who know their business, to sneer at the pretty boys who come out from the studios to have their pictures made in a plane that never leaves the ground. But Gable they all agree is "one grand guy."

In the first place he won't let a double do the nasty work for him and take a chance on an accident. In the second place he doesn't lose his head in an emergency, and when a four motor bomber caught on fire unexpectedly the other day not only did Gable extricate himself but dragged pilot Jack Sterling from the flaming plane, and saved his life. And in the third place Gable doesn't hide in a fancy dressing room between set-ups, but pals with the boys and joins them in a mug of beer when the day's work is done.

Out at the United Airport they'll tell you about the day Gable joined the pilots for lunch, all done up in goggles and a hood and the movie conception of what a well dressed pilot should wear. "Get a load of me," said Gable with disgust, "and I can't even fly a kite."

ONE of the newest fads in Hollywood for the ladies is Schiaparelli's autograph dress, which has all the names of the movie stars woven into the material. Lady Castellross introduced the dress at Palm Springs recently, and it's a cinch it will catch on in name-conscious Hollywood.

ANDY DEVINE claims that he has had all the conceit he may have had abruptly removed at the last Mae West preview. It all happened very quickly. Andy was just emerging from the preview when a kid thrust a pencil in his hand, and a scratch pad, and asked him to sign his name. Andy is nothing if not agreeable. But while he was signing his name the kid saw Mae West and was off like a flash of lightning. "I felt pretty foolish," said gravel-voiced Andy, "standing there with a self-inscribed pad in my hand."

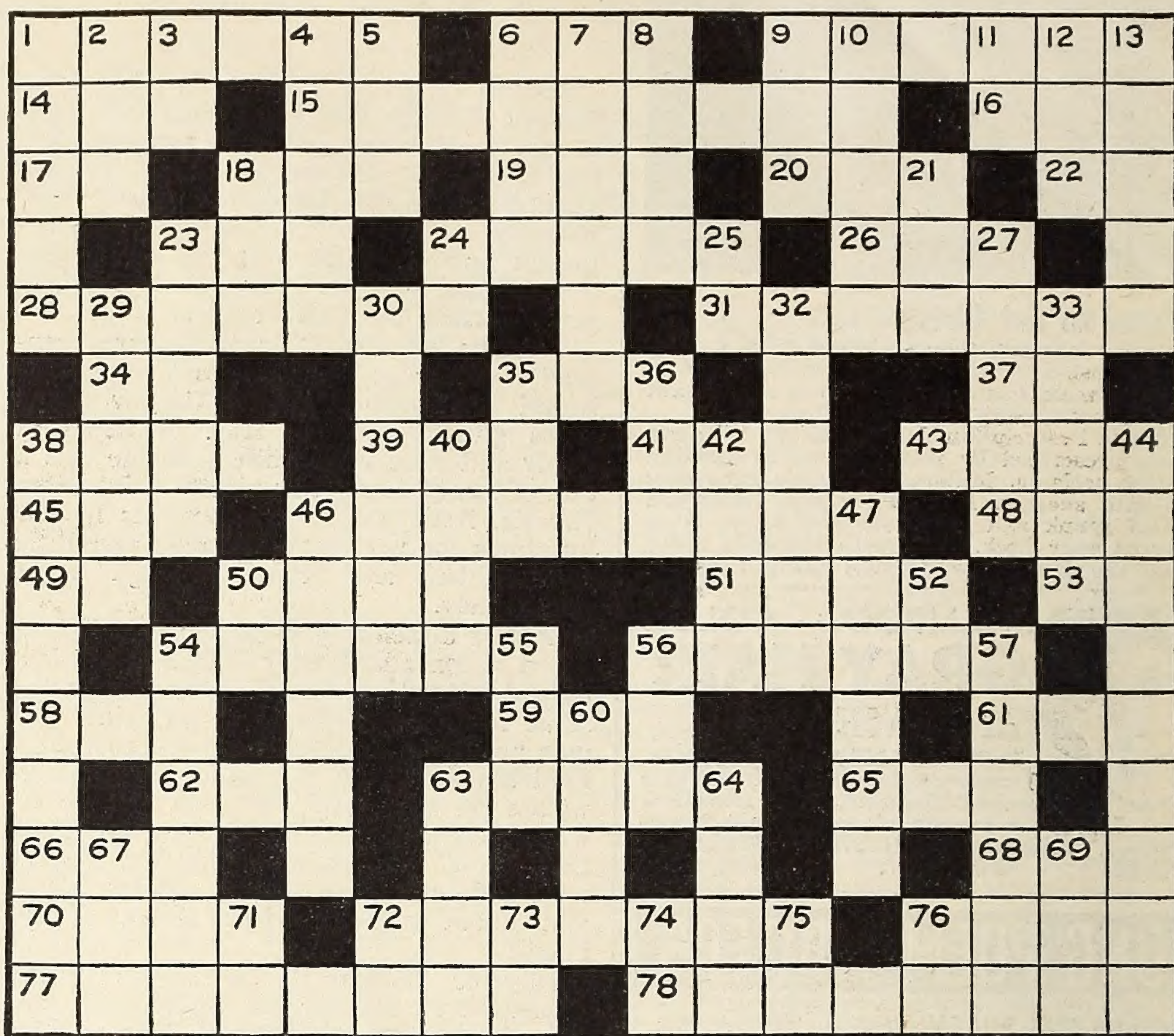
ROBERT TAYLOR'S new ranch-house out in San Fernando Valley (and very near Barbara Stanwyck's) is the most modest abode of any of the big movie stars. It has only four small rooms. And no "guest" room. Evidently Bob isn't expecting any guests.

FOLKS, meet Nissa. Nissa is the eight year old leopard who plays "Baby" in the new Hepburn-Grant picture called "Bringing Up Baby." Nissa was a foundling, deserted by her mother when she was only a day old, and has been brought up and trained by Olga Celeste of the California Zoological Society, and is supposed to have the sweetest disposition of any leopard in the world.

But even an eight year old leopard with a sweet disposition can bite, and can bite a mouthful too, so the cast and crew of "Bringing Up Baby" were none too happy on that first day of production when Nissa was released from her cage. Cary Grant very frankly admitted he was scared stiff of Nissa, and so did everybody else in the picture except Katharine Hepburn, who showed no fear whatsoever. All Katie would do was wash her hands in perfume and then she and Nissa would romp with abandon. You've got to hand it to the Hepburn, she has plenty of nerve.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



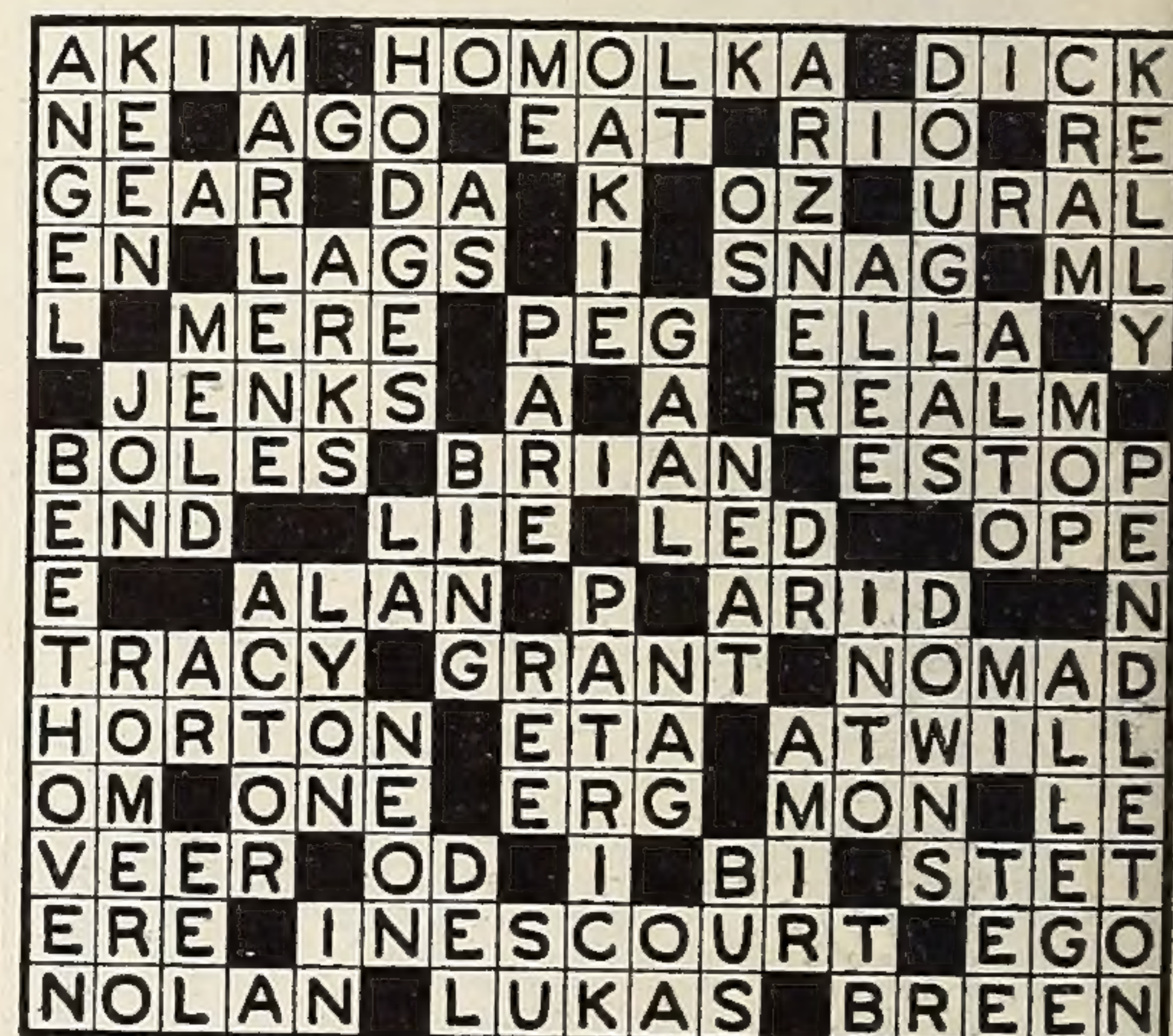
ACROSS

- 1 Creator of Mickey Mouse
- 6 The lady in "Fight For Your Lady"
- 9 Hero of "Wells Fargo"
- 14 Armed conflict
- 15 Amateur criminologist in "True Confession"
- 16 Moisture condensed from the atmosphere
- 17 Indefinite article
- 18 Request
- 19 Single unit
- 20 Salt
- 22 Sun god
- 23 Natural metal
- 24 Senseless
- 26 Sorrowful
- 28 Village blacksmith in "Swing Your Lady"
- 31 Excellent in "Navy Blue and Gold"
- 34 Perform
- 35 Speck
- 37 Southern state (abbr.)
- 38 Persecuted heroine in "Daughter of Shanghai"
- 39 Be indebted to
- 41 Male sheep
- 43 Movie
- 45 Wrath
- 46 Chief
- 48 Mineral spring
- 49 Direction of compass (abbr.)
- 50 Howl
- 51 One of the great lakes
- 53 House of Commons (abbr.)
- 54 In "True Confession"
- 56 Sacred songs
- 58 Japanese statesman
- 59 Organ of hearing
- 61 Pronoun
- 62 Untruth
- 63 Lace frill
- 65 Cambridge (abbr.)
- 66 To turn to the right
- 68 Exclude
- 70 Gaelic language
- 72 Ann Colby in "In Old Chicago"
- 76 One of the Lane sisters
- 77 Hated commissar in "Tovarich"
- 78 Newspaper publisher in "Nothing Sacred"
- 21 Code
- 23 Form of oxygen
- 24 Suffix
- 25 Director of "Every Day's a Holiday" (initials)
- 27 Her latest film is "Jezebel"
- 29 Admire greatly
- 30 In "Merrily We Live"
- 32 Temperamental opera star in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round"
- 33 Lovesick westerner in "The Awful Truth"
- 35 Lair
- 36 Prefix
- 38 Country doctor in "Nothing Sacred"
- 40 Metallic thread
- 42 Mimics
- 44 Struggling lawyer in "True Confession"
- 46 Highway robber in "Wells Fargo"
- 47 Flowering shrubs
- 50 Concerning
- 52 Type measure
- 54 Annoy
- 55 Meadow
- 56 No longer an amateur (slang)
- 57 Emblem
- 60 Karl in "Wise Girl"
- 63 In "Romance in the Dark"
- 64 Composition for three voices
- 67 Period of time
- 69 Everyone
- 71 Exclamation of interrogation
- 72 Italian river
- 73 Biblical pronoun
- 74 Letter of credit (abbr.)
- 75 Stannum (abbr.)
- 76 Behold

DOWN

- 1 "Dopey" is one of these
- 2 Soon to be seen in "Robin Hood"
- 3 Elder (abbr.)
- 4 In "The Girl of the Golden West"
- 5 Kind of ox
- 6 Metal
- 7 Machine for generating electricity
- 8 So be it
- 9 Mistress (abbr.)
- 10 To come to an end
- 11 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 12 Ever (poet.)
- 13 Expect
- 18 Part of the verb "to be"

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





Keep young
and Doubly Lovely with
refreshing Double Mint gum

Easy to do . . . just read below

WHENEVER you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood's beautiful star, Anita Louise, *left*, of famed Warner Bros.' Pictures, who is modeling this dress . . . So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fattening, aids digestion and sweetens your breath . . . Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new **SCHIAPARELLI** Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star, **ANITA LOUISE** of Warner Bros., whose next picture is "THE SISTERS." Made available to you by Double Mint gum in **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.



How Schiaparelli Double Mint dress ties scarf as apron.



Take apron off dress and use as handy platochek.



When in need of a bag, knot scarf-apron thusly.



More Double duty! This is a Double Mint dress.

Miss Le Brun Rhinelanders

LOVELY DESCENDANT OF ONE OF NEW YORK'S "FIRST FAMILIES"
IS A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON THE SKIING SLOPES AT LAKE PLACID



*During a pause in the fun,
Helen Anderson and Le Brun Rhinelanders
(center) chat about smoking*

"I never give much thought to which cigarette I smoke," says Miss Anderson to Miss Rhinelanders. "But you never smoke *anything* but Camels! Are they so different?"

"Yes!" says Miss Rhinelanders. "Camels *are* different."

"What do you mean — 'different'?"

"Well, I think about smoking in many ways. For instance, with Camels, even after steady smoking, I have no jangled nerves. Also, Camels are gentle to my throat — so grand and mild. In other words, Camels *agree* with me!"

Among distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York* • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia* • Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., *New York* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, *New York*

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BY her very name, Le Brun Cruger Rhinelanders links historic Knickerbocker families. As the daughter of Philip Rhinelanders 2nd, Le Brun naturally occupies a distinguished social position in New York, Newport, Palm Beach, and Bar Harbor.

Le Brun, herself, is frankly more interested in travel, sports, and charity work than in lineage.

She has visited fourteen countries. Yet she is American to her fingertips! She prefers Bar Harbor for sailing, Aiken for hunts, Lake Placid for skiing.

"Skiing is great sport!" she says. "It takes healthy nerves, though, to make speedy descents and 'Christy' to a stop without a spill. So, I do my nerves a favor by smoking Camels. Camels never jangle my nerves!"



Miss Rhinelanders (*left*), before joining a dinner party at The Colony. Ever since her debut, Le Brun has taken an active part in society. She always carries Camels (or sees that her escort does)!

"At all the parties," she says, "I see Camels—Camels—Camels. Grand for me because I smoke *nothing* but Camels. When I'm tired, Camels give my energy a 'lift.'"

Turn to Camels and discover what this young debutante means when she says, "Camels agree with me—in *every* way!"

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THEY ARE THE
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Camels are a matchless blend
of finer, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
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